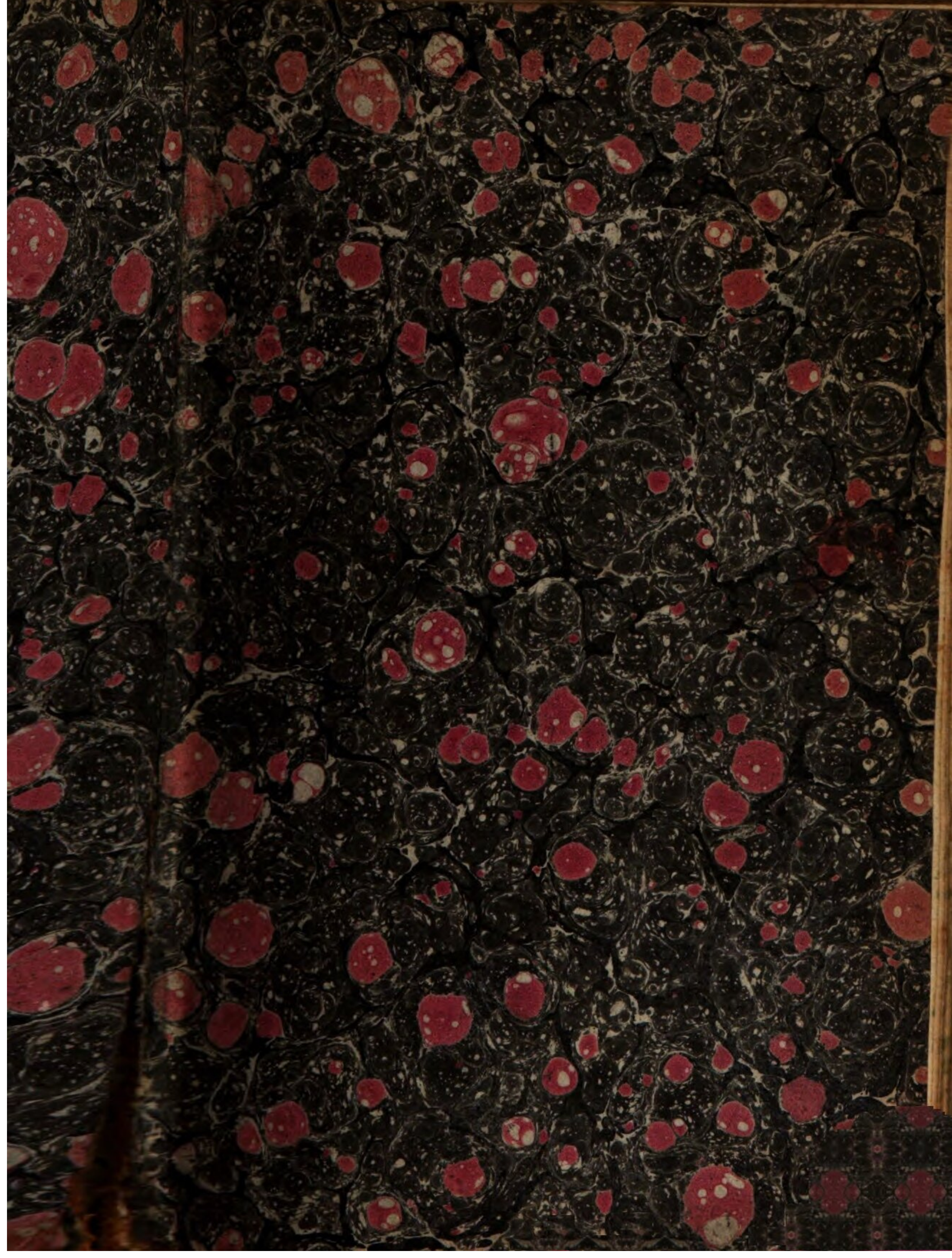








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J. NICHOLS'S

SELECT COLLECTION

OF POEMS.

VOLUME VI.

J. NICHOLS,

SELECT COLLECTION

OF F. P. O. E. M. S.

VOLUME VI.



A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS:

WITH
NOTES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

THE SIXTH VOLUME.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS,
RED LION PASSAGE, FLEET-STREET.

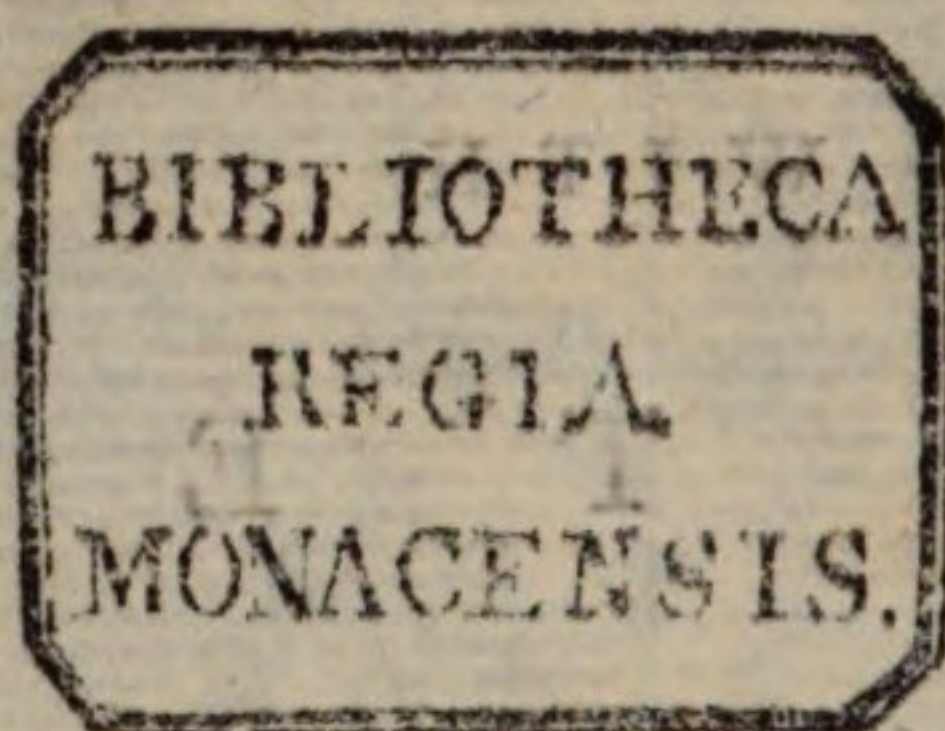
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A SELECT

COLLECTION

OF

P O E M S



THE SIXTH VOLUME.

L O N D O N

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS,

RED LION PASSAGE, FLEET STREET.

MDCCLXXI.

A S E L E C T C O L L E C T I O N O F P O E M S.



T H E W I S H.

BY WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, ESQ*.

IN A LETTER TO MR. NEEDLER.

SENT FROM CAMBRIDGE, 1709.

O! would that sister of th' Aonian choir,
Who pour'd on Cowley's soul ecstatic fire,
Inflame my breast, and my weak fancy raise,
To soar, like him, in enthusiastic lays,
Smooth as the Cam my tuneful verse should flow,
Not swell too high, nor ever sink too low;
Like him I boldly would ascend the sky,
And sing the charms of fair Philosophy!

How

* Younger son of John Duncombe esq. of Stocks in Hertfordshire. In 1722 he published a translation of Racine's "Athaliah," which was well received by the publick, and has gone through three editions. In 1724 he was editor of the Works of Mr. Needler; in 1735 of the Poems of his deceased brother-in-law Mr. Hughes, in two volumes, 12mo; in 1737 of the Miscellanies of his younger brother Mr.

How void of cares, ev'n from life's flowery prime,
 To languid age, her pupils pass their time!
 From sorrow and perplexing business free,
 They taste the sweets of virtuous Liberty;
 And in their shady walks, and silent bowers,
 In contemplation spend their gliding hours.
 With Reason's line, these vainly try to sound
 Of Deity immense th' abyfs profound,
 Yet learn enough their Maker to adore,
 His bounties bless, and humbly hope for more.
 Those pensive wander through the silent grove,
 And o'er Parnassus' verdant meadows rove.

Jabez Hughes, for the benefit of his widow, in one volume, 8vo; and in 1745 of the Works of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Say, in one volume, 4to. In 1726 he married the only sister of John Hughes esq. whom he long survived. In 1734 his tragedy of "Lucius Junius Brutus" was acted at Drury Lane Theatre; see "Letters of Eminent Persons," vol. III. p. 144. It was published in 1735, and again in 1747. "The Works of Horace, in English Verse, by several Hands," were published by him in two volumes 8vo. with notes, &c. in 1757. A second edition, in four volumes 12mo. with many imitations, was published in 1762. In 1763 he collected and republished "Seven Sermons by Archbishop Herring, on public Occasions, with a biographical Preface." He died Feb. 26, 1769, aged 80; leaving one son, John, M. A. one of the six preachers in Christ-Church, Canterbury, &c. who was his assistant in the translation of Horace; and to whom I acknowledge myself indebted, not only for these poems and the portrait of his father, but for much useful assistance in this and other publications. N.

T H E W I S H.

On yon old domes with sacred awe I gaze,
Where Dryden * first essay'd his tuneful lays;
Where Milton's † Muse her inspiration caught,
And Fancy first her darling Spenser ‡ taught.

O! might I here inglorious spend my days,
Averse to busy care, nor fond of praise;
The ancient Sages' moral page peruse,
And sometimes listen to the chearful Muse:
Here Nature through her various windings chase,
And to the fountain-head with wonder trace:
Here trim my lamp, my faculties refine,
And deck my soul with every grace divine;
Till fit to join in heavenly hymns above,
By humble Virtue, and victorious Love,
This mouldering clay, contented, I might leave,
And at the last a fadeless crown receive!

T H E R O S E.

AN EPIGRAM, FROM THE LATIN,

BY MR. W. DUNCOMBE.

NO longer than one fleeting day
Does the fair Rose its charms display:
At morn, triumphantly it blooms,
And spreads around its rich perfumes,
But, see! its transient glory dies,
Soon as night's sable shades arise.

* Trinity College. See vol. II. p. 90. N.

† Christ's College. D.

‡ Pembroke Hall. D.

MISCELLANY POEMS.

TO EURYALUS*,

ON HIS COMING TO AGE, NOV. 30, 1719.

BY MR. W. DUNCOMBE†.

“Hunc, Macrine, diem numera meliore lapillo,

“Qui tibi labentes apponit candidus annos.

“Funde merum Genio —” PERSIUS, Sat. ii.

SHINE bright, O Sun! and doubly gild the morn,
On which the lov'd Euryalus was born!

May no dark cloud obscure thy chearful ray,

Pure as his soul, and as his humour gay!

And you, dear youth, with wonted smiles attend

The timely counsel of your faithful friend.

To Heaven, as Right demands, devote your bloom,

As morning incense wafts a rich perfume.

To no frail man a blind obedience pay,

But let sage Reason's voice your judgement sway.

As Justice wills, allow to all their due;

And, spite of interest, to your word be true.

The poor, unask'd, with ready hand relieve,

And cordial counsel to th' afflicted give.

* Mr. John Carleton. This amiable young gentleman died in September 1726, greatly regretted by all who had the happiness of his acquaintance. D.

† “I was exceedingly pleased with the verses to Euryalus,
“[in MS.] and never read any in that strain which are good,
“without reflecting how well it would go with the world, if
“the Muses were always retained in the service of Virtue.”

Archbishop Herring to the Author. See his Letters, p. 9. D.

With

T O E U R Y A L U S.

With manly fortitude your breast prepare,
 The roughest storms of chequer'd life to bear,
 Be resolutely bold your sword to draw
 In the defence of civil rights and law.
 With Temperance to conduct you, take the way
 That leads to death by unperceiv'd decay.
 Let Prudence every thought and action guide,
 Between th' extremes of meanness and of pride.
 Numbers each day by Gaming are undone;
 That fatal pest with timely caution shun.
 Be not too free : with few your secrets share,
 And choose your friends with nice-discerning care ;
 But, when their faith and merit you have try'd,
 Let Death alone the sacred bond divide.
 Weigh well the consequence with cool debate,
 Before you quit the peaceful single state :
 Let not a Beauty's fascinating eyes
 Your generous soul unwarily surprise ;
 Nor court th' applauded Witling, ever prone
 To sneer and scorn all merit, but her own ;
 But choose the Fair whom milder virtues grace,
 And prize good temper more than wit or face.
 Happy, who with each social charm can bind
 In grateful chains the pure untainted mind ;
 And happy he, who, wishing not to roam,
 Still meets the source of every joy at home.
 Aim to promote the welfare of mankind ;
 Think life a gift for public good design'd ;
 Thus shall no blot your reputation stain,
 And the whole man immortal glory gain !

MISCELLANY POEMS.

EPIGRAM, BY MR. W. DUNCOMBE,

TO THE MEMORY OF PETER ALEXIOWITZ,
EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

WRITTEN IN MARCH, 1724.

TO deck with arts a rough barbarian race,
And polish them with every manly grace;
To chase the shades of ignorance profound,
And spread the beams of knowledge all around;
To brighten and exalt the human soul,
And still consult the welfare of the whole:
If these be acts more worthy of applause,
Than with wild havock, in Ambition's cause,
To conquer kingdoms, to lay waste and burn,
And peaceful states with restless rage o'erturn,
Then Russia's Czar with greater glory reign'd,
Than was by Philip's son, or Cæsar gain'd.

FROM BION, IDYLL. V. BY THE SAME.

IF God or Fate to man would give,
In two successive states to live;
The first in sorrow to be past,
In ease, content, and joy, the last;
I then would rack my working brain
With study; and, with ceaseless pain,
Each day my hands employ,
In hopes to share the promis'd joy.
But since to all, impartial Heaven
One fleeting life alone has given,

Twere

'Twere madness, sure, that life to waste,
In search of wealth we ne'er shall taste.
My little is enough for me,
Contented in my poverty.
It never sinks into our heart,
How soon from hence we all must part!
What hope can bloom in life's last stage,
When each delight is pall'd by age?

EPIGRAM, BY MR. W. DUNCOMBE.

THE JUDGEMENT OF APOLLO,
ON THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN MR. POPE
AND MR. THEOBALD, 1729.

“La nation des Poëtes est jalouse; ils bourdonnent comme
“les abeilles, & comme elles ils ont un aiguillon perçant,
“pour piquer tout ce qui enflâme leur colere.”

F E N E L O N.

I N Pope's melodious verse the Graces smile;
In Theobald is display'd sagacious toil;
The Critick's ivy crowns his subtle brow,
While in Pope's numbers Wit and Music flow.
These Bards (so Fortune will'd) were mortal foes,
And all Parnassus in their quarrel rose.
This the dire cause of their unbounded rage,
Who best could blanch dark Shakspeare's blotted page.
Apollo heard, and weigh'd each party's plea,
Then thus pronounc'd th' immutable decree:
“Theobald, 'tis thine to shew what Shakspeare writ;
“But Pope shall reign supreme in Poetry and Wit.”

MISCELLANY POEMS.

T O E U G E N I A*.

B Y M R. W. D U N C O M B E.

O ! that a portion of the heavenly fire, [lyre,
Which beam'd its radiance round thy brother's †
Might animate my Muse ! No vulgar lays,
Accomplish'd Maid ! should then exalt thy praise.
Good sense and wit, the grave and sprightly, join'd,
Have form'd the balance of Eugenia's mind.
All social virtues, by her looks confest,
Delight to lodge in her indulgent breast ;
Each varying scene well-disciplin'd to bear,
Whether Life's fleeting lamp be dim or clear :
Benevolence, and every milder grace,
Glow in her heart, and smile upon her face.
Prone to commend, and ever loth to blame,
She hates detraction, oft the sex's shame ;
To visits, plays, assemblies, uninclin'd,
At home still covets to improve her mind ;
Nor fond of dress, but simply neat, she warms,
And holds th' enamour'd heart with native charms.
But, when the sweet spinnet, with shapely hands
And nimble touch, she skilfully commands,
With joy and wonder on the Fair we gaze,
And silent rapture leaves no voice for praise ;

* Miss Elizabeth Hughes, afterwards married to the author. D.

† John Hughes esquire, the celebrated poet. N.

T O E U G E N I A. 9

Age stands awhile unconscious of decay,
 And fleeting Time steals unperceiv'd away:
 Prudence and Truth her every thought control,
 And spotless Piety refines her soul.
 To Heaven's disposal she resigns her will,
 Not swol'n with good success, nor sunk with ill;
 And scorns, by Hope supported, to repine
 At human woe, the price of bliss divine!

This faint, but faithful draught, who copies well,
 As Daughter, Friend, and Christian, will excell.

T H E H A N D*;

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF SIGNOR GALILEO,
 INVENTOR OF THE TELESCOPE.

B Y M R. W. D U N C O M B E.

TH E curious structure of the Hand survey,
 Whose various uses various art display.

This little busy servant of mankind
 Obeys each dictate of th' impulsive mind.

* Printed in the Christian's Magazine for November 1765, p. 519.—The late Reverend Dr. Ridley thus expressed himself on that occasion: “I think myself greatly obliged to you for your poem “On the Hand;” and you must give me leave to censure your indolence, or niggardness, for keeping your *hand* so long in your pocket. But as you have at length given it to the publick, they in return will give you both theirs — *Et currat dextera lævæ!*”

From a MS. Letter to the Author. D.

Four

Four fingers inward turn, one outward bends,
 Which aid to each, or all, harmonious lends :
 With triple joints the fingers are supply'd,
 Muscles and tendons each like pulleys guide :
 * Thus we can objects hold of lighter weight,
 And from the ground laborious lift the great.
 The middle joint a hollow tendon sways,
 Another, more minute, within it plays,
 Whose ruling force the outmost joint obeys.
 These to the bone are brac'd, lest they impede,
 Or interrupt, the pliant finger's speed.
 Each finger's end th' Artificer Divine
 Has cloath'd with skin, most exquisitely fine ;
 Which every object's different † texture learns,
 And all their varying qualities discerns.
 As canes are tipt with iron at the end,
 The nails, like shields, the upper part defend.
 Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
 And were my breast supply'd with brazen lungs,

They

* “ *Digitum contractio facilis, facilisque porrectio, propter molles commissuras et artus, nullo in motu laborat.*”

Cic. de Naturâ Deorum.

† Mr. Boyle gives an account of a blind man who was able to distinguish the colours of silks by touching them with his fingers.

Bishop Burnet relates, in one of his letters from Italy,
 “ that the daughter of Mr. Gody, a minister of St. Gervais,
 “ Geneva, (at whose house he lodged) had been deaf from
 “ her infancy, and could yet understand what was said by
 “ those she had been used to, by seeing the motion of their
 “ mouths ;

They all would fail to tell each various use,
 This small machine is fitted to produce.
 With this we sow, with this we reap, our corn;
 The land with trees, or stately domes, adorn;
 The stubborn steel in glowing forges mould,
 And tear from parent Earth her hoarded gold.
 By this wild * beasts with weapons we destroy;
 By this we rear, and for our use employ,
 Domestic animals. To this we owe
 Our sturdy oxen labouring in the plough.
 The ewe her fleece, the cow her milk, affords,
 And the laborious bee her balmy hoards.
 The generous horse, obedient to the rein,
 Flies with his rider swiftly o'er the plain,
 Or drags the gilded car, or groaning wain.
 See! loaded camels, many a lonely day,
 Patient of thirst, with toilsome march, convey,
 In caravans, the riches of the East,
 Along th' Arabian wild, or Libyan waste.

"mouths; so that if they wanted to speak to her in the
 "night, it was necessary to light a candle. But she could
 "understand what her sister, who had been bred-up with
 "her, spoke in the dark, by laying her hand on her mouth."
 He says "he examined this matter critically." Bishop
 Burnet's Travels, Letter IV. p. 296. In the latter instance,
 the marvellous seems greatly to lose sight of the probable. D.

* "Quisquis es iniquus æstimator fortis humanæ, cogita
 "quanta nobis tribuerit parens noster, quanta valentiora ani-
 "malia sub jugum miserimus, quanta velociora consequamur;
 "quam nihil sit mortale non sub ictu nostro positum."

Seneca de Beneficiis, lib. ii. cap. 29.

The

The spoils of elephants allure the eye,
Decking the stately dome with ivory.
Th' enormous whale, of harping steel the prize,
Our lamps with oil in wintry nights supplies;
And his fam'd bone, of every Fair the pride,
Can give that shape which Nature has deny'd.
Behold the hound the flying doe pursue,
And scent her footsteps in the tainted dew.
With subtle eye in many a winding maze,
Train'd to the sport, the ranging spaniel strays;
Then stops; and, pointing, shews where lies conceal'd
The covey, couching in the stubbled field.

2W The swift-wing'd hawk obeys the Falconer's lure,
And soars aloft; till, of his prey secure,
With headlong speed he drops; and strikes from high
The burnish'd pheasant, glittering in the sky.
Through winding burrows red-ey'd ferrets trace
Their panting game; and, urg'd with eager chace,
(Their mouths clos'd-up) with pointed talons tear,
Till out it bolts into the clasping snare.

The ductile Hand is ready too, we find,
To trace the nobler dictates of the Mind.

The living figures, that on canvass glow,
Streams, mountains, lawns, and groves, to this we owe.
Thus, while the vulgar perish in the dust,
The hero triumphs on the marble bust.
Thus stately domes and hallow'd temples rise,
Whence clouds of grateful incense reach the skies,
To praise the Power, who this fair frame design'd,
And gave the Hand obedient to the Mind!

By this we on the lute and organ raise,
 In solemn sounds, our great Creator's praise.
 Soft flutes, by skilful fingers touch'd, conspire
 With warbling strains to fan the sacred fire.
 The larger tube, that ranges unconfin'd
 O'er the wide sky, and opens to mankind
 World above world, by stated laws control'd,
 Round other suns by heavenly wisdom roll'd;
 And that small glass, which shews the countless store
 Of animated atoms, hid before;
 With wondrous art by human minds were plann'd,
 But owe their use and structure to the Hand!
 By this, we floating wooden castles rear,
 And teach th' inconstant winds and seas to bear
 Our native wealth to every foreign shore,
 And to Britannia bring their various store.
 In these imported, o'er Emilia's brows
 The sapphire sparkles, and the ruby glows;
 While brilliants with unnumber'd rays surprise,
 And almost match the lustre of her eyes:
 Their warmth the fables to her breast impart,
 And castor cheers the sad desponding heart.
 The Indian tortoise yields his clouded shell,
 And Persian worms with silk the tribute swell.
 Great Archimedes form'd his brazen sphere*
 By this; in which, as rolls the circling year,
 Each planet's course was regularly seen,
 As if some active power had dwelt within;

It

* “ Archimedis ingenium divinum, in mundo opificio,
 “ Deum fere ipsum laceffere visum est, quando tam concinna
 “ Cælum

It shew'd in Summer why a flood of day
 The sun pours forth ; but shines with feeble ray
 In Winter ; how Eclipses from our sight
 Veil his bright beams, and Cynthia's silver light,
 Dismaying man and beast ! What cause delays
 The Summer's night, and shortens Winter days.
 Immortalis'd by this, the Bard and Sage
 Still charm, and still improve each rising age :
 Hence with our thoughts and knowledge we adorn
 By characters the nations yet unborn.
 But let us listen to the soothing strains,
 In which the Philosophic Bard * complains,
 “ † That, like a sailor, by the tempest hurl'd
 “ Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world :
 “ Naked he lies, and ready to expire,
 “ Helpless of all, that human wants require ;

“ Expos'd

“ Cœlum conflasse æneum memoratur, ut inibi septem vi-
 “ ferentur planetæ, et ratione incomparabili etiam motus
 “ verissimè deprehendatur.” Cœlius Rhodiginus.

Cœlius here calls it a brazen sphere, whereas in Claudian
 it is said to be made of crystal. Perhaps they may be thus
 reconciled : The instrument itself was probably composed
 of brass, and covered with a crystal case.

* Lucretius.

† “ Tum porro puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis
 “ Navita, nudus humi jacet, infans, indigus omni
 “ Vitali auxilio, cum primùm in luminis oras
 “ Nixibus ex alvo matris Natura profudit ;
 “ Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum' sit,
 “ Cui tantum in vitâ restet transire malorum.

“ Ac

“Exp-s’d on this unhospitable earth,
 “From the first moment of his hapless birth;
 “Strait with foreboding cries he fills the room,
 “Too sure presages of his future doom!
 “But flocks, and herds, and every savage beast,
 “By more indulgent Nature are increas’d;
 “They want no rattles for their froward mood,
 “No nurse to reconcile them to their food
 “With broken words; no wintry blasts they fear,
 “Nor change their habits with the changing year:
 “Nor for their safety citadels prepare,
 “Nor forge the wicked instruments of war.
 “Unlabour’d Earth her bounteous treasure grants,
 “And Nature’s lavish hands supply their common
 “wants.”

Such the warm dictates of this tuneful Sage,
 In reason weak, though elegant his page;
 For the First Cause, supremely good and wise,
 With conscious souls the human race supplies,
 To plan, contrive, invent, and gives us Hands
 Active to execute the Soul’s commands.

“At variæ crescunt pecudes, armenta, feræque:
 “Nec crepitacula eis opu’ sunt, nec cuiquam adhibenda’
 “Almæ nutricis blanda atque infracta loquela:
 “Nec varias quærun’t vestes pro tempore cæli.
 “Denique non armis opus est, non mœnibus altis,
 “Queis sua tutentur, quando omnibus omnia largè
 “Tellus ipsa parit, Naturaque dædala rerum.”

Lucretius, lib. v. 223.

See also Lord Shaftesbury’s Characteristics, Tract v. D.

As

As men for social beings God intends,
 The social instincts answer all the ends
 Of strength and weapons in the brutal kind;
 For tender Love impels the Parent's mind
 To cherish, clothe, and feed the helpless child;
 While heavenly instinct, with indulgence mild,
 To rear and guard it, makes his bosom glow;
 And virtuous deeds their own reward bestow.
 Ev'n in their riper years our youth we hold
 In sage Instruction's bands; to Virtue mould
 Their minds yet pliant; and with honour train
 To shun false joys, and bravely suffer pain.
 We own that beasts their cloathing ever wear;
 Sheep pant beneath the fleece in sultry air;
 But we our habits with the changing year
 And climate change; as heat or cold require,
 Are coolly drest, or clad in warm attire.
 In Winter cloth, in Summer silks delight,
 And, wrapt in wool, we brave the dewy night.
 Arms to defend us, of each different kind,
 The Fingers forge, directed by the Mind;
 And thus in man the Hand supplies the place
 Of teeth, horns, talons, in the savage race.

Hail, gracious Sire! for thou hast form'd the Hand,
 And thus prepar'd it for the Soul's command;
 My grateful lay shall in thy praise be sung,
 And to thy praise my tuneful lyre be strung,
 Long as my Voice and Fingers can conspire
 To breathe that grateful lay, and touch that tuneful
 lyre.

ON THE MARRIAGE
OF MISS MARY COWPER, OF HERTINGFORDBURY,
WITH WILLIAM DE GREY, ESQUIRE*, OF
NORFOLK. NOVEMBER 12, 1743.

BY MR. W. DUNCOMBE.

A POLLO'S and fair Fancy's darling child,
On whom her sister Muses early smil'd;
The nightingale, whose carols sooth'd the groves,
Where limpid Lea in smooth meanders roves;
Enchanting Cowper! to a blooming swain,
Of race belov'd through all th' Icenian plain †,
Of gentle manners, and well-cultur'd mind,
Is in the bands of sacred wedlock join'd.
Hail, happy pair! may this auspicious day,
Another Orpheus to the world display;
His own Calliope will fondly train
The rising Bard; and on th' obsequious brain
The virtues trace; politer arts inspire,
And tune his soul with her enchanting lyre!
And thou, to whom so rich a prize is given,
Cherish the Nymph, and thank indulgent Heaven;
Bless'd in the joys she only can impart,
Still, by the charms that won, preserve her heart.

* The present very able Lord Chief Justice of the Court
of Common Pleas. D.

† Norfolk. D.

T O D A P H N E *,

ON VALENTINE'S DAY, 1750.

BY MR. W. DUNCOMBE.

SEE! Daphne, see! the sun with purer light
 Now gilds the morn, and chafes gloomy night;
 Advancing, each return, with brighter beams,
 He spreads his glories o'er the fields and streams.
 The snow dissolves before the western gale,
 And vernal flowers adorn the smiling vale.
 To life renew'd, the budding trees awake,
 And from the stem the roseate blossoms break;
 The Cyprian Queen o'er every grove and plain,
 O'er beasts and birds, resumes her welcome reign;
 The birds are pair'd, and warble through the grove,
 And beasts obey the genial call of Love.
 Hence first the venerable rite begun,
 For ages past convey'd from fire to son,
 For every swain on this auspicious day,
 To choose some maid, the coming year to sway;
 To crop the violet and primrose fair,
 And deck with decent wreaths her glossy hair.
 For me, (content with what wise Heaven ordains,
 This chequer'd scene, alternate joys and pains;)
 For me, the Spring of life shall bloom no more;
 Nor Summer shine, nor Autumn spread her store;
 Winter alone, with chearless hand, will shed,
 Henceforth, the snow of age around my head.

* Miss Mulso, now Mrs. Chapone. D.

But,

But, though this clay-built tenement decline,
 Still may th' immortal guest unclouded shine ;
 And, if Euterpe not disdain to smile,
 Your Bard from Helicon, with pleasing toil,
 Will with fresh flowers unfading garlands twine,
 To crown his sweetly-warbling Valentine.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. MR. SAY*.

FROM BROUKHUSIUS. BY MR. W. DUNCOMBE.

SUCH was thy life ; thy learning such confest ;
 An humble heart, with native genius blest !
 Lover of peace, peace did thy footsteps guide
 With more content than the tumultuous tide
 Of loud applause can give. No angry strife
 Ruffled the tenor of thy even life.
 Thy fair example shone with mildest light,
 Pure as the falling snow's unfullied white.
 In purple radiance clad, to thee are given
 Mansions of bliss ; a denison of Heaven !
 Where joys on joys in endless circles move ;
 Where Saints, alternate, warble sacred love ;
 And, join'd with Angels, in one tuneful choir,
 Touch, to their Maker's praise, the golden lyre !
 Hail, holy Father, new-adopted guest
 Of starry realms ! still in my grateful breast
 The dear remembrance of thy name shall rest.

1745.

* Of Mr. Say, some unpublished poems shall be given. Of the moderns, Broukhufius was his favourite poet. N.

CHARACTERS. BY MR. W. DUNCOMBE.

CLARINDA*.

CLARINDA'S charms, without the aid of art,
 With native force prevail upon the heart.
 Whoever dares her lovely form survey,
 Unwittingly becomes an easy prey.
 Thus heedless moths round some fair taper fly,
 Fond of the light, till by its flame they die.

SELIMA†.

THE Loves and Graces reign without control
 In beauteous Selima's more beauteous soul.
 No gloomy sorrow can admission find,
 Nor anxious care disturb her easy mind;
 Mild as the Spring, and as the Summer gay,
 When not one cloud deforms the smiling day!

ELIZA‡.

WHEN symmetry of form and virtue meet,
 Their union make the happy Maid complete.

* Miss Clara Lowndes, daughter of William Lowndes, esq. Secretary to the Treasury in Queen Anne's reign, well-known by the name of "Ways and Means Lowndes;" afterwards married to Peter Leheup, esq. D.

† Miss Sarah Lowndes, afterwards married to John Duncombe, esq. of Barley-End, Bucks. D.

‡ Miss Elizabeth Lowndes, married to John Duncombe, esq. of Stocks, the author's brother. D.

Such

Such is Eliza, deck'd with every grace,
 A soul unspotted, and a faultless face.
 Thus opens to the morn the damask rose,
 And thus the brilliant diamond richly glows.

T O A Y O U N G L A D Y*,

C U R L I N G H E R H A I R.

F R O M T H E L A T I N O F D R. L O W T H,
 N O W B I S H O P O F L O N D O N.

B Y M R. W. D U N C O M B E.

C O R R E C T E D B Y B I S H O P L O W T H.

N O longer seek the needle's aid
 Of studious Art, dear lovely Maid!
 Vainly, from side to side, forbear
 To shift thy glass, and braid each straggling hair.

As the gay flowers, which Nature yields
 Spontaneous on the vernal fields,
 Delight the fancy more than those
 Which gardens trim arrange in equal rows;

As the pure rill, whose mazy train
 The prattling pebbles check in vain,
 Gives native pleasure, while it leads
 Its random waters, winding through the meads;

As birds, the groves and streams among,
 In artless strains the vernal song
 Warbling, their wood-notes wild repeat,
 And sooth the ear, irregularly sweet;

* Miss Molineux, of Winchester. D.

So simple drefs and native grace
 Will beft become thy lovely face !
 For naked Cupid ftill fufpects,
 In artful ornaments, conceal'd defects.

Ceafe then, with idly cruel care,
 To torture thus thy flowing hair ;
 O ! ceafe, with taftelefs toil, to fhed
 A cloud of fcented duft around thy head.

Not Berenice's locks could boast
 A grace like thine ; among the hoft
 Of ftars, though radiant now they rife,
 And add new luftre to the fpangled fkies :

Nor Venus *, when her charms divine,
 Improving in a form like thine,
 She gave her trefles unconfin'd
 To play about her neck, and wanton in the wind.

* The author here alludes to the beautiful description of Venus in the firft book of the *Æneid*, where ſhe meets *Æneas* in the habit of a huntrefs, as he was going towards Carthage :

“ Cui mater mediâ ſefe tulit obvia ſylvâ,
 “ Virginis os habitumque gerens, & virginis arma
 “ Spartanæ — —
 “ Namque humeris de more habilem ſuſpenderat arcum
 “ Venatrix, dederatque comam diſſundere ventis :
 “ Nuda genu, nodoque ſinus collecta fluentes.” *Æn.* I. 322.
 “ A huntrefs in her habit and her mien,
 “ Her drefs a Maid, her air confeſs'd a Queen.
 “ Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind ;
 “ Loofe was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind ;
 “ Her hand ſuſtain'd a bow ; her quiver hung behind.”

Dryden.

O N

O N D R. W I L M O T,
 [SINCE SIR EDWARD WILMOT, BART.]
 P H Y S I C I A N T O H I S M A J E S T Y.

B Y M R. W. D U N C O M B E.

W I T H doubtful strife, Humanity and Art
 For conquest vie in Wilmot's head and heart.
 On his lov'd son Apollo did bestow
 The healing power, and words to soften woe.
 With sympathizing eyes and tender mind
 He views the maladies of human-kind;
 Reprieves the languid patient from the grave,
 While Pity soothes whom Medicine cannot save!

A N E P I S T L E T O G E O R G E J E F F R E Y S *, E S Q.

W R I T T E N I N T H E B O W L I N G - G R E E N H O U S E
 A T S T O C K S I N H E R T F O R D S H I R E, M A Y, 1746.

B Y T H E S A M E.

F R O M this sweet place to you I write,
 Where every object charms the sight.

A rising theatre of hills
 To North and East the prospect fills
 With flocks and woods; a grove behind,
 Where oft, to pensive thought inclin'd,
 I rove; and call the learned dead
 To life; while, perching o'er my head,

* Of this ingenious Poet some specimens shall be given. N.

The birds, soft-warbling, sooth the breast,
 And gently lull to grateful rest.
 Here rich perfumes, from blossom'd trees,
 Regale the smell with every breeze.
 Behold each leaf and vernal flower
 Display the wise Creator's power,
 And, opening by degrees, unfold
 Its curious texture, closely roll'd.
 Yon rising nests, so nicely wrought,
 Appear the work of heavenly thought;
 Guided by this, the chemist bee
 Plans with such frugal symmetry
 Her waxen dome; then, studious, fills
 With Nature's sweets; which she distills
 From herbs and flowers.—To please the taste,
 Yon garden * yields a plain repast
 Of various pulse; delicious fare!
 When Summer's suns enflame the air.
 At morn or eve, for our delight,
 For health and keener appetite,
 By hopes of conquest fir'd, we roll,
 O'er the smooth lawn, the winding bowl.

But cease, fond Muse, thy chearful strain;
 A gloom o'er spreads this happy plain:
 No more this vernal scene can please
 The tufted hills, and blossom'd trees,
 Since good Favonius †, day by day,
 Bends to the grave with swift decay.

* A kitchen-garden, adjoining to the Bowling-green. D.

† John Duncombe, esq. the author's brother, then in a very declining state of health. D.

With him the woods now seem to sigh,
 The winds in hoarser murmurs fly ;
 The cowslips fade ; the birds prolong
 In heavier notes their jarring song :
 More sad sweet Philomel complains ;
 Cease, cease, my Muse, thy chearful strains !

DESCRIPTION OF STOCKS-HOUSE,

AND THE COUNTRY ABOUT IT. 1739.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, ESQ. OF STOCKS.

BENEATH a steep, but green and chearful hill,
 This ancient venerable mansion * stands.

Its front two colonades of elms o'erlook,
 And skreen it from the piercing eastern blasts.

Through the high arches, as in perspective,
 O'er a wide field of waving corn, is seen

A hanging wood ; whose close-embowering trees
 Gradual ascend ; and seem to touch the clouds ;

Eclipsing for a time the rising sun.

The hill commands a lovely vale, which yields
 A various prospect to the wandering eye.

The situation and the mansion low,

Both suit the owner's un aspiring mind.

Content with what kind Providence bestows,

He envies not the glaring pomp of courts,

Nor covets wealth, nor higher would ascend

Than to the summit of that healthful hill,

* Taken down and rebuilt by Arnold Duncombe, esq. the
 author's son, in 1773, not a year before his death. D.

From whence, without repining, he beholds
 Unnumber'd fields and meadows not his own;
 Joyful looks down upon his humble cell,
 And blesses Heaven for his propitious lot.

Close on the West a little garden lies,
 For use, not pleasure, rais'd; bordering on this,
 A level green; from whence a theatre
 Of hills we view: part crown'd with lofty woods,
 Part cloath'd with turf, and spread with bleating flocks,
 Which to the eye, at distance seen, appear
 Like a green filken robe with ermine spots.
 Another side, a walk of vaulted limes
 (Like some high Gothic temple's nave superb)
 Leads to a wood of venerable beech,
 Whose awful shade secludes the mid-day sun;
 For contemplation fit, and calm recess!
 The turtle here, to sooth the pensive mind,
 Cooes to his mate in melancholy strains:
 Here darkling sings the wakeful nightingale,
 The various wood-lark, and the tuneful thrush;
 Music, to Reason's ear more charming far
 Than the fam'd concerts on the banks of Thames.

The cleanly dairy of the neighbouring farm,
 Fresh from the cow, supplies her milky store;
 Sweet as the nectar of old Homer's Gods!

Yet one thing still is wanting to complete
 The beauties of this wild romantic scene;
 (But where's the place, or who the happy man,
 That to perfection lays a just pretence?)
 No swelling tide, or gently-murmuring rill,

Flows

Flows through the garden, or the fertile fields;
 But from the cavern'd earth we raise the stream
 By a huge wheel, a length of cable strong,
 And chain, to slow-ascending bucket fix'd;
 But, when at last with weary steps obtain'd,
 'Tis milky sweet, and as the crystal clear;
 But toil enhances every gift of Heaven.
 Blessings like these, ev'n with a small estate,
 To a well-nurtur'd mind can give content;
 More will not fill the miser's craving heart.

O D E T O M O R N I N G.

BY MISS PENNINGTON*.

HA I L, roseate Morn! returning light!
 To thee the fable Queen of Night

Reluctant yields her sway;
 And, as she quits the dappled skies,
 On glories greater glories rise,
 To greet the dawning day.

O'er tufted meads gay Flora trips;
 Arabia's spices scent her lips;

Her head with rose-buds crown'd;
 Mild Zephyr hastes to snatch a kiss,
 And, fluttering with the transient bliss,
 Wafts fragrance all around.

* Daughter of the Reverend Mr. Pennington, Rector of Huntingdon. She died in 1759, at the age of 25. She is justly celebrated by Mr. Duncombe, in "The Feminad," (Pearch's Collection, vol. IV. p. 184.) for her "Copper Farthing," which is preserved in "The Repository," published by Dilly in 1777, vol. I. p. 131. Her "Ode to a Thrush" is in Doddsley's Collection, vol. V. p. 313. N.

The dew-drops, daughters of the Morn,
With spangles every bush adorn,
And all the broider'd vales;
Their voice to thee the linnets raise,
The lark, soft-trilling in thy praise,
Aurora, rising, hails!

While Nature now, in lively vest
Of glossy green, has gaily drest
Each tributary plain;

While blooming flowers and blossom'd trees,
Soft-waving with the vernal breeze,
Exult beneath thy reign;

Shall I, with drowsy poppies crown'd,
By sleep in filken fetters bound,
The downy God obey?

Ah, no!—Through yon embowering grove,
Or winding valley, let me rove,
And own thy chearful sway!

For short-liv'd are thy pleasing powers;
Pass but a few uncertain hours,
And we no more shall trace

Thy dimpled cheek and brow serene;
Or clouds may gloom the smiling scene,
And frowns deform thy face.

So in life's youthful bloomy prime,
We sport away the fleeting time,
Regardless of our fate;

But, by some unexpected blow,
Our giddy follies we shall know,
And mourn them when too late!

A R I D-

A R I D D L E.

B Y M I S S P E N N I N G T O N

A U R O R A, clad in rosy vest,
 (Her hair with dewy woodbines drest)
 Blushing to make Apollo wait,
 Had now unbarr'd the Eastern gate;
 And Phoebus driven his fiery steeds
 O'er azure plains and starry meads;
 When I on mossy bank reclin'd,
 Yet not to mossy bank confin'd,
 For I in courts and cities rove,
 Though woods and lawns I chiefly love;
 The powder'd Beau I often deck,
 And sometimes cling round Chloe's neck,
 Or tie the waving auburn hair,
 Or grace the slipper of the Fair;
 Around her bed I often hover,
 And oft the useful toilet cover;
 The splendid barge sometimes adorn,
 And on the peacock's tail am borne;
 In village-church am often found,
 The hallow'd walls I mantle round;
 Am ever at the Poet's call,
 And add a charm to gay Vaux-hall;
 On ancient venerable tomb,
 And, midst brown shade of cloister'd gloom,
 Where moss and ivy twine around,
 In dreary aspect I am found;

But

But when the cottage Maid, so gay,
 To hail the pleasing month of May,
 With rustic dance, and rustic song,
 In neat array trips light along,
 With gayest looks I then appear,
 With her adorn the rising year;
 And, when Death snatches her away,
 Will not forsake the lifeless clay,
 But live upon her turfy grave,
 To shew how much I am her slave.

HYMN TO THE MORNING STAR.

BY JONATHAN RICHARDSON*, ESQ.

PERMIT me, fairest planet, while I gaze,
 By thee my thoughts beyond thy sphere to raise;
 Beyond thy kindred planets, far away
 To worlds remote, and everlasting day;
 To him, on whom unnumber'd systems call,
 Ev'n highest Angels, to the God of all!
 Lord of the dawn, nor perfect day nor night,
 I joy to view thy mild, yet piercing light,
 Pride of the morning! quickly will appear
 A fiercer beam, but not so pure, so clear;

* A portrait-painter well esteemed, chiefly for his colouring: but since his death (which happened in 1743) known also to the world by the truly original colouring of his poetical Sketches, which he styles "Morning Thoughts," published in 8vo. in 1776 with notes by his son (then lately dead). D.

Thy

HYMN TO THE MORNING STAR. 31

Thy sprightly rays peculiar charms bestow,
 Distinct from all our mortal sense can know,
 Yet inoffensive! influences sweet
 Flow thence; not pestilence, nor scorching heat,
 No thunder to be heard, no storms to rage,
 Quiet the ocean, as the golden age.
 Brightest next thee, this cannot Sirius boast,
 And can Orion: ask the frightened coast.
 Sweet harbinger of day! Leucothœe smiles,
 Spreading her paleness o'er the Eastern Isles:
 Aurora's kindling brightness will not stay;
 Their floating manes the rosy steeds display,
 Her golden car is trolling on the way.
 O! linger yet, ye Goddesses, forbear;
 I longer would enjoy my lovely Star!
 Too soon you call Apollo from his rest,
 His chariot not prepar'd, nor horses drest.
 I rather would my Phosphorus behold,
 His temper'd radiance, than Apollo's gold!
 Pride of the Morn! pour forth thy brightest rays,
 While I thy beauty and thy goodness praise.
 Thou lead'st the morning with soft pace along,
 Inspiring Nature's universal song;
 Though moist with roseate dew, nocturnal air,
 Bright are thy locks, thy countenance is fair.
 With joyous eyes, and souls refresh'd, we see
 Thy face, O Phosphorus! and welcome thee.
 The Winter's ravages thou view'st secure;
 Pitying the various ills that men endure;
 Delight'st to see the fragrant bloomy spring;
 To listen when the woods awake and sing;

Pleas'd

Pleas'd to behold the ripening fruit and grain,
The fanning Zephyrs, and refreshing rain;
On the smooth lake to cast thy parting beam,
Or dance upon the river's purling stream;
Thy face reflected on their glass to view,
If not obstructed by the rising dew:
But when the sweetest season's past, and keen
The froward East, thy rays are brighter seen.

When thousand thousand stars adorn the sky,
Apollo distant, nor Diana nigh;
On the dim azure all but feebly shine,
All modestly their beauties veil to thine.
The dawn appears; and now the drowsy day
Steals on, with gentle hand, his mantle grey;
The starry host by troops, though slow, retire,
All fade and die before the rising fire;
Sole regent thou, till great Apollo's beam,
Level'd, proclaims the, crown belongs to him.
When Cynthia's present, thou on her canst gaze,
And deck the heavens with thy distinguish'd blaze;
With her canst meet Apollo, though with awe,
Nor long before the Queen of Night withdraw.
A light so pure, so bright, furrounds the blest,
In the glad regions of eternal rest!

Thy near approaches to the lordly seat,
The spring of unexhausted light and heat,
Fill thy fair orb with those refulgent showers;
How dark and cold, comparatively ours!
Equal thy globe, more wonderful thy speed;
So vigorous thy Pegasean steed!

Thou

Thou wak'st the labouring hand*, and seem'st to say,
 " Arise ! begin the business of the day !"
 To him dost kindly offer some relief,
 Whose slumbers were forbid by pain or grief.
 Thou dost delight my healthy active mind,
 And still expecting thee, with pleasure find.
 Thy smiles dart on me an approving light,
 Inspire my verse, and guide my hand to write.
 Tell then, O Phosphor ! fairest planet, tell,
 Who on thy hills and flowery meadows dwell ?
 Who in thy ever-verdant forests stray,
 And on thy banks of pearly currents play ?
 Who breathe thy chearing odours, while thy Spring
 Eternal does our Maker's praises sing ?
 What eyes undazzled can thy lustre see ?
 What bodies bear the heat bestow'd on thee ?
 Lovely each form, and ravishingly fair,
 Their motion graceful, and divine their air ;
 Nectar their drink ; ambrosia is their food ;
 And purest spirits flow from purest blood ;
 With constant health, with heavenly vigour blest,
 Still exercis'd, yet never wanting rest †.
 The comfort we receive, when clos'd our eyes,
 To them variety of act supplies.

* Bentley would not have failed to make a long note, to prove the author gave " hind ;" and it would be of a piece with most of Horace and Milton. *J. R. Jun.*

† This was a natural thought for my father, who was the most active man alive, and always regretted the necessity of sleep. *Idem.*

No wars, dissensions, or cabals, have they;
 All read the laws of Nature, and obey:
 The rack of fear and doubting hope unknown,
 Ingratitude, or villainy, is none.
 All there is love and peace, serene the mind;
 Or warm good-will, the agitating wind.
 In innocence they pass their tranquil days,
 Successive pleasures, and perpetual praise.
 Those steady minds, untempest, disdain
 To owe their happiness to grief or pain;
 For transient visitors alone are they,
 Who wound but slightly, and who never stay.

No superstition, folly, custom, law,
 Here keeps wise Nature's appetites in awe:
 No danger of excess, reproach, or shame;
 Reason and appetite are here the same.
 Though Passion warms, they are not Passion's slave;
 They instantly possess whate'er they crave.
 No calumny those happy regions know;
 With friendship unprov'd the sexes glow.
 The tender rapture is no stranger here,
 But free from jealousy, and doubt, and fear:
 Belov'd, the virgin loves; and grants the joy;
 And, only to improve delight, is coy.
 Pure is the bliss, no consequence they dread;
 And in old age still blooms the genial bed.

When length of days bids Nature's powers decline,
 Their share of life, contented, they resign;
 Dying, they enter in a purple cloud,
 To be no more, or taste some unknown good.

The good supreme they know no cause to fear ;
No legislators and no priests are here.

Not free their will, nor with temptation try'd,
Their God their King, their Father is their guide.
As all things here inanimate obey ;
There Reason's powers th' obsequious passions sway.
One all-informing, all-sustaining soul
Governs each part, and animates the whole ;
No rebel man's or Angel's voice is heard ;
No angry God is there provok'd, or Devil fear'd.
All stand secure, impossible to fall,
And everlasting good is all in all !

Henceforth, whene'er, O Phosphor ! I behold,
Whether in Summer's breeze, or Winter's cold,
From my safe window, or some distant hill,
From field, grove, terrace, dell, or fuming rill,
Thy early circlet ; I my harp will string,
But to an instrument more noble sing,
A grateful heart ! Nor shall the praise be thine,
But his by whom I sing, and thou dost shine * !

Nov. 18, 1732.

* On the above verses (communicated to him by Mr. Duncombe) Archbishop Herring expressed himself as follows :
“ The inclosed verses did amuse me extremely. There is ge-
“ nius in them, and I wish his system at the end was as prac-
“ ticable, as it is fair and beautiful ; for, I suppose, (notwith-
“ standing our philosophy gives such high encomiums to free-
“ will) that there is not a poor mortal, (were he to take his
“ estimate from this life) but would have been glad to be pla-
“ ced in an unfinning obedience. But *Deo aliter visum* ; and,
“ perhaps, the thought of wishing it otherwise than it is
“ may be presumptuous.” See Herring's Letters, p. 143. N.

DE MINIMIS MAXIMA.

AUTORE LUDOVICO DUNCOMBE*.

EXiguâ crescit de glande altissima quercus,
 Et tandem patulis surgit in astra comis :
 Dumque anni pergunt, crescit latissima moles ;
 Mox fecat æquoreas bellica navis aquas.
 Angliacis hinc fama, salus hinc nascitur oris,
 Et glans est nostri præsidium imperii.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.

BY MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT;

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

FROM a small acorn, see ! the oak arise,
 Supremely tall, and towering in the skies !
 Queen of the groves ! her stately head she rears,
 Her bulk increasing with increasing years :
 Now moves in pomp, majestic, o'er the deep,
 While in her womb ten thousand thunders sleep.
 Hence Britain boasts her far-extended reign,
 And by th' expanded acorn rules the main.

* See this ingenious young gentleman's verses to the memory of Mr. Hughes, in the English Poets, vol. XXII. p. 14.—He was second son of John Duncombe, Esq. of Stocks, (see p. 24.) ; and died at Merton College, Oxford, where he was a gentleman commoner, December 26, 1730, in the twentieth year of his age. N.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN THE FOLDS OF A PIN-PAPER.

BY MR. PITT; NOT IN HIS WORKS.

OF old, a hundred Cyclops strove
To forge the thunder-bolt for Jove;
I too employ a hundred hands,
And travel through as many lands.
A head I have, though very small,
But then I have no brains at all.
The miser locks me up with care,
Close as his money, all the year.
When John and Joan are both at strife,
'Tis I find money for the wife.
At court I make the ladies shine,
I grace ev'n gracious Caroline:
And, though I often take my way
Through town and country, land and sea,
I'm neither fish, flesh, nor herring,
And now I live with goody Verring*.

THE COUNTER-HUNT.

A Reply to Dr. CONEY's Verses against HARE and DUCK.

BY THE SAME; NOT IN HIS WORKS.

SURE 'tis enough to make one stare,
To see a Coney hunt a Hare;
And when in that he fails of luck,
To leave the Hare, and hunt the Duck.
Doctor, you yet may lose the day,
At once the chafer and the prey;
The Hare and Duck may turn upon ye,
And, at long run, hunt down the Coney!

* A feller of pins at Blandford. PITT.

SONG, BY ROBERT WOLSELEY*, ESQ.

AH! blame me not, if no despair
 A passion you inspire can end;
 Nor think it strange, too charming fair,
 If Love, like other flames, ascend.
 If to approach a Saint with prayer
 Unworthy Votaries pretend;
 Above all merit, Heaven and You
 To the Sincere are only due.
 Long did Respect awe my proud aim,
 And fear t' offend my madness cover,
 Like you it still reprov'd my flame,
 And in the Friend would hide the Lover.
 But, by things that want a name
 I the too bold truth discover.
 My words in vain are in my power,
 My looks betray me every hour.

A F R A G M E N T.

BY JOHN HUGHES, ESQUIRE.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

O! say, ye Saints, who shine in realms above,
 And tune your harps to sing eternal love,
 When shall my voice attain your high degree;
 When shall my soul, from clouds of sorrow free,
 Hear your celestial song, and aid the harmony?

* Of whom, see vol. I. p. 138. vol. II. p. 105. N.

A MORAL

A MORAL REFLECTION.

BY MR. JABEZ HUGHES*.

IN vain we reach at joys ; in vain
 Through labours struggle to renown ;
 Soon as the hop'd-for good we gain,
 And call the flying blifs our own,
 The withering hand of cruel Fate
 Throws all the brittle building down,
 And cuts the thread of life, and closes up our date !

Pompous a while fantastick man appears,
 And idly vaunts his span of years ;
 Then yields to Heaven the wandering breath it gave,
 And silent wastes, forgotten in the grave !
 So the gay flowers, that on the bloomy plain
 Blush in their morning pride around,
 At noon, by sudden showers of rain,
 Are wash'd away, and scatter'd on the ground.

HYMN.

* Younger brother of Mr. John Hughes, and, like him, a votary of the Muses, and an excellent scholar. He published, in 1714, a translation of "The Rape of Proserpine," from Claudian, and "The Story of Sextus and Erictho," from Lucan's *Pharsalia*, book vi. in 8vo. These translations, with notes, were reprinted in 12mo. in 1723. He also published, in 1717, a translation of Suetonius's "Lives of the Twelve Cæsars," and translated several "Novels" from the Spanish of Cervantes, which are inserted in "The select Collection of Novels and Histories," printed for Watts, 1729. He died January 17, 1731, in the forty-sixth year of his age. A volume of his "Miscellanies in Verse and

HYMN. BY MR. JABEZ HUGHES.

FROM every quarter of the sky,
 Angelic bower, and blest abode,

Ye awful Hosts who dwell on high,
 Assemble to the throne of God.

Thither, ye Cherubim, who guide
 The measur'd motion of the stars,
 And o'er the glittering orbs preside,
 Informing the revolving spheres ;

Who, on the numerous worlds around,
 Pour down, from blazing suns, the day,
 In all your pomp of glory crown'd,
 With prompt obedience wing your way !

To your Creator's name inspire
 The song; and with melodious noise,
 The harp, and sweetness of the lyre,
 Touch skilfully, and give them voice.

Let the deep organ utter round
 Its swelling notes, and waken joy ;
 And the clear trumpet's princely sound
 Break loudly forth, and fill the sky.

And let the bright Arch-Angel raise
 The pealing symphony divine ;
 And in the abundance of his praise,
 Your choral voices gladly join.

“Prose” was published in 1737. His widow accompanied the lady of governor Byng to Barbadoes, and died there in 1740. See “Letters of Eminent Persons,” vol. I. p. 160. N.

AN ADDRESS TO VALENTINE,
ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

BY THE REVEREND MR. SAMUEL SAY*.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

HAIL! best of Bishops, and of Saints the best;
By flaming Love distinguish'd from the rest;
By Love, the life in heaven, and business of the blest.

Love made the world! 'Twas Love alone could draw
The disagreeing feeds to Nature's law:
Heaven saw th' effects of Love, and blest'd them when
it saw.

Hence, mighty Saint, thy power; deriv'd from Love,
Thy great commission reaches all above,
And earth and sea beneath, and all that live and move.

* This gentleman, who was the son of an ejected minister of Southampton, after having been some years Pastor of a dissenting congregation at Ipswich, succeeded Dr. Calamy in Westminster, in the year 1723. Soon after his death, which happened April 12, 1743, at the age of 68, several of his poems, and two essays in prose, were published in one volume in quarto, by subscription. The latter, one of which is, "On the Harmony, Variety, and Power of Numbers in general," and the other, "On those of Paradise Lost in particular," have been much admired by persons of taste and judgement. His only daughter is married to Mr. Toms, a dissenting minister at Hadleigh in Suffolk. See "Letters of Eminent Persons," vol. I. p. 19. N.

Thou

Thou call'st the flowers: they feel the glad command;
On sunny banks in smiling rows they stand, [hand.
Broke from their mother's womb, and drest by Nature's
By thee the birds salute the welcome Spring;
Inspir'd by thee and Love, in pairs they sing;
With music and with joy the woods and valleys ring.

Fierce tigers yield to thee. To hear thy voice,
The gentle hind and rugged bears rejoice,
And fishes scud the waves to meet their happy choice.

See, see, the chearful morn! how bright it shines!
With larger steps the sun his course reclines,
As conscious of thy day, and favouring thy designs.

All wed below, and he above would wed;
The youthful Earth has drest her fragrant bed,
And promises her shades, to shroud his radiant head.

At his approach, the storms and winter fly;
The joyful bride her snowy vest lays by,
Nor does, untimely coy, her naked form deny.

Ah! could thy power so warm Lucretia's heart,
And make the winter there and cold depart; [smart!
How would'st thou bless a wretch, and ease his raging

Could'st thou but make her soul consent with mine,
And with her heart her answering hands to join,
For thee should Phœbus sing, and all the tuneful Nine.

While I, in annual songs, thy name would raise,
Thy day should stand above the rest of days,
And lovers bless the Saint, and crown my head with bays!

F R A G-

FRAGMENT. BY MR. SAY.

NOT IN HIS WORKS.]

HA I L, native soil ! thy flowery dales, with shade
 Of stately elms and spreading beeches brown,
 Oft may I lonely haunt, with pensive thought
 Delighted ; while the evening bird, conceal'd
 In thickest covert, tunes her mournful song,
 And sooths my ravish'd ear. Here may I lead
 My life unknown, and wear my years away
 In harmless pleasures pure ; far from the crimes
 Of guilty cities ; till, like mellowing fruit,
 On the fair ground that nourish'd me I fall,
 And close my eyes where first they saw the light.
 Meanwhile, Urania, deign, beneath this roof,
 Though plain, yet neat, to dwell ; and bless thy son,
 Enamour'd ! sprinkle from the sacred well
 With hallow'd waters' powerful charm, to chase
 Vice from the guarded door ; that nought profane
 May dare to violate the Muses' feat.

WRITTEN IN A STORM. BY THE SAME.

HA R K ! the loud Thunder rattles through the sky :
 The Ocean foams, and lifts its billows high :
 The solid Earth from her foundation shakes,
 And every human heart with terror quakes.
 Sinners feel only fear : Their Father's voice
 The Righteous own, and tremble and rejoice.

TO MR. THOMAS GODFREY,
OF HODEFORD IN KENT.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE IV.

BY MR. SAY. NOV. 17, 1698.

DEAR friend, whom favouring Providence allows
A fruitful soil, that round a pleasant seat
Lies various ; pasture, arable, or wood ;
A plain with rising hills inclos'd : what now
Shall the divining Muse suppose to engage
Your thoughtful hours ?—Or in some grove retir'd
You walk unseen ; in contemplation high
Rais'd up above the world, and see beneath,
Compassionate, the cares and fond designs
Of restless mortals, always in pursuit
Of what they always have ; still heaping up
Stores to be us'd, yet never use their stores.
O blind of heart ! the bliss ye seek, behold
Already in your hands !—Or else, with eyes
Fix'd on some grave discourse, you now perhaps
Consult with antient sages how to guide
Your life by Wisdom's rules, enquiring still
What most beseems the good t' enquire.—Blest man !
To whom your wealthy fire has left enough,
Though with a partial hand ; and God reveal'd
The secret known to few, to very few,
“ That half a great estate (as the wrong'd Bard *
To a greedy brother sung) is more than all.”—
Happy ! who well have learnt the precious art

* Hesiod.

To

To value right his gifts, and freely use
 What God has freely sent; nor will be bought
 With rich temptations to enslave your hours,
 And quit the ease Heaven's kindness has indulg'd.
 What can the careful mother more request
 For her lov'd son, than to be wise and good;
 Able to speak his sense? that vigorous health
 And public fame and favour may attend
 A well-spent life, and a neat table, spread
 With wholesome food convenient, though not rich,
 Yet never poor? All beyond this is mere
 Incumbrance, and the wish of fools, who toil
 As if they were to raise a stock to-day,
 From which to spend for ages! Wisely you
 Enjoy the present blessings, and depend
 On heaven for what shall be. This hour, you think,
 May prove your last; and hence to-morrow's fun,
 As unexpected, will more grateful rise.

THE NAMES CUT IN THE BARK OF A TREE
 IN ELHAM PARK IN KENT.

BY MR. SAY.

TO THE TREE.

FAIR Beech, that bear'st our interwoven names
 Here grav'd, the token of our mingled flames,
 Preserve the mark; and, as thy head shall rise,
 Our loves shall heighten till they reach the skies;
 The wounds in us, as these in thee shall spread,
 Larger by time, and fairer to be read.

Stand,

Stand, sacred tree ! here still inviolate stand,
 By no rude axe profan'd, by no unhallow'd hand.
 Be thou the tree of Love, and here declare,
 That once a nymph was found as true as she was fair !

TO A L A D Y,
 WORKING A FLOWERED PETTICOAT
 FOR CECILIA. BY MR. SAY.

BLEST garment, that shall those soft limbs enfold,
 Proud of thy flowing train and mingled gold :
 And blest the hands, whose artful fingers form
 The mystic stories which that robe adorn !
 Oh ! had but Nature more my make refin'd,
 And with the man the female softness join'd ;
 Then undistinguish'd might my shape remain,
 Like Thetis' son amid the virgin train ;
 Then for her wear my needle should have wrought
 Embroider'd figures, by my passion taught ;
 Love would direct my artless hands, and guide
 The slender thread through the fine woof to slide ;
 Here I, my sex conceal'd, the gentle fire
 Would into her unwary breast inspire,
 While near me the bright dame (affected pride
 And modest virgin-blushes laid aside)
 In native innocence secure should stand,
 Commend my labours, and approve my hand :
 What nor my pen, nor faltering tongue, could dare,
 The bolder needle, fearless, should declare ;
 And the dumb shadow's silent voice proclaim
 My humble love, and court the haughty dame.

ON THE DEATH OF
LESBIA'S GREEN-BIRD.

BY MR. HENRY NEEDLER*.

AH, hapless bird ! has then untimely death
Silenc'd thy throat, and stopp'd thy tuneful breath ?
No more thy plumes their faded verdure boast,
Dim are thy little eyes, and all their lustre lost !
No longer must thy chearful notes delight
Fair Lesbia's ear ; thy beauteous form, her sight ;
No more will she each morn, with pleasing care,
Fresh food for thee, and fragrant greens prepare,
Whilst fluttering wings and brisker chirps confess
Thy rising joy, and grateful thanks express.

* Of the Navy-office, a young man of genius and science, piety and virtue ; the grandson of Colonel Needler, a Royalist, who served under General Monck, about the time of the Restoration. His faculties were impaired, and his death (which happened in 1718, when he was only twenty-eight years of age) accelerated, by his sedentary life, and intense application, principally to the mathematicks. A small volume of his works was collected and published by his friend Mr. Duncombe in 1724, of which there have been three editions. His name-sake, Accomptant-general of the Excise-office, and for many years first violin at the Crown and Anchor concert, or academy of antient music, who died in 1760, and whose life Sir John Hawkins has given in his " History of Music," was not his nephew, as that gentleman supposes, (vol. V. p. 124.) but his first cousin. D.

Proud

Proud to be tended by a hand so fair,
 Well-pleas'd thou loss of liberty could'st bear,
 Nor envy'd other birds that range in open air.
 Thee chief musician of her feather'd choir,
 Fair Lesbia held, thee most she did admire:
 Oft would she praise thy sweet harmonious lay,
 And listen to thy song the live-long day.
 Moan, all ye birds of Lesbia's concert, moan
 In doleful notes your warbling partner gone:
 Let wreaths of night-shade, and of baneful yew,
 Each cage adorn, or sprigs of cypress strew.
 This theme let every tender Poet chuse;
 Let Lesbia's loss employ each gentle Muse;
 Henceforth let none Corinna's parrot name,
 But Lesbia's green-bird fill the trump of fame.

PROLOGUE TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

SPOKEN AT ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL,

JANUARY 27, 1712.

BY MR. NEEDLER.

SHOULD Shakspeare's ghost return again to light,
 And see us play his Cæsar here to-night,
 How would he smile to view our mimick rage,
 And little heroes strut along the stage,
 To see in miniature his lofty scenes
 Acted by beardless Statesmen in their teens!
 Yet our green age may justly plead our cause,
 Procure our pardon, if not gain applause.

In great and worthy things, th' attempt alone
 May claim some portion of deserv'd renown.
 The thirst of fame, the very love of praise,
 A noble generous turn of soul betrays :
 'Tis this the panting hero's mind excites
 To tasks of glory, and his toil requites.
 'Twas love of fame that Cæsar's bosom fir'd
 With active valour, and his breast inspir'd
 O'er the whole globe to stretch the Roman sway,
 And make the distant poles their laws obey.

Impell'd by this, what dauntless souls can dare,
 Let matchless Marlborough's mighty deeds declare ;
 Great Marlborough ! in whose accomplish'd mind
 All Cæsar, but his vices, we may find ;
 Who, in a juster cause, and not his own,
 Has Cæsar's conduct and his courage shown.

Yet not to thirst of fame alone we owe
 Heroic actions, but to beauty too :
 Oft your resistless charms, ye shining Fair,
 In worthy deeds may justly claim a share ;
 Love oft the noble martial flame inspires,
 And at your eyes the hero's bosom fires,
 Who for your smiles does Honour's paths pursue,
 And conquers nations, but to conquer you.

EPIGRAM. BY MR. NEEDLER.

DELIVER'D in a dull and lifeless strain,
 The best discourses no attention gain ;
 For if the orator seems half asleep,
 He'll scarce his auditors from snoring keep.

WRITTEN UNDER AN OAK.

BY MR. NEEDLER.

HAIL, friendly plant ! beneath the shade
 By whose wide-spreading branches made,
 Extended on the grass along,
 I meditate my carelefs song,
 Provok'd by birds that tune their lays,
 And winds that whisper in thy sprays.
 When I survey thy stately head,
 And aged trunk, with moss o'erspread,
 Diviner thoughts enrich my brain,
 And lift me to a loftier strain ;
 Thus Mona's * Bards receiv'd of old
 The secrets they the people told ;
 Whilst whispering Genii of the air
 Inspir'd the truths they did declare.
 Could I compose a deathlefs song,
 Like thee majestic, lofty, strong ;
 To thee my grateful Muse should raise
 Some trophy worthy of thy praise ;
 With fadelefs leaves thy head should crown,
 And make thee equal in renown
 To royal Charles's † starry tree,
 That twinkles o'er the southern sea ;
 I'd tell how Jove's imperial mind
 Was pleas'd with thy majestic kind ;

* The Isle of Anglesey, frequented by the Druids. H. N.

† Dr. Halley has distinguished one of the southern constellations by the name of Robur Carolinum, or Charles's Oak. *Id.*

(Who

(Who from the thunder's blasting stroke
Ever exempts his favour'd oak ;)
And oaken wreaths the brows did grace
Of victors in the dusty race :
But this my verse in vain would strive ;
My verse, which cannot thee survive.

MR. NEEDLER TO A LADY,
OFFERING TO TELL THE AUTHOR HIS FORTUNE.

CHLOE, you well my fate may show,
Which, whether good or bad, from you must flow.
With needless care you search the stars and skies ;
No stars can influence me, but those bright eyes.
The Gods, that govern by supreme decree,
In their own minds may all events foresee.

EPIGRAM, BY THE SAME;
OCCASIONED BY READING AN INSIPID SATIRE
AGAINST SIR RICHARD STEELE, INTITULED,
“ INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.”
WRITTEN EXTEMPORE, IN 1713.

PAINTER, one figure more, at my request,
Let on the living canvass be exprest ;
There let an ass a Satyr's visard wear,
Conspicuous by uncommon length of ear ;
Whilst on the ground a feeble lion feels
The coward fury of his spurning heels.

ON ARITHMETIC AND GEOMETRY.

BY MR. NEEDLER.

HA I L, heavenly pair! by whose conspiring aid
 The beauteous fabrick of the world was made!
 Led on by you, audacious men forget
 The narrow bounds by envious Nature set;
 To yon bright mansions soar with happy flight,
 Survey the starry realms, and range through worlds of
 light!

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON*;

OCCASIONED BY HIS LORDSHIP'S ESSAY ON
 TRANSLATED VERSE.

FROM THE LATIN OF MR. CHARLES DRYDEN.

BY THE SAME.

TH A T happy Britain boasts her tuneful race,
 And laurel wreaths her peaceful temples grace,
 The honour and the praise is justly due
 To you alone, illustrious Earl! to you.
 For soon as Horace, with his artful page,
 By thee explain'd, had taught the listening age;

Of

* It would have been an acceptable present to the publick, if I had been able to have prefixed to one of these volumes a portrait of this amiable peer. I cannot, however, but submit to my readers some curious particulars on the subject, which have been kindly communicated by a gentleman whose name I am not at liberty to disclose: "Mr. Granger
 "makes no mention of any print of Lord Roscommon,
 "nor

Of brightest Bards arose a skilful train,
 Who sweetly sung in their immortal strain.
 No more content great Maro's steps to trace,
 New paths we search, and tread unbeaten ways.
 Ye Britons, then, triumphantly rejoice;
 And with loud peals, and one consenting voice,
 Applaud the man, who does unrival'd sit,
 "The sovereign-judge and arbiter of wit!"
 For, led by thee, an endless train shall rise
 Of Poets, who shall climb superior skies;

Heroes

"nor can I find any account of a picture of him; but
 "Dr. Chetwode's *Ms. Life* of him says, if I remember right,
 "that the print prefixed to his Poems [I suppose he means
 "some edition of his Poems in the latter end of the last
 "or the beginning of the present century] was very like
 "him; and that Lord Roscommon very strongly resembled
 "the famous Lord Strafford. By the bye, all the Biographers
 "seem to have been ignorant as to the degree of relationship
 "between these two persons; and, what is very extraordinary,
 "Dr. Chetwode himself does not appear to have known how
 "nearly they were related. The fact is, that Lord Roscommon
 "was Lord Strafford's *nephew*; his father, Sir James Dillon,
 "the third earl of Roscommon, having married Elizabeth
 "the youngest daughter of Sir William Wentworth, of
 "Wentworth Woodhouse, in the county of York, sister to
 "the Earl of Strafford. Hence Lord Roscommon was christ-
 "ened *Wentworth*; and probably was born in 1633, when
 "Lord Strafford was in Ireland. His father died at Lime-
 "rick in 1649. The Poet, on the second of November, 1674,
 "married, as his second wife, Isabella daughter of Matthew

Heroes and Gods in worthy verse shall sing,
And tune to Homer's lay the lofty string.

Thy works too, sovereign Bard * ! if right I see,
They shall translate with equal majesty ;
While with new joy thy happy shade shall rove
Through the blest mazes of th' Elysian grove,
And, wondering, in Britannia's rougher tongue
To find thy heroes and thy shepherds sung,
Shall break forth in these words : " Thy favour'd name,
Great heir and guardian of the Mantuan fame !
How shall my willing gratitude pursue
With praises large as to thy worth are due ?
Though tasteless Bards, by Nature never taught,
In wretched rhymes disguise my genuine thought ;

" Boynton, esq. of Yorkshire. This, I believe, has not been
" mentioned. As to what the Biographers say of Lord Strafford's sending over for him, *after the breaking out of the civil wars*, and placing him near his country-seat in Yorkshire, it must be a mistake. If Lord Strafford sent for him at all, it must have been at some earlier period ; for he himself was beheaded *before* the civil war can properly be said to have begun. Probably he brought his nephew with him from Ireland in 1640, on his return from his government. It is not, I believe, generally known that all the particulars of Lord Roscommon, related by Fenton, are taken from Chetwode's *Memoirs* of that nobleman, with which he probably was furnished by Mr. Thomas Baker, who left them, with many other Manuscripts, to the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge. The Life of Lord Roscommon is very ill written, full of high-church cant and commonplace observation." N.

* Virgil. H. N.

Though Homer now the wars of godlike Kings
 In Ovid's soft enervate numbers sings;
 Tuneful Silenus, and the matchless verse
 That does the birth of infant worlds rehearse,
 Atone for all: by that my rescued fame
 Shall vie in age with Nature's deathless frame;
 By thee the learned song shall nobly live,
 And praise from every British tongue receive.

Give to thy daring genius then the rein,
 And freely launch into a bolder strain;
 Nor with these words my happy spirit grieve:
 'The last good office of thy friend receive*.'

On the firm base of thy immortal lays,
 A nobler pile to thy lov'd Maro raise;
 My glory by thy skill shall brighter shine,
 With native charms and energy divine!
 Britain with just applause the work shall read,
 And crown, with fadeless bays, thy sacred head.
 Nor shall thy Muse the graver's pencil need,
 To draw the hero on his prancing steed;
 Thy living verse shall paint th' imbattled host
 In bolder figures than his art can boast.
 While the low tribe of vulgar writers strive,
 By mean false arts to make their versions live;
 Forsake the text, and blend each sterling line
 With comments foreign to my true design;
 My latent sense thy happier thought explores,
 And injur'd Maro to himself restores."

* "Cape dona extrema tuorum;" the motto to Lord Roscommon's Essay. H. N.

ON MR. BAYES'S* DRAMATIC PIECES.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

WIT and the Laws had both the same ill fate,
And partial Tyrants sway'd in either state.

Ill-natur'd Censure would be sure to damn
An alien Wit of independent fame;
While Bayes, grown old, and harden'd in offence,
Was suffer'd to write-on in spite of sense;
Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along
A crew of foreign words into our tongue,
To ruin and enslave the free-born English song;
Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,
And to four volumes let his plays run on.

ON A PENCIL, SENT TO HIS WIFE†.

BY THE LATE HON. THOMAS HERVEY ‡.

POOR senseless utensil, could you but know
What wondrous powers to Hervey's hand you owe;
The truth and wit that on your traces dwell,
Whene'er she urges you her thoughts to tell:
How proud, how blest, how envy'd must you be,
To kiss your prompter, and its dictates see!
Angels and men might at your bliss repine,
Divided thus, 'twixt sensual and divine.

* Dryden. N.

† She had been Miss Anne Coghlen of Ireland. D.

‡ Third son of the first Earl of Bristol, and uncle to the present, well known by his genius and eccentricity, both which are very apparent in his Letters to Sir Thomas Hanmer, and other publications. D.

HORACE,

ON A LADY'S HAND-WRITING,
BY GEORGE JEFFREYS*, ESQ.

IN characters so fair, we trace
Eliza's charming hand,
That Heaven alone, who form'd her face,
Could sweeter strokes command.

The beauties there by Nature wrought
Excell the writer's art;
For here the wondering eye is caught,
But there the wounded heart.

HORACE,

* This gentleman, who was educated at Westminster school under Dr. Busby, was the son of Christopher Jeffreys, esq; of Weldron in Northamptonshire, and nephew to James the 8th lord Chandos. He was admitted of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1694, where he took the degrees in arts, was elected fellow in 1701, and presided in the philosophy-schools as moderator in 1706. He was also sub-orator for Dr. Ayloffe, and not going into orders within eight years, as the statutes of that college require, he quitted his fellowship in 1709. Though Mr. Jeffreys was called to the bar, he never practised the law, but, after acting as secretary to Dr. Hartstonge bishop of Derry, at the latter end of queen Anne's and the beginning of George the First's reign, spent most of the remainder of his life in the families of the two last dukes of Chandos, his relations. In 1754 he published, by subscription, a 4to volume of "Miscellanies, in Verse and Prose," among which are two tragedies, (viz. "Edwin" and "Merope," both acted at the theatre-royal in Lincoln's-Inn-fields) and "The Triumph of Truth," an oratorio. "This collection (as the author observes in his dedication to the present duke of Chandos, then marquess of Carnarvon,) includes an uncommon length

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IX.

IMITATED BY THE SAME.

THOUGH tempests long may toss the sea,
 And Norway, chill'd by winter, mourn;
 Yet Norway's snow will melt away,
 When Zephyr's genial gales return;
 When birds and flowers the fullen year restore,
 It sighs in winds, and weeps in rain, no more.
 But you, eternal mourner, you,
 Amyntor gone where all must go,
 With ever streaming eyes pursue,
 Dwell on his grave, and doat on woe;
 Amyntor is by day the darling theme;
 And dear Amyntor still the nightly dream.
 Yet Mordaunt's † eyes are dried at last,
 Though in one fleeting year he mourn'd,
 His angel consort, bright and chaste,
 With two brave sons to dust return'd:
 His fam'd Valencia's doom in his we trace,
 So signal was the shock, so short the space.

length of time, from the verses on the duke of Gloucester's death in 1700 to those on his lordship's marriage in 1753." Mr. Jeffreys died in 1755, aged 77. See Letters of Eminent Persons, vol. II. p. 17.—In Sir John Hawkins's "History of Music," vol. IV. p. 64. his grandfather, George, is recorded as King Charles the First's organist at Oxford, 1643, and servant to Lord Hatton in Northamptonshire, where he had lands of his own; and also his father, Christopher, of Weldron in Northamptonshire. p. 323, as "a student of Christ-Church, who played well on the organ." The anony-

Of matchless Blandford's † early fate

The parents now no more complain ;

The sisters, sunk beneath the weight

Of pious sorrow, shine again,

Bright as the moon reflected by the tide,

Or you, Clemene, ere your brother died.

Then mourn no longer, heavenly maid,

Amyntor snatch'd in Nature's prime ;

Must Beauty too, by grief decay'd,

Be lost, like him, before the time ?

Think on those eyes, and then from tears refrain ;

Or must Philander always sue in vain ?

ODE, BY MR. JEFFREYS,

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES XII. KING OF SWEDEN.

O ! ever honour'd, and deplor'd !

Whether in northern skies ador'd,

Thy new-born star extends the glittering wain ;

Or near the balance points Astræa's sword,

To scatter her's and Sweden's foes again :

Which of thy kindred lights, ingrate

To thee ! their common care so late,

Was licens'd here its baneful rays to shed,

Devoting to the treachery of fate,

And random ruin, thy anointed head ?

mous verses prefixed to Cato were by this gentleman, which Mr. Addison never knew. The alterations in these Odes are from the author's corrected copy. N.

† Earl of Peterborough. His lady died May 13, 1709, his youngest son February 24, 1709-10, and his eldest son April 6, 1710. D.

‡ Son to the great Duke of Marlborough. N.

What though thy native valour fought
 Renown, with endless hazard bought;
 The fabled armour forg'd by hands divine,
 And to her darling son by Venus brought,
 Was but a spirit, and a cause, like thine.

O! stain to Virtue, on the throne
 So rarely found, so early gone!
 O fatal end of all thy glorious toil!
 And wert thou thus decreed, and thus alone,
 To take possession of the hostile soil?

Not so the trembling Dane presag'd;
 And other hopes thy youth engag'd,
 By wonders sav'd, by victories adorn'd;
 Thy maiden war with hardy Saxons wag'd;
 And thy true sword by vanquish'd Russia mourn'd.

Did Death for this reprieve its prey,
 On black Pultowa's fatal day?
 Then angry billows cross'd thy dangerous flight;
 But persevering courage found the way
 To lose with honour, and invade with right.

The vessel, with its royal freight
 Of virtues, by uncommon fate,
 From patriots, heroes, martyrs, Saints, deriv'd,
 Had brav'd the swelling main's tumultuous height,
 And the loud war of wintry winds surviv'd:

When sudden, lo! it finds a grave,
 (Near though the port, and smooth the wave)
 Sunk in the faithless sands by Fortune's play;
 Pleas'd as she was to dash the hopes she gave,
 And throw repeated miracles away.

But,

But, Sweden! thou with pious art
 Embalm the warrior's mortal part,
 The guardian relics of the great and just;
 And may the genius that inflam'd his heart,
 Attend his tomb, and signalize his dust!
 Then, if thy sorrows cannot yet
 The watchman of his flock forget,
 And vengeance must prevail, though long withstood;
 This fun of glory in a sea shall set,
 A sea of Danish and of German blood.

H O R A C E, O D E IV. B O O K IV.

BY GEORGE JEFFREYS, ESQ.

AS Jove's imperial bird, to whom the sway
 O'er all the feather'd race was given;
 (For so did he his trusty favourite pay,
 For wafting Ganymede to Heaven);
 With native vigour, join'd to youthful prime,
 Springs from the nest, though check'd by fear,
 Unwonted heights with tender wing to climb,
 The sky when summer breezes clear:
 With hostile rage the spoiler next descends
 Impetuous on the bleating fold:
 Thence, more assur'd, reluctant dragons rends,
 With love of prey and combat bold:
 Or as a kid, on pastures fair to graze
 Intent, the lion's progeny,
 Wean'd from his yellow mother's milk, surveys,
 By fangs in slaughter new, to die:

Such

Such Drusus the Vindelici beheld
 Beneath the Alps, unmatched in war!
 And by a sage and youthful leader quell'd,
 The troops, victorious, long, and far,
 Prov'd what a genius and a mind could dare,
 By precept and example taught;
 And what, Augustus, thy paternal care
 In either Nero's bloom has wrought.
 The brave beget the brave: the bull, the steed,
 Are stamp'd upon their generous race;
 Nor is the dove's unwarlike brood decreed
 The royal eagle to disgrace.
 But Culture calls the hidden vigour forth;
 And Virtue, when on Learning built,
 Confirms the heart: in blood devoid of worth,
 The conscious shame enhances guilt.
 What Rome her Neros owes, let Asdrubal
 Be witness, that decisive day,
 The first, that near Metaurus, by his fall,
 From Latium chas'd the night away:
 When the dire African to Mars, among
 Th' Italian cities, gave the rein,
 Impetuous as the flame, that runs along
 The pines, or Eurus o'er the main.
 From that bright hour the Roman youth sustain'd
 With better fate the toils of fight;
 And the sad shrines, by Punic foes profan'd,
 Now found their guardian Gods upright.

When

When Hannibal at length desponding spoke,

“ Like stags, the prey of wolves, are we,
And rashly to the fight such foes provoke,
As to elude were victory.

The warrior race, who to the Latian coast,

From Ilium, sunk in Grecian fires,

Convey'd their Gods, on Tuscan billows tost,

Their offspring and their aged fires,

Uninjur'd, like the widely-spreading oak

On Algidus, with shade embrown'd,

Defy the sturdy steel's repeated stroke,

And draw new vigour from the wound.

Not baffled Hercules receiv'd a foil

More grievous from the sprouting store

Of Hydra's heads; no greater pest the foil

Of Thebes or Colchis ever bore.

Plung'd in the deep, more graceful thence they spring,

The sons of dearly purchas'd fame;

Though thrown, with vast applause the victor fling,

And matrons their exploits proclaim.

With lofty tidings I shall ne'er again

My long-triumphant Carthage hail:

Lost, lost, in Asdrubal untimely slain,

Our name's best hope and fortune fail.”

The Claudian hands all wonders shall perform,

By Jove's indulgent aid secur'd;

And by sagacious care, to rule the storm

Of well-connected war, inur'd*.

* This Ode (says Scaliger) “ is not inferior to Pindar: In it Horace has excelled himself and all the Greek Poets.” Creech has omitted it in his translation. D.

TO MR. CONGREVE,
ON HIS PLAYS AND POEMS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH TOLLET*.

CONGREVE! the justest glory of our age!

The whole Menander of the English stage!

Thy comic Muse, in each complete design,

Does manly sense and sprightly wit combine.

And sure the Theatre was meant a school,

To lash the vicious, and expose the fool;

* Daughter of George Tollet, esq. who, as a commissioner of the navy, had a house in the Tower in the reigns of King William and Queen Anne. Sir Isaac Newton honoured both him and his daughter with his friendship, and was much pleased with some of her first essays. She has paid a grateful tribute to the memory of that great man in a copy of verses, [p. 69.] Her works (published after her death, which happened in 1754) abound with sentiment and simplicity (beauties rarely to be found in modern poems), and yet are far from being destitute of spirit and poetical ornament. Some of the poems indeed have such a philosophical cast, and so great a depth of thought, that they will scarcely be understood by the *beau monde*. The worthy author's head and heart concurred in promoting the cause of Good-manners, Virtue, and Religion. She would not suffer her poems to appear till she herself was beyond the reach of envy or applause. They are very incorrectly printed. The writer of this note has them corrected, with contents prefixed. She left her estate (a pretty good one) to her youngest nephew. Her eldest, George Tollet esq. of Betley Hall in Staffordshire, a gentleman of letters and fortune, well known by his curious illustrations of Shakspeare, died October 22, 1779. D.

The

The wilful fool, whose wit is always shewn
 To hit another's fault and miss his own,
 Laughs at himself, when by thy skill exprest,
 And always in his neighbour finds the jest.
 A fame from vulgar characters to raise
 Is every Poet's labour, and his praise:
 They, fearful, coast; while you forsake the shore,
 And undiscover'd worlds of wit explore,
 Enrich the scene with characters unknown,
 There plant your colonies, and fix your throne.
 Let Maskwell's treacheries, and Touchwood's rage,
 Let rugged Ben, and Foresight's timorous age,
 And Heartwell's fullen passion, grace the stage:
 Then let half-criticks veil their idle spite,
 For he knows best to rail, who worst can write.
 Let juster satire now employ the pen,
 To tax the vicious on the world's great scene;
 There the Reformer's praise the Poet shares,
 And boldly lashes whom the Zealot spares.

Ye British Fair! could your bright eyes refuse
 A pitying tear to grace his tragic Muse?
 Can generous Osmyn sigh beneath his chain,
 Or the distress'd Almeria weep in vain?
 A kindly pity every breast must move,
 For injur'd Virtue, or for suffering Love.
 The Nymphs adorn Pastora's sacred tomb,
 And mourn the lov'd Amynta's short-liv'd bloom:
 The Learn'd admire the Poet, when he flies
 To trace the Theban swan amid the skies;
 When he translates, still faithful to the sense,
 He copies, and improves each excellence.

Or when he teaches how the rich and great,
 And all but deathless Wit, must yield to Fate;
 Or when he sings the courser's rapid speed,
 Or Virtue's loftier praise, and nobler deed;
 Each various grace embellishes his song,
 As Horace easy, and as Pindar strong;
 Pindar, who long like oracles ador'd
 In reverend darkness, now to light restor'd,
 Shall stamp thy current wit, and seal thy fame's
 record.

THE PRAISE OF ASTRONOMY.
 FROM OVID'S FASTI, BOOK I.

BY MRS. TOLLET.

“*Felices animos quibus hæc cognoscere primis.*—”

O HAPPY souls, who first aspir'd to climb,
 With glorious cares, the heavenly seats sublime!
 Who rais'd aloft the head, to leave behind
 The crimes and pleasures that debase mankind!
 Nor could the Cyprian dame, or flowing bowls,
 Enerve their generous breasts, or dull their souls;
 Nor the laborious duties of the bar;
 Nor more heroic dangers of the war;
 Nor them the fumes of light ambition warm'd,
 Nor glory them with painted beauties charm'd;
 Nor them solicited the mean desire,
 That shining dross and golden dust inspire:
 But to our eyes the distant stars they brought;
 And boundless æther circumscrib'd in thought.

'Tis

'Tis not by Ossa on Olympus thrown,
 Though to the stars aspires the topmost cone
 Of Pelion, pil'd on both, the skies we gain :
 'Tis thus that science can the heavens obtain.

THE TRIUMVIRATE OF POETS.

BY MRS. TOLLET.

BRTAIN with Greece and Rome contended long
 For lofty genius, and poetic song,
 Till this Augustan age with Three was blest,
 To fix the prize, and finish the contest.
 In Addison, immortal Virgil reigns ;
 So pure his numbers, so refin'd his strains :
 Of nature full, with more impetuous heat,
 In Prior Horace shines, sublimely great.
 Thy country, Homer ! we dispute no more,
 For Pope has fix'd it to his native shore.

ON SHAKSPEARE'S MONUMENT.

BY THE SAME.

OLD Homer's fancy'd face, a form unknown,
 Survives in breathing brass, or Parian stone :
 While of the mind such images remain,
 We wish to raise the honour'd shade again ;
 Immortal Wit compels us to admire
 The relique, rescued from devouring Fire.
 Such Shakspeare was ; from hence Invention took
 The studious posture, and the piercing look.

He, nobly bold, disdain'd the bounds of Art,
 And spoke the native dictates of the heart;
 Could paint the softness of th' enamour'd maid,
 The jealous lover to his rage betray'd;
 Could trace the passions to their secret springs,
 The pride of heroes, and the wrongs of kings;
 The murderer's guilt; and whisper in the ear
 What dire ambition trembles but to hear.
 Fairies and ghosts obey'd his magic wand;
 And with new beings fill'd an unknown land:
 Ev'n then he taught the visionary throng,
 With useful truth to moralize the song.
 Ye kings, who once our ancient sceptre sway'd,
 Though here in dust your sacred heads are laid,
 Afford the poet's monument a room,
 Whose Muse recalls you from the silent tomb.
 At her command, majestic each appears,
 To claim the loyal tribute of our tears;
 The waste of civil fury to disclose,
 Their mighty triumphs, and their mighty woes.
 When princes fall, too great to fall alone,
 We weep those ills our ancestors have done.
 Such was the Bard *; true to his country's cause,
 He scorn'd to give successful vice applause.
 Such may he still remain; through every age,
 With patriot virtue to inspire the stage!

* There is no genuine picture of Shakspeare. That called
 his was taken long after his death from a person supposed ex-
 tremely like him; at the direction of Sir Thomas Clarges.

Mrs. TOLLET.
 O N

ON THE DEATH OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF HIS FUNERAL,

MARCH 28, 1727. BY MRS. TOLLET.

'T IS now the night thy pious friends entrust
 To sacred earth thy venerable dust;
 By Nature doom'd maturely to expire;
 If life or fame can satiate the desire.
 Immortal and secure thy name remains,
 Which scarce the habitable world contains.
 Whether thou didst the level'd tube apply,
 To bring the planets to thy searching eye;
 Or rather through the heavens thy spirit flew,
 To trace their motions with a nearer view;
 What force their destin'd line obliquely bends,
 And what in vacuous space their weight suspends;
 Or to describe how this terrestrial ball,
 Where man, as in himself, has centred all,
 And doom'd it ever to repose profound,
 Incessant finishes its ample round
 Of annual course; or to the morning ray
 Obverts its front, or wheels to fly the day:
 To calculate how distant we admire,
 Or how enjoy remote the solar fire,
 Thy soul th' abyss of numbers could explore;
 Though they, like Hydra, multiply their store;
 Thy mind, enlarg'd by Nature to compute
 Her vastest work, could trace the most minute;
 Alike exact to penetrate the ways
 Of subtile light, and fine æthereal rays;

What obstacle compels them, as they pass,
 To march diverted through the pervious glass;
 What various hues the lucid pencils paint,
 How deep or glaring soften into faint;
 By what degrees their kindred shades unite,
 And how their equal mixture spreads a white.
 Sicilia * now, and Samos *, strive in vain
 With Britain, bounded by the ambient main.
 Of solid rocks on shatter'd navies hurl'd,
 And fancy'd engines to remove the world;
 Of pious hecatombs on altars laid,
 When the discover'd truth the search repaid;
 Much have we heard, and something we believ'd;
 But see the wonders by thyself atchiev'd.
 Bacon and Boyle thy triumphs but fore-run,
 As Phosphor rises to precede the Sun:
 Nor shall our age or isle resign the praise
 To Greece, for Sages born in ancient days.
 Soon shall the marble monument arise,
 And Newton's honour'd name attract our eyes:
 The finish'd bust, in curious sculpture wrought,
 Shall seem to breathe alone, absorb'd in thought.
 When fading letters vanish from the wall,
 And when the lofty pile itself shall fall,
 Should wasting age and barbarism conspire,
 To sink the dome; or sacrilegious fire;
 Some future Cicero, in times to come,
 Shall rescue from neglect an Archimedes' tomb †.

* Archimedes was born in Sicily; Pythagoras at Samos. T.

† See Tusc. Quæst. V. 3. Middleton's Life of Cicero,
 vol. I. p. 64. T.

T H E M I C R O C O S M*.

B Y M R S. T O L L E T.

“Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ.” OVID.

ASCEND, my soul, and elevate thy thought,
 To view the wonders by thy Maker wrought;
 To yon bright arch thy dazzled eyes erect,
 And in the work confess the Architect:
 Then, looking down, contracted in a span,
 Behold another universe in man.
 Dust is his origin, and earth his place:
 But on the mother's side, though man be base,
 Sprung from the sacred fire, to Heaven ally'd,
 The conscious soul maintains her noble pride:
 Nor is it pride: what gratitude were due,
 Unless the value of the gift she knew?

* This essay of mine was occasioned by an ingenious poem called “The Universe;” [by Mr. H. Baker;] which takes in the most curious parts of nature with a beautiful variety: I think, that Scripture favours the opposite side; though here accused of self-love and arrogance. I refer the whole of this argument to Psalm viii. where it is expressed with a significant and elegant brevity. On this subject I first intended a larger introduction: but, as I design not controversy, but contrast, shall content myself with what I have premised. TOLLET.—This poem is a proof of the being and attributes of God, from the structure of the human body, and the faculties of the mind; and may be considered as a very judicious answer to what has been advanced on the same subject by Bolingbroke and Pope, tending to depreciate human nature. D.

No more, O man ! thy faculties disgrace ;
Nor seek to herd among the reptile race :
Nor through the boundless fields of æther roam,
Lost in thy search—Begin thy search at home.
Think on thy first forefather, when he lay
Inanimate upon his native clay :
The beauteous symmetry, though not inspir'd
With vital breath, was then to be admir'd.
When art but imitates, in Parian stone,
The swelling muscles, and the jointed bone,
The steady thighs, the ribs with easy sweep,
Which all erect the stately posture keep,
The supple knee, the ancles firm to stand,
The bending fingers, and the grasping hand,
The neck, with gentle negligence inclin'd,
The lively features that express the mind ;
When thus, though from the marble hard and rude,
With yielding flesh the figure seems endued,
How can its air to veneration move ?
Or the cold ivory warm the carver's love ?
What this external mold contains within,
Unseen, unknown, to actuate the machine ;
Or why the whole, or why the parts were made,
Each for itself, and each for mutual aid ;
Remains to ask. See ! from the ground he springs !
What power has given the groveling creature wings ?
See ! how to Heaven he casts his opening eyes ;
New to the scene of wonders, he descries :
Then runs, and leaps, perceives and understands,
And lifts with sudden ecstasy his hands ;

Say,

Say, whence am I? and whence these objects all,
 That strike my sense? He calls, or seems to call;
 What is that sense? how, downward from the brain,
 The subtle nerves deduce their artful chain,
 And what æthereal juice their tubes contain;
 What to the ear impulsive air conveys;
 What in the eye collects the visual rays,
 Let Reason trace; in all their mazes lost:
 The smallest work commends the artist most.
 Yet usefulness of parts and sense acute,
 Man but enjoys in common with the brute:
 They move, and feed, and leave their like behind:
 To him a nobler province is assign'd,
 To worship God, and benefit his kind.
 When from the sun his fire Prometheus stole,
 Could that give reason to the human soul?
 That vital fire, each, as he likes, explain;
 Lodg'd in the heart, or labouring in the brain,
 From whence the circulating spirits flow;
 Pleasure or pain their action may bestow;
 But 'tis the mind determines bliss or woe.
 Who was it first the infant tongue unbound,
 And tun'd it to the elements of sound?
 The world of beings by their names to call,
 Or, by soft intervals, to rise and fall?
 The mimic parrot echoes what is taught;
 The speech of man is the result of thought;
 The lark and linnet strain their warbling throats,
 But not a word accompanies their notes.
 O! then to God thy double tribute bring!
 Reason, to speak his works, and Verse, to sing.

Since

Since such pre-eminence is thine alone,
In these great gifts their greater Author own :
Nor doubt that all was given to thy command,
Arm'd with that * useful instrument, the hand,
To tame thy vassals of the air and land. }
By this, and Reason's aid, be taught to shear
The bleating sheep, and break the sturdy steer :
Thine is the robe the curling fleeces yield ;
And thine the plenty of the furrow'd field.
Go, lure the falcon from his airy way ;
Not for himself the spoiler strikes the prey :
Launch'd from his master's hand, he soars above,
And chafes through the clouds the trembling dove ;
Or grapples with the heron, when, on high,
He rends her finny captives in the sky.
Go, teach the generous courser not to fear,
When the shrill trumpet terrifies the ear,
In equal rank to keep, or change his ground ;
Though thousands fall, and thunder roars around.
Libyans and Indians, marching to the war,
May scorn the fiery steed, and rolling car :
Amid the swarthy host, aloft appears
A living bulk, that crested turrets bears.
Forward he presses on the adverse foe ;
While the bold archer deals his darts below.
Who taught to manage that unwieldy strength ?
Or, with the finewy trunk's enormous length,
His mounting rider to his seat to aid ?
Or pierce the thickest legions, undismay'd, }
Though in impenetrable scales array'd ?

* See Ray on the Creation. T.

When

When Behemoth * the ruling voice obeys ;
 Or from the field his wounded lord conveys † :
 Go ; from the mountain fell the lofty pine :
 Since all the forests on his brows are thine :
 And Reason gives, thy labours to prepare,
 The wedge and axe, the compasses and square.
 Raise the tall mast, and rib the solid sides ;
 Build the stout vessel, that with winds and tides
 May seek the regions which the sea divides ;
 Or steer thy course, where, by the frozen poles,
 Leviathan upon the ocean rolls ;
 And the fierce sea-horse sleeps on icy shoals.
 Though he ‡ the rattling of thy shafts deride,
 Though he be sovereign o'er the sons of Pride,
 When from thy hand the piercing barb is thrown,
 The monster trembles, though his heart be stone :
 Wounded he roars, and drags the lengthening line,
 And, mingled with his blood, he spouts the brine ;
 Lash'd by his ample tail, the frothy surges shine :
 Then to the shallow shores for safety flies ;
 While on his back whole groves of lances rise.

Who, to these arts, O mortal ! led thy way ?
 To rule the brutes, made thee more wise than they,
 The wild to conquer, while the tame obey ?
 Or, canst thou doubt that Nature's golden law
 Once kept spontaneous Innocence in awe ;
 Though then the rebel beast refus'd thy yoke,
 When rebel man to God his fealty broke ?

* The elephant. D.

† Q. Curtius History of Alexander and Porus. T.

‡ Job, chap. xli. T.

What various life in lesser forms we see!
Who first instructed the laborious bee,
Not in our rules of architecture skill'd,
Sexangular her waxen dome to build,
To lodge her brood, and hoard her luscious store?
Mark! — and the great Geometer adore.
Unweary'd she collects the flowery bloom,
For man to rifle the nectareous comb;
With fragrant herbs to temper in the bowl,
To cool his veins, and chear his fainting soul;
Or dire intestine tortures to allay,
The labouring lungs, and stone's impetuous way.

Nor think thy Maker was in part unkind,
And to minuter objects left thee blind,
When in the microscope thou canst descry
The gnat's sharp spear, the muscles of a fly:
These might, at random, thy inquiry 'scape;
But there thou may'st examine all their shape.
There, the gay down of insects too behold,
Or millions crowding in the plum's blue mold;
Or in the acorn view the branching tree:
Wiser or better dost thou seek to be?
Acknowledge Him, who taught mankind to try
The curious use of that fictitious eye.
Look to yon heaven above: was that design'd
To serve thy wants, or exercise thy mind?
Though that fair moon, to chear the gloomy night,
Around thy globe conveys her borrow'd light;
Though other stars, each in his proper sphere,
Divide thy days and nights, thy month and year,

Beyond

Beyond thy ken, remoter orbits run,
 In each a system, which attends a sun.
 While we look up, and gaze, and guess below
 At what we are not privileg'd to know;
 How can thy pride imagine it should be,
 That He who rules above should look on thee?
 Be that confess'd; we own His care the more,
 Who taught to find those worlds, unknown before,
 Who summons each by name, and numbers all
 their store.

Nor is it long, since Reason could invent
 An eye*, to pierce the distant firmament;
 A thousand stars disclosing to our view,
 Or in appearance or discovery new;
 But what from them to mortals can accrue?
 Their influence, in a space so vast and void,
 Must all be dissipated and destroy'd.
 What are the beings that inhabit there?
 Or how their nature suited to their sphere?
 Where would that Icarus of fancy rove,
 And then drop headlong from his flight above?
 Ambition! never weep for worlds unknown;
 But learn to be contented with thy own.
 Yet these are thine; as destin'd to conduce,
 Connected, to thy necessary use;
 As in their turns they rise and disappear,
 To point the rural labours of the year.
 Led by these lights, for knowledge or for gain,
 Launch the strong ship, and plough the spacious main:

* The telescope. D.

And,

And, on whatever spot by tempest tost,
 Explore thy distance from thy native coast.
 This little world, where we pretend to sway,
 One half, for ages, undiscover'd lay :
 The sailor then (the magnet's aid unknown,
 And scar'd by monsters of the Torrid zone)
 Believ'd the verdant cape the farthest ground ;
 And all beyond was lost in sea profound,
 Or old Atlantis in oblivion drown'd.
 That other pole, that sinks beneath our sight,
 They doom'd to waters, or eternal night * :
 Not so Columbus, [and he judg'd aright.]
 Sedate, though bold, and resolute though wise,
 Distress, and storms, and envy to despise,
 O'er the wide waves he led his dauntless crew,
 Fame, wealth, and empire, all at once in view,
 Where other shores arise, and stars appear ;
 And the fair crossiers light the southern sphere.
 Yet man was there ; though rude in arts like ours,
 The same in all his faculties and powers :
 And with the same inventive wit inspir'd,
 To find what his necessity requir'd.

Irregular to Heaven's more usual laws,
 Say, whence his train the fiery comet draws ?
 Through what unfathom'd void his course is bound ?
 Or how to vanish in the vast profound ?

* " Illum

" Sub pedibus Styx atra videt —

" Illic, ut perhibent, aut intempesta filet nox

" Semper."

VIRG. Georg. i. 243.

Let

Let Halley this, or Newton this explain;
 And fix his period to return again:
 While the pale vulgar sees, with wild amaze,
 The sword of God, unsheath'd for vengeance, blaze.
 Avert that omen, Heaven! avert our guilt:
 Enough, alas! of native blood is spilt.
 Yet neither they determine, nor presage:
 The Lord of Hosts commands, when war shall rage,
 To tame the licence of an impious age.

A mind that grasps the habitable ball,
 Aspires to heaven, and strives to measure all,
 Whether, at objects so remote from hence,
 She guesses aright, or err with specious sense,
 Superior excellence of man proclaims,
 Though oft mistaking in his glorious aims.
 His boasted science by degrees he gains,
 As opening truth rewards his tiresome pains:
 For that acquir'd, without the labour try'd,
 Would sink its worth, and elevate his pride.

Labour to man was as his portion given;
 How just, and how benevolent, is Heaven!
 The soul from stupid indolence to raise;
 To trace the great Creator's mystic ways
 And much, O Mortal! to thy curious mind*,
 Has Time reveal'd; and much remains behind:
 Leave that to Heaven, and know thy search confin'd.
 Howe'er important thy discoveries are,
 Another age demands an equal share;

* Ecclesiasticus, chap. iii. ver. 23. "Be not curious in unnecessary matters." T.

Number and weight, and measure to explain * ;

Can thy small heart this ample world contain ?

Yet there has God infix'd the keen desire ;

Excites, and not forbids thee to inquire :

A pleasing task ! though none can comprehend

Its first beginning, or its latest end.

How well was that advice, “ Thyself to know,”

Ascrib'd to Heaven by sages long ago !

Thy very doubt of all these wondrous things,

From that high monitor within thee springs.

Daughter of Heaven, my soul ! for such thou art,
(Not of material elements a part),

On this fair scene thy present sense employ ;

But raise thy nobler hope to future joy.

Though Heaven shall vanish, and the stars shall fall,

And rolling flames dissolve this earthly ball ;

The just in happy mansions shall remain,

While worlds shall perish, and revive again.

ON THE PROSPECT FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

BY MRS. TOLLET. 1750.

CÆSAR ! renown'd in science as in war,

Look down a while from thy maternal star :

See ! to the skies what sacred domes ascend,

What ample arches o'er the river bend ;

* Ecclesiastes, chap. iii. ver. 11. T.

What

What seats above in rural prospect lie ;
 Beneath, a street * that intercepts the eye ;
 Where happy commerce glads the wealthy streams,
 And floating castles ride. Is this the Thames ?
 The scene where brave Cassibelan of yore
 Repuls'd thy legions on a savage shore ?
 Britain, 'tis true, was hard to overcome,
 Or by the arms, or by the arts of Rome,
 Yet we allow'd thee ruler of the sphere ;
 But, last of all, resign thy Julian year.

IN PARMAM WOODWARDIANAM†.

BY MRS. TOLLET‡.

Semicremata vides disiectis mœnia faxis :
 En ! versa in cineres maxima Roma jacet.
 En ! aurum appensum ; stat contra, injustaque ferri
 Lancibus imponit pondera Celta ferox.
 Romanæ advolant acies, mediusque citatum
 Impellit torvâ fronte Camillus equum.
 Umbo semper erit nulli violabilis ævo :
 Artifices celant tempora longa manus.
 Sedibus ereptum sacratissimè reponet
 Fama tamen Domini, posteritasque memor.

* Thames Street, and the Custom House. D.

† Of Dr. Woodward's celebrated shield, a good account may be seen in British Topography, vol. I. p. 720. N.

‡ Mrs. Tollet's Latin poems are written in a truly classical taste. What Virgil says of his bees, "Crura thymo plena," may, in the metaphorical sense, be applied to this elegant lady's happy allusions to many passages in the Classics. D.

THE DENHILLIAD. 1747.

OCCASIONED BY THE HOUNDS RUNNING
THROUGH LADY GRAY'S GARDENS, IN EAST-KENT.

BY NICHOLAS HARDINGE*, ESQ.

THE rage of rural sports, O Goddess, sing!
Which to the Grays unnumber'd woes did bring;
To fair Denhill impell'd the foaming steed,
And urg'd the yelling hounds impetuous speed;
So Fielding † will'd, so Oxenden ‡ decreed.

* Nicholas Hardinge, esq. of Canbury, near Kingston in Surrey, (grandson of Sir Robert Hardinge of King's Newton, in the county of Derby, knight; and father of George Hardinge, esq. of the Middle Temple, barrister, and an eminent counsel) fellow of King's College, Cambridge, many years clerk of the House of Commons, and at last member of parliament for Eye in Suffolk, and one of the secretaries of the treasury. He was a very diligent and able officer in both his departments, an excellent scholar, and an able antiquary. He married, in December 1738, Jane, second daughter of Sir John Pratt of Wilderness in Kent (chief justice of the king's bench), and sister to the present Lord Camden; and died April 9, 1758. His Latin poems (in every measure and stile) are much admired. One of them may be seen in p. 85; and some others are in the "Musæ Anglicanæ." In "The Poetical Calendar," vol. IX. p. 92, is "A Dialogue in the Senate House at Cambridge," by Mr. Hardinge, on setting-up the statue of Glory. The BEADLE was James Burrough, esq. fellow of Caius College, afterwards master, and knighted; well known at Cambridge as an architect. N.

† Col. Fielding. D.

‡ Sir George Oxenden. D.

Now

Now had the knights, and dogs, and 'squires, and
swains,

From Dean's low dale, to Barham's verdant plains,
Through many a furrow'd field and pathless wood,
One poor devoted fugitive pursued :
To chearful Graia's hospitable feat
She fled, her wonted cover and retreat ;
There, crouching, half assur'd of mercy's aid,
With mute request the panting suppliant pray'd ;
A garden's privilege implor'd in vain,
No bounds the ruffian hunters can restrain ;
Their lingering dogs the bold assassins cheer,
Nor flower-beds they, nor cabbages revere :
Each level'd walk with foul impression stain,
Sweep through the grove, the rosy wild profane,
Nor spare Maria's boast, her darling vase ;
Trembles the shell-work o'er the polish'd base.
Where were ye then, ye guardians of the Fair,
Ye sylvan Powers, ye Nymphs and Dryads, where ?
Helpless, amaz'd, your sister Graia ran,
And, undelighted, saw the face of man.

“ Haste, children, haste, th' impatient mother cry'd,
Call in my ducks, see where those horsemen ride !
Have I for them adorn'd that opening glade,
For them design'd that ripening thicket's shade ?
Shall those soft molded borders, trimly neat,
Yield to the fierce insulting courser's feet ?
And o'er the lawn, with recent verdure spread,
Shall dogs rush in, where I scarce dare to tread ?”

Car silent sat ; Maria thus express'd
Anxious the thoughts which flutter'd in her breast :

" More dogs o'erleap the fence, more foes I view ;
 There Hales * and Cokie † join the madding crew :
 There's Charles ‡ ; O will not him the gout reprove
 Nor taste, nor pity, nor politeness move ?
 There the young Ox, the rival of his fire,
 Exulting glories in his youthful fire ;
 What, will not age subdue the father's flame ?
 No place divert his appetite of game ?
 No fence repell ? — Forbear, rash knight, forbear,
 Wilt thou undo us for a single hare ?
 Hark ! where the thatch'd pavilion's roof surveys
 Th' extended downs, they animate the chace ;
 And now returning with triumphant cry,
 They waste, I fear, my nursing rosary.
 Did I for guests like these, with anxious care,
 That bower's recess, that blissful haunt prepare ?
 For impious ravagers that wonder raise,
 Plann'd by my art, the trophies of my praise ?
 'Tis fall'n, 'tis fall'n" — Here anger check'd her grief,
 And vengeful hopes imparted short relief.

Not so the Mother of the Grays restrain'd
 Her sighs and tears, all comfort she disdain'd ;
 Her garden's pride defac'd, each night she sees
 In dreams, the hare beneath her tufted trees ;
 And black Cerberean hell-hounds rend her ear,
 And visionary steeds and fancy'd knights appear.

And thou, Maria, with thy latest breath
 Shalt feel the love of vases ev'n in death ;
 Still in those moments, as in all the past,
 " O save my rosary !" shall be thy last.

* Sir Thomas Hales. D.

† Edward Coke, esq. D.

‡ Colonel Fielding. D.

ODE*, BY MRS. HARDINGE.

L U S I, Camenis aptus et otio,
 Qua Trenta dulci flumine Derbiæ
 Per prata decurrit, virensque
 Sylva tegit juga summa Nolæ :
 Nec me sub umbrâ defidiam brevem
 Captare, nec me rupibus aviis
 Gaudere, clivosoque agello,
 Dedecuit, nemorumque scenâ
 Tecto imminentum desuper, et Lares
 Lymphis ad imos defilientibus,
 Doctisque per pronum nitente
 Gramen iter properare rivo.
 Culto latentem rure nec Austriæ
 Clades labantis, nec Batavi timor,
 Gallusve mendax, aut superbi
 Sollicitat rabies Iberi;
 Infanientis non populi scelus ;
 Non Italorum cantibus et choris
 Assueta, virtutisque veræ
 Immemor et patriæ, juvenus.

* This truly Horatian Epistle the author desired his friend Dr. Davies (late archdeacon of Derby) to put into easy English, and send to Mrs. Hardinge, who had a great desire to know and admire a performance of her husband's which she heard so much commended. D.—A translation of it (which first appeared in "The Gentleman's Magazine" for 1778) is printed in p. 87. N.

Jam murmur urbis concidit et fori ;
 Siletque discors curia ; desinens
 Iræ, paternos jam senator
 Lustrat agros, avibus timendus.

Dilecta quærit prædia (qua suum
 Natura gestit vincere Kentium *)
 Molæque se lapsu, domoque
 Pieriâ, reficit Pelhamus ;

Miscere lento feria callidus
 Rifu ; nec idem, consiliis iners
 Linguâye, rem parcit Britannum
 Temporibus dubiis tueri.

Nec tu, Pöyntzi, inglorius in sinu
 Fundi cubantis frondea nunc feris
 Querceta, nunc lauros perennes
 Spargere amas : placidusne frustra

Colles amictos arboribus vides,
 Villæque aquarum planitiem adjicis,
 Ædesque grato quæ parumper
 Hospitio teneant Wilhelmum ;

Curæ ferentem signa tuæ, ac, patris
 Ritu, paratum Martis honoribus
 Fulgere, seu pœnas daturus
 Angliacam petit hostis oram ;

Seu classe Gades vindice Georgius
 Notoque gentem fulmine perfidam
 Irritet ; Arctoove reddat
 Præsidium pelago ; suæve

* "Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love." POPE.
 Littus

Littus remotum visat Americæ,
Et Mexicanos imperio regat

Portus, et Indarum triumphet

Dives opum, domitor Peruvi.

Cur me, reductæ vallis in angulo,

Civilis ardor, telave terreant

Adversa; Walpolo, profundî

Quid deceat dominum, cavente?

MR. HARDINGE'S ODE TRANSLATED.

BY T. P. OF W. COLLEGE, OXFORD. 1778.

TO ease devoted and the Muse,
I've wanton'd, midst a thousand hues,

Where Trenta* gently strays,

And where, in verdant pride array'd,

Nole† veils her brow in sylvan shade,

From Phœbus' sultry rays.

Idler confess'd, I joy'd to rove,

And toiling pierce th' impending grove,

Or doze in shady bower;

O'er rocks to wind my devious way,

Or round the shelving glebe to stray,

Regardless of the hour.

* The river Trent, in Derbyshire. P.

† Nole-Hills, the name of the delightful situation where
the author resided, near the Trent. P.

The limpid streams, which pour amain
From steeps to grace the humbler plain,

My ravish'd gaze delight;
And when in union taught to flow,
Meandering in the vale below,
To softer scenes invite.

Not slaughter'd Austria's dreaded fall,
The jealous Dutch, the faithless Gaul,
Or proud Iberian ire,

Can hence disturb my tranquil mind,

To calm obscurity consign'd —
My breast devoid of fire.

No more the dire misguided zeal
Of madding multitudes I feel;

Not Siren arts refin'd,
Italia's pride! how fall'n her youth
From antient virtue, fame, and truth!

Can captivate my mind.

The busy hum of men is o'er;
Hush'd is the din of courts; no more

Each patriot passion flows;
The senator now round his farm
Saunters, to guard the crop from harm,
And scare away the crows.

He seeks in those Elysian fields,
Where Kent to Nature scarcely yields,

A cultivated home,
Where Mola's * Nymphs can say how well
The Nine with Pelham love to dwell,
Beneath his Attic dome.

* The river Mole runs near Mr. Pelham's seat at Esher. P.

Pelham ! who with unbending smiles,
 The tedious toils of state beguiles ;
 Who, true to Britain's cause,
 And firm in counsel and debate,
 Himself supports her tottering state,
 And guards her equal laws.

Nor, Poyntz, dost thou inglorious twine
 Around the elm the yielding vine,
 To cool th' enamel'd scene ;
 With careless art nor vainly toil,
 To deck the bosom of the soil,
 With cluster'd ever-green ;

The oak-clad hills that milder glow
 Reflected from the lake below,

Nor spread their charms in vain,
 United with thy social ease,
 William *, since all conspire to please,
 Thy lingering guest detain ;

William ! within whose martial breast
 Thy manly precepts are impress'd,
 To arms, to glory speeds ;

Prepar'd to lead her conquering host,
 Should foes insult Britannia's coast,
 Fir'd by his father's deeds.

Prepar'd ! should George provoke to ire,
 With his dread fleets and vengeful fire,
 The perfidy of Spain ;

Or when he bids his thunders roll
 Resounding to the distant pole,
 To free the Northern main ;

* The late duke of Cumberland, Mr. Poyntz's pupil. P.

Or should his mighty vessels ride
 On western seas in swelling pride,
 And hostile ports subdue,
 Whilst their deep bosoms seem with pain
 The spoils and treasures to sustain,
 Of India and Peru !

What tumults can disturb my rest,
 What hostile threats invade my breast,
 Secure in rural ease,
 Whilst Walpole at the helm presides,
 And with his prudent counsel guides,
 The sovereign of the seas !

T O M I S S G — — Y.

B Y M R. J O H N S H A R P *.

W H E N Fancy's visions o'er my soul arose,
 Lock'd in the soft embrace of sweet repose,
 Straight to my view your beauteous form appear'd,
 For all its graceful excellence rever'd :
 Methought (so kind) you unrequested sung,
 While all the Sirens warbled on your tongue :
 How did I then with pleas'd attention hear,
 Gaze on your charms, and lend the listening ear !
 The favour which you yesterday deny'd
 My kinder visionary dreams supply'd.

* Afterwards fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and minister of Trinity Church, Cambridge. He died in 1772, being then rector of St. Mary Abchurch, and St. Laurence Pountney, London, and D. D. The Greek professor at Oxford is his elder brother. D.

Oh,

Oh, might I thus see each returning light,
 Each morning thus enjoy your charming sight,
 View thee by day, and dream of thee by night !
 But I am destin'd quickly to remove
 Far distant from the object that I love ;
 Yet wheresoe'er I draw the vital air,
 My heart for you shall breathe the tender prayer :
 May every blessing on your life attend,
 With all that you can ask, or Heaven can send !
 May health and joy improve each rising grace,
 And add fresh beauties to your beauteous face !
 And oh ! when all those tender charms must fall,
 And yield to Death's inexorable call,
 May then your soul in joys transporting fly,
 And join the tuneful Seraphs of the sky !

ON A GOLDEN INK-HORN,

PRESENTED BY THE HON. FRED. HERVEY*, ESQ.
 TO MISS MONSEY.

BY M R. S H A R P.

ON Ida's top to Venus' beauteous eyes,
 The golden apple was adjudg'd the prize,
 When Juno's power and Pallas' wisdom fail'd,
 Her single beauty gloriously prevail'd !
 But when the heavenly Monsey's form appear'd,
 For each united excellence rever'd,
 While in her face all Venus' beauties sit,
 With Juno's dignity and Pallas' wit,

* Third son of John lord Hervey ; now bishop of Derry,
 and earl of Bristol. D.

The gold a different form began to wear,
 And in this instrument approach'd the Fair,
 Ordain'd from her sweet fingers to dispense
 The stores of beauty, majesty, and sense.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND

M R. J O H N P O R T E R.

BY MR. S H A R P. FEB. 28, 1765.

WHILE Kings have power to change a natal day,
 And Charlotte's January * rivals May;
 While Hinchingbrooke, his race to manhood run,
 Delays to celebrate his twenty-one;
 Thy winter shall in brighter hours arise,
 And my lyre hail thee under summer skies.
 Yet shall this day, though we postpone the feast,
 Not pass unnotic'd by a rhyme at least;
 Still be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
 Long life and health, a partner and a friend!
 Be all thy Februaries bright as June,
 And thy life's evening happy as its noon!

E P I T A P H O N A L B I N A.

F R O M M A R U L L U S.

HERE fair Albina lies, yet not alone;
 That was forbid by Cytherea's son:
 His quiver, arrows, and his bow lie here,
 And Beauty's self lay lifeless on her bier.
 Strew roses then, and violets round her shower,
 She, that's now dust, was yesterday a flower.

* Alluding to the celebration of the Queen's birth-day. N.

H O R A C E,

H O R A C E, B O O K I. E P. VIII.

BY ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ*. F. R. S.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

J OY and good fortune, Muse, to Celsus bear,
 If in return he asks thee how I fare;
 Much though I boast, and glorious things design,
 I live, nor well, nor easy : but repine.
 The sun my pasture spares, my vines the hail,
 Sicknefs my flocks : yet, what can this avail;
 If, sound in body, but in reason weak,
 I shun those remedies I ought to seek ;

Naufcate

* This very ingenious and elegant poet, born at Burton upon Trent, Jan. 21, 1705-6, was educated first at Litchfield, and then at Westminster, where he soon became a peculiar favourite of Dr. Freind, the head master. After staying more than a year in the upper form, he was removed, when little more than sixteen, to Trinity College, Cambridge, and continued at the University till he had taken the degree of M.A. Having been always intended for the bar, he settled in Lincoln's Inn about 1727, and prosecuted for several years with great attention the study of the law, in which he obtained a great degree of professional knowledge ; but his fortune enabled him to decline the pursuit of practice long before his death. His application to business both at Cambridge and at Lincoln's Inn was occasionally diversified by the exercise of his poetical talents ; of which an excellent collection was given to the publick by his son in 1768. Mr.

Browne

Nauseate the medicine of advice ; and hate
 The friend who censures my lethargic state ;
 Pursue what hurts, and what is useful shun,
 In town, the country love ; and there, the town ?
 Next ask how Celsus fares, what hopes he feeds,
 How with the prince, and with the court succeeds ?
 If well, he answer : first your joy declare,
 And whisper then this precept in his ear,
 “ As thou thy fortune, Celsus, thee we ’ll bear.”

A POETICAL EPISTLE,
 BY MR. BROWNE, TO HIMSELF.
 NOT IN HIS WORKS.

WELL, this poetic itch creeps on,
 Doddsley adopts you all his own.
 First, Phœbe * gave the luckless hint ;
 Now, your Epistles † flare in print ;

Browne married Feb. 10, 1743-4, Jane daughter of Archdeacon Trimnell, by whom he had one son, the present Isaac Hawkins Brownesq. He was twice elected into parliament for Wenlock in Shropshire, in 1744 and 1748 ; and died Feb. 14, 1760, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. A good account of him is given in the Biographia Britannica, 1780, vol. II. p. 647 ; where Dr. Kippis observes, that several of Mr. Browne’s poems remain in manuscript, but that “ many of them would do him no small honour, and afford strong proofs of the wit and humour which he so eminently possessed.” Several of his poems are in Mr. Doddsley’s Collection. N.

* Verses on Phœbe, in his works. D.

† Epistle on Design and Beauty, published in 1728, and collected in his works. D.

This

This week, on every stall they lie
Display'd; the next beneath a pye;
Instead of purple and the coif,
Curll prints your works, and writes your life.
If Mævius scribble, 'tis to feed
A bard inspir'd by daring need:
But, having wherewithal to dine,
What vengeance damns thee to the Nine?
You write to please--a task indeed!—
Taste differs, just as men who read:
This loves an easy line, and that
Deems all that is not glaring, flat.
Some, wit and thought can scarce endure;
Swift is too vulgar, Pope obscure;
Whim, Weather, Envy, Party, Spite,
Sit heavy on the tribe that write;
Sad lot of authors! vain your toil!
Away with all your midnight oil,
Your charity to human kind;
Who holds a taper to the blind?
A poet, wrapt in song-sublime,
Suits not our sublunary clime;
Few are endued with eagle eyes,
To mark his progress through the skies;
And when he wings his lofty flight,
He perishes from vulgar sight.
Yet, spite of folly or caprice,
Suppose ('tis but hypothesis)
Your Muse could win her way to praise,
And Chesterfield approve the lays;

Now

Now sudden wreaths your temples crown,
 Proclaim'd a poet—about town,
 Thee, toasts admire, and peers carefs;
 Frail and fallacious happiness!
 Peers treat their poets as their whores,
 Enjoy, then turn them out of doors;
 For wit (if always in your power)
 Is but a cordial for an hour:
 Shown like a fresh imported ape,
 Awhile you set the town agape;
 Beaux, belles, and captains, form a ring,
 To see the new facetious thing;
 This happy Minion of the Nine,
 We wonder when he means to shine;
 Fool! would you prattle, *tête à tête*,
 With all the fair and all the great:
 Mark whom their favours are bestow'd on,
 Cibber, and Heidegger*, and Boden.
 Poets are arbiters of fame:
 True, but who loves or fears a name?
 Is it for fame Sir — — — —
 For fame that — — — —
 Such hate a poet, or despise;
 Their prospect in oblivion lies.
 Search far and wide where Virtue dwells,
 In camps, or colleges, or cells.
 Heroes alike, and bards, instead
 Of panegyrick, sigh for bread.
 Or call forth all the powers of fable,
 Describe a statesman just and able,

* Director of the masquerades. N

Who, skill'd in play, disdains to pack;
 What will you gain? the butt of sack?
 Let Colley sing, in numbers meet,
 Our leagues and wars, and Spithead fleet:
 Satire be thine, a flowery field,
 Yet has a serpent oft conceal'd.
 A jury finds your words in print,
 But Curlls interpret what is meant.
 Grant it were safe, not Oldham's storm
 Of satire could a soul reform.
 To curb the time, can poets hope?
 Peter * but sneers, though lash'd by Pope.
 Would you from dice or pox reclaim,
 Brand this or that flagitious name:
 What boots it, sharpeners and intriguers?
 But ask, were Chartres †, Oldfield, beggars?
 No, born for modern imitation,
 Worthies that throve in their vocation.
 Not e'en thy Horace, happy bard,
 Was by the barren Muse preferr'd,
 While yet a friend to freedom hearty,
 An honest, but a starving party.
 He pass'd for but a simple wretch,
 And lov'd his bottle and a catch:
 He deem'd himself no very wise-man,
 Nor aim'd at better than Excise-man;
 To breeding had such poor pretence,
 Most thought he wanted common sense.
 Not courtly Athens, though polite
 As Paris, could improve the wight.

* Walter. D. † Immortalized by Arbuthnot. N.

Wheree'er he pass'd, the mob was eager
 To laugh at so grotesque a figure.
 Yet Horace o'er the sparkling bowl,
 I grant, had talents for a droll;
 And hence, though sprung from dunghill earth,
 He pleas'd the courtiers with his mirth;
 Next wisely ventur'd to renounce
 His principles, and rose at once,
 Rose from a bankrupt to the sum
 Of human happiness — a plumb!
 Then drank, and revel'd, and grew big,
 Yet still an awkward dirty Pig*.
 Lo! then the people felt his gall,
 'Twas "Sturdy beggars, damn ye all!"
 Mindless of others love or spite,
 He car'd not, so he pleas'd the knight;
 And wrote, and wrote, as was the fashion,
 To praise the knight's administration.
 Nay once, all worldly zeal so warm is,
 He wrote in praise of standing armies.
 Such arts your darling Horace grew by;
 Such might have rais'd an arrant booby.

THREE EPIGRAMS, BY MR. BROWNE.
 NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

I. IMPROMPTU. ON SEEING A PICTURE OF
 MISS ROBINSON* BY MR. HIGHMORE.

I, whom no living beauty yet could warm,
 Am now enamour'd of an empty form.

* Epicuri de grege porcus. D.

† Afterwards married to the Rev. Dr. Freind.

2. ON DR. YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS,
ON *Life*, *Death*, AND *Immortality*.

HIS *Life* is lifeless, and his *Death* shall die,
And mortal is his *Immortality*.

3. ON A POEM CALLED *SILENCE*.

ON *Silence* this! — What next you write,
Be *Chaos*! — Ralph has handled *Night* *.

ODE, TO MR. HIGHMORE.
FROM MR. BROWNE'S POEMS.

O Apellæi calami perite,
Cui dedit pulchræ Venus esse formæ
Arbitrum, Phœbus dedit ipse lucis
Noscere vires,
Tu novum solers decus hinc decoræ
Virgini donas, faciemque rugis
Eripis, solers volucris senectæ
Sistere pennas.

Me juvat pulchrum quoties laborem
Cernere, ut sensim vacua umbra corpus
Exhibet, nascens simul ipsa sensim
Vita calescit!
Nempe, Prometheus velut, Highmor', ignem
Cœlitus, furto meliore, raptas,
Et tuis desit nisi vox figuris,
Cætera spirant.

* Night, a Poem, by James Ralph, one of the heroes
of the Dunciad, III. 165.

“ Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,

“ And makes *Night* hideous — answer him, ye owls.” D.

Tuque cognatæ cape dona Musæ,
 Spiritus nostras regit unus artes;
 Sunt tibi, sunt et mihi, purioris

Semina flammæ.

TRANSLATED BY MR. J. DUNCOMBE*.

WITH Apellæan genius warm'd,
 Thy taste for beauty Venus form'd;
 Phoebus himself to thee display'd
 Th' united powers of light and shade.

Hence to the beauteous maid thy art
 Unfading beauties can impart,
 Can banish wrinkles far away,
 And bid old age his flight delay.

Oft by thy skill my wondering eyes
 From empty shades see bodies rise
 By swift degrees; life seems to warm
 By swift degrees the rising form.

Thou, like Prometheus, from the skies
 Canst call down fire, a lawful prize!
 A voice alone thou canst not give,
 Else would thy breathing figures live.

This gift a kindred Muse bestows,
 In both our arts one spirit glows;
 Thou, and thy poet too, may claim
 Some sparks of a celestial flame.

* Son-in-law to Mr. Highmore. N.

T O

T O M I S S H — — L L,

WITH THE TATLERS, SPECTATORS, AND GUARDIANS.

BY NATHANAEL LLOYD, ESQ*.

WHILE others, with consummate skill and care,
 Direct thy motions, gesture, and thy air,
 Dear girl (for perfect blifs, I hope, design'd),
 Let me contribute to adorn thy mind.
 May'st thou be free from blemish as from sin!
 Without all lovely, and all pure within.
 Charms personal, when once the bloom is past,
 Without good sense and knowledge seldom last:
 And sense and knowledge, if good-breeding fail,
 To gain and keep our hearts will scarce avail.
 Do thou for every grace have just respect;
 Accomplishments external not neglect,
 But let thy mind with choicest gifts be deckt.
 Then Time to thee, while others will decay,
 Shall give more beauties than he takes away.

MR. LLOYD'S POETICAL WILL†.

WHAT I am going to bequeath,
 When this frail part submits to death,
 (But still I hope the spark divine
 With its congenial stars shall shine,)

* Of Twickenham, uncle to the present countess Poulett.
 He died in 1776 aged 82. N.

† Printed in Gent. Mag. 1777, p. 88, from a copy taken
 verbatim. N.

My good executors, fulfil,
I pray ye, fairly my last will,
With first and second codicil:
And first I give to dear Lord Hinton*,
At Twyford school now, not at Winton,
One hundred guineas for a ring,
Or some such memorandum thing;
And truly much I should have blundered,
Had I not given another hundred
To Vere, Earl Poulett's second son,
Who dearly loves a little fun.
Unto my nephew Robert Longdon,
Of whom none says he e'er has wrong done,
Though civil law he loves to hash,
I give two hundred pounds in cash.
One hundred pounds to my niece Tudor,
(With loving eyes one Matthew view'd her;)
And to her children, just among them,
A hundred more; and, not to wrong them,
In equal shares I freely give it,
Not doubting but they will receive it.
To Sally Crouch and Mary Lee,
If they with Lady Poulett be,
Because they round the year did dwell
In Twickenham-house, and serv'd full well,
When Lord and Lady far did stray
Over the hills and far away,
The first ten pounds, the other twenty;
And, girls, I hope that will content ye.

* Earl Poulett's eldest son. N.

In seventeen-hundred-sixty-nine,
 This with my hand I write and sign,
 The sixteenth day of fair October,
 In merry mood, but sound and sober,
 Past my threescore and fifteenth year,
 With spirits gay and conscience clear,
 Joyous and frolicksome, though old,
 And, like this day, serene but cold;
 To foes well-wishing, and to friends most kind,
 In perfect charity with all mankind.

F O U R S O N N E T S,
 BY THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ.

1. TO MISS HIGHMORE*;
 SENT ON VALENTINE'S DAY.
 NEVER BEFORE PRINTED†.

FAIR Valentine, and of the Muses' train,
 If not yourself a Muse, accept these lays,
 Mean though they be, nor worthy of your praise,
 Yet still ambitious such approof to gain. When,

* Now Mrs. Duncombe. N.

† Thomas Edwards, esq. had a good paternal estate at Turrick in Bucks; and was the last of his family, as appears by his 5th Sonnet in Dodley, where he pathetically laments the loss of four brothers and as many sisters. He was an excellent scholar, having been thoroughly grounded in the Classics at Eton School, whence he was removed to King's College, Cambridge. He afterwards applied himself in Lincoln's Inn to the study of the law (his father and grandfather

When, in Honoria's travels *, you explain
 The safest path mid' life's bewilder'd ways,
 And guide your pilgrim through th' entangled maze,
 Her virtuous toils instruct and entertain.

Why then, with shame-fac'd diffidence, withdraws
 Your bashful Muse, far from the public view,
 And well-deserv'd applause, which fans the fire
 Of emulous Virtue in an honest cause?
 A larger share of fame is but your due,
 Who write so well, and, while you praise, inspire.

having been of the same profession). He spent the last 17 years of his life principally at Turrick; died on a visit at his friend Mr. Richardson's at Parson's Green, the 3d of Jan. 1757, aged 58; and was buried at Ellefborough in Buckinghamshire. His nephews (sister's sons) were his heirs. He was equally distinguished for his genius and the goodness of his heart. His "Canons of Criticism" did him great credit, both as a critic and as a scholar, and of course provoked the vengeance of Dr. Warburton, which he wreaked very illiberally in a note on the Dunciad (IV. 567); of which Mr. Edwards was more susceptible than he need have been, deeming his gentility impeached by the words "*a Gentleman*, as he is pleased to call himself, of Lincoln's Inn, but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad," &c. Thirteen of his Sonnets are printed in Doddsley's, eight in Pearch's, and four in this Collection. Twenty-seven others may be seen in the last edition of his "Canons of Criticism, 1765." He was also author of a pamphlet called "Free and candid Thoughts on the Doctrine of Predestination." See Dr. Akenfide's and Mrs. Chapone's Odes to him. N.

* An Allegory on Happiness, in M.S. N.

2. OCCASIONED BY SOME GENTLEMEN'S
SMOAKING IN THE AUTHOR'S CHAMBERS,
THE EVENING BEFORE A YOUNG LADY
WAS TO BREAKFAST WITH HIM,
WHICH MADE THE ROOM UNFIT FOR HER RECEPTION,
AND PREVENTED HER VISIT.

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

THOU, Raleigh—for, with Coke of noisy fame,
With front of brass and lungs of steel endued,
I *Thou* thee *, and, in metre harsh and rude,
Build up my own on ruin of thy fame ;
To future times may'st thou go down with blame,
Who, in the reign of peaceful King and geud,
Brought'st-in the weed that brought-in endless feud,
Like haggard hawk stooping at sordid game :
Hadst thou succeeded in thy wild design,
And given to Britain all Guiana's gold,
Small thanks had then been due to thee and thine ;
But as thou fail'dst, right well the Monarch bold,
Arm'd with sure Counter-blast † and wrath divine,
Thy forfeit life to greedy Spaniards fold.

* “ For I *Thou* thee, thou traitor ”—Coke's speech at Sir Walter Raleigh's Trial. D.

† “ A Counter-blast against Tobacco,” written by King James the First. D.

3. **TO**

3. TO L. CHANCELLOR HARDWICKE.

O Thou, to sacred Themis' awful throne,
 And the chief seat among the crowned peers,
 The nation's last resort, in early years
 Rais'd by thy high desert; not these alone,
 Nor all the fame thy eloquence has won,
 Though Britain's councils with success it steers,
 And the rash Scot its distant thunder fears,
 Rank thee so far above comparison,
 As that prime bliss with which thy heart is warm'd,
 Those numerous pledges of thy nuptial bed,
 Who back reflect a lustre on their fire * ;
 Taught by thy lore, by thy example form'd,
 With steady steps the ways of glory tread,
 And to the palm of virtuous fame aspire.

1746.

4. TO THE HON. CHARLES YORKE.

CHARLES, whom thy country's voice applauding calls
 To Philip's honourably vacant seat †,
 With modest pride the glorious summons meet,
 And rise to fame within St. Stephen's walls!

* Lord Hardwicke's happiness in his sons was also most elegantly described, or rather alluded to, by Mr. Browne, at the conclusion of his 1st book *De Animi Immortalitate*, "Non si contingant," &c. D.

† Ryegate, for which Mr. C. Yorke had just been chosen member in the room of his brother Philip, who made his election for the county of Cambridge. D.

Nor

Nor mean the honour which thy youth befalls,
 Thus early claim'd from thy lov'd learn'd retreat,
 To guard those sacred rights which elevate
 Britain's free sons above their neighbour thralls.
 Let Britain, let admiring Europe, see
 In those bright parts, which, erst, too long confin'd,
 Shone in the circle of thy friends alone,
 How sharp the spur of virtuous ancestry,
 When kindred virtues fire the generous mind
 Of Somers' nephew, and of Hardwicke's son.

1747.

ODE, BY MR. EDWARDS,

OCCASIONED BY

A LADY'S * BEING BURNT WITH CURLING IRONS.

FAIR British ladies, whom with matchless charms
 Profuse the dædal hand of nature stor'd,
 So that for beauty ye're almost ador'd,
 And in the lovely circle of your arms
 Lies the chief earthly bliss, by Heaven design'd
 To chear the toils and sorrows of mankind;
 The lamp of Beauty was in Heaven first tin'd
 To light us through this weary pilgrimage;
 Then with due care preserve the precious gage,
 As erst in native purity it shin'd;
 Nor let adulterate Art its lustre hide,
 For which ye far and near are glorified:

* Miss Highmore. See p. 103. N.

Both

Both far and near your charms are glorified,
 And with sweet tyranny despotic reign
 In hearts of men, who hug the filken chain ;
 The merchant's wealth, the king's imperial pride,
 The victor's laurel, poet's ivy crown,
 All at your feet are laid submissive down.

O strike not dead with an heart-thrilling frown
 Your faithful liegeman, while he begs you spare
 Th' ambrosial tresses of your flowing hair,
 Which Love, our common lord, asserts his own ;
 In them well pleas'd he lurks, and of them makes
 Those subtle nets with which fond hearts he takes.
 For Love's dread power, and for the Graces' sakes,
 Let far away the murderous sheers be thrown,
 Nor give those locks, the virgin's radiant crown,
 To torturing fire, which their fine texture breaks,
 Drinks up their juice, and brings with quick decay
 December's hoary badge on blooming May.

Let Gallia's dames, in borrow'd beauty gay,
 Who o'er their cheeks the plaistering ceruse spread,
 And youth's sweet flush disgrace with tawdry red,
 In nature's spite make artful ringlets play ;
 And when the fire denies its wonted aid,
 With purchas'd curls their faded temples shade :

In native charms secure, the British maid
 Should trust to Nature ; since to her she owes
 Th' unfullied lily, and the glowing rose ;
 Let her point out how best may be display'd
 Those beaming glories, which her hand has shed
 With various bounty on the beauteous head.

VERSES

VERSES BY MR. STILLINGFLEET*;

OCCASIONED BY THE TWO FOLLOWING

LINES IN A POEM OF MR. TALEUR'S,

“ And should she yield, who once said Nay;

“ I'd turn my back, and walk away.”

’TIS nobly said, my friend; what! be enslav’d
To the fond threats of inconsistent woman!

Court empty smiles, or tremble at vain frowns,
By turns succeeding, like the troubled waves,
Which rise this moment to the fleeting wind,
Then straight beneath their usual level sink! Let

* Grandson to the well-known bishop of Worcester, and equally distinguished as a naturalist and a poet. His father Edward was fellow of St. John's College in Cambridge, F. R. S. M. D. and Gresham Professor of Physic; but, marrying in 1692, lost his lucrative offices, and the bishop's favour: a misfortune that affected both him and his posterity. However, going into orders, he obtained, by his father's means, the living of Newington-Butts, which he immediately exchanged for those of Wood-Norton and Swanton in Norfolk. He died in 1708. Benjamin, his only son, was educated at Norwich school, which he left in 1720, with the character of an excellent scholar. He then went to Trinity College in Cambridge, at the request of Dr. Bentley, the master, who had been private tutor to his father, domestic chaplain to his grandfather, and was much indebted to the family. Here he was a candidate for a fellowship; but was rejected by the master's influence. This was a severe and unexpected disappointment; and but little alleviated afterwards

Let causes light as this and as inconstant
 Govern their frowns and smiles, but not our joys:
 I'd rather be for centuries expos'd
 To nipping winds on the foul-bleaching plains
 Of grizly Pluto, till contractive cold
 Had pinch'd me to a point; or rarify'd By

wards by the Doctor's apology, that it was a pity that a gentleman of Mr. Stillingfleet's parts should be buried within the walls of a college. Perhaps, however, this ingratitude of Dr. Bentley was not of any real disservice to Mr. Stillingfleet. By being thrown into the world, he formed many honourable and valuable connections. The late Lord Barrington gave him, in a very polite manner, the place of master of the barracks at Kensington; a favour to which Mr. Stillingfleet, in the dedication of his "Calendar of Flora" to that nobleman, alludes with great politeness, as well as the warmest gratitude. His "Calendar" was formed at Stratton in Norfolk, in 1755, at the hospitable seat of Mr. Marsham, who had made several observations of that kind, and had communicated to the publick his curious "Observations on the Growth of Trees." But it was to Mr. Wyndham, of Felbrig in Norfolk, that he appears to have had the greatest obligations: he travelled abroad with him; spent much of his time at his house; and was appointed one of his executors; with a considerable addition to an annuity which that gentleman had settled upon him in his life-time. Mr. Stillingfleet's genius seems, if we may judge from his works, to have led him principally to the study of natural history, which he prosecuted as an ingenious philosopher, an useful citizen, and a good man. In this walk of learning he mentions, as his friends, Dr. Watson, Mr. (now Dr.) Solander, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Price of Foxley, and some others. Mr. Gray makes the following favourable mention of him, in one

By heat, till every nerve, and every pore,
Stretch'd to the utmost limits of expansion,
Were just prepar'd to burst, like the thin air
On the top atmosphere, where matter 'gins
To melt away, and lose itself in nothing.
Imperious woman! trifling half-existence!

Made

one of his letters dated from London, in 1761; "I have lately made an acquaintance with this philosopher, who lives in a garret in the winter, that he may support some near relations who depend upon him. He is always employed, consequently (according to my old maxim) always happy, always chearful, and seems to me a worthy honest man. His present scheme is to send some persons, properly qualified, to reside a year or two in Attica, to make themselves acquainted with the climate, productions, and natural history of the country, that we may understand Aristotle, Theophrastus, &c. who have been Heathen Greek to us for so many ages; and this he has got proposed to Lord Bute, no unlikely person to put it in execution, as he is himself a botanist." A beautiful eulogium on him, by Mr. Pennant, is prefixed to the fourth volume of the "British Zoology." An epistle by Mr. Stillingfleet, in 1723, is printed in the Poetical Magazine, 1764, p. 224. He published, about 1733, an anonymous pamphlet, intituled, "Some Thoughts concerning Happiness;" and in 1759 appeared a volume of "Miscellaneous Tracts," which is in much esteem, and does great honour both to his head and heart. They are chiefly translations of some essays in the "Amœnitates Academicæ," published by Linnaeus, interspersed with some observations and additions of his own. In this volume he shews a taste for classical learning, and entertains us with some elegant poetical effusions. He annexed to it some valuable "Observations on Grasses," and dedicated the whole to George Lord Lyttelton. A second edi-

Made of the shavings of a nobler form,
 Shall she pretend to lord it over man!
 What! doth she hope, perch'd on the stilts of Vanity,
 To outstrut Nature! Sooner the low shrub
 Shall over-top the tall cloud-piercing pine,
 Or human laws arrest the wandering planets As

tion of it appeared in 1762; a third in 1775. Mr. Stillingfleet likewise published "Some Thoughts occasioned by the late Earthquakes, 1750," a poem in 4to. "Paradise Lost, an Oratorio, set to Music by Stanley, 1760," 4to. and "The Principles and Powers of Harmony, 1771," 4to. a very learned work, built on Tartini's *Trattato di Musica secondo la vera Scienza dell' Armonia*. These, and his "Essay on Conversation," in the first volume of Doddsley's Collection of Poems, entitle him to a distinguished rank among our English poets. The "Essay" is addressed to Mr. Wyndham with all that warmth of friendship which distinguishes Mr. Stillingfleet. As it is chiefly didactic, it does not admit of so many ornaments as some compositions of other kinds. However, it contains much good-sense, shews a considerable knowledge of mankind, and has several passages that, in point of harmony and easy versification, would not disgrace the writings of our most admired poets. Here more than once Mr. Stillingfleet shews himself still sore from Dr. Bentley's cruel treatment of him; and towards the beautiful and moral close of it (where he gives us a sketch of himself) seems to hint at a mortification of a more delicate nature, which he is said to have suffered from the other sex. This too may perhaps account for the asperity with which he treats the ladies in the "Verses" here printed. To these disappointments it was perhaps owing that Mr. Stillingfleet neither married, nor went into orders. His London residence was at a sadler's in Piccadilly, where he died in 1771, aged above seventy, leaving several

As in their orbs they roll : much rather learn,
 Frail woman, to submit, and spread no more
 Thy swelling top-sails to the fluttering gales
 Puff'd from the bloated cheeks of self-conceit.
 Learn from the Eastern females to adore,
 Who stoop with joy to catch the handkerchief
 Dropp'd by their gracious lord. The happy she,
 Envy'd by all who find it at her feet ;
 The rest withdraw, and, like the race of insects
 Debarr'd the chearing sun, incline their heads,
 And seek the fable mantle of oblivion.

Thus o'er the banks my passion boil'd,
 Till Cælia to my mind arose ;
 She all my noble projects spoil'd,
 My blood shrunk back, and almost froze.

So vaunts the madman in his cell,
 Angry at some imagin'd slave,
 Who durst dispute his royal will,
 Who durst his dreadful fury brave ;
 With stately step he now prepares
 The faucy phantom to chastise ;
 But if the keeper's voice he hears,
 Down tamely on the straw he lies.

several valuable papers behind him. To these Mr. Pennant alludes, when he says, " I received the unfinished tokens of his regard by virtue of his promise ; the only papers that were rescued from the flames to which his modesty had devoted all the rest." He was buried in St. James's church, without the slightest monument of his having existed. See the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1776, p. 162, 496 ; for 1777, p. 440 ; whence this note is principally taken. N.

A SCENE, AFTER HUNTING,
AT SWALLOWFIELD IN BERKS.

BY SNEYD DAVIES*, M. A.

DR. THIRLBY†, JOHN DODD, ESQ. AND MR. WHALEY.

DR. THIRLBY.

THERE'S pleasure, sure, in being clad in green,
Which none but greenmen know. How did my
limbs

Exult, to find themselves disrob'd of black!

What is the scold of bed-makers to that
Harmonious pack! or what the solemn note
Of beadle Simpson to our huntsman shrill!

I felt

* Then fellow of King's College, Cambridge; afterwards rector of Kingsland in Herefordshire, prebendary of Litchfield, archdeacon of Derby, and D. D. He died February 6, 1769. His poems in Doddsley, vol. V. viz. "Vacuna," "Epithalamium," "On J[ohn] W[haley] ranging Pamphlets," "To a Gentleman on the birth day of his first son," and "On two friends born on the same Day;" and in vol. VI. "To the Hon. and Rev. F[rederick] C[ornwallis]," "To the Reverend T[homas] T[aylor], D. D." "To C[harles] P[ratt], Esq." "At seeing Archbishop Williams's Monument, in Carnarvonshire," together with his imitations of Horace in Mr. Duncombe's edition, all anonymous, bear ample testimony to his uncommon genius and erudition. N.

† Styan Thirlby, LL.D. son of Mr. Thirlby, vicar of St. Margaret's in Leicester; and born, it is supposed, about 1692.

He

I felt unusual courage when the fox,
 Wiliest of all creatures, star'd me in the face

He published, when only B. A. of Jesus College, Cambridge, "An Answer to Mr. Whiston's Seventeen Suspicions concerning Athanasius, in his Historical Preface, by Styan Thirlby, 1712." In 1723 he was editor of "Justin Martyr," the dedication to which has always been considered as a masterly production, in style particularly. The late learned Dr. Jortin, who was one of his pupils, was very early in life recommended by him to translate some of Eustathius's notes for the use of Pope's Homer; (see a letter of Mr. Fenton's, in the Additions to Pope, vol. II. p. 106.). He left college many years before his death, and resided in London, first at Sir Edward Walpole's, and afterwards in private lodgings. He was fond of the common law, and studied it; and, after he came to London, had thoughts of being entered at one of the Inns of Court, and being called to the bar; but that scheme he afterwards declined, and lived very retired, seeing only a few of his friends. Dr. Thirlby once had a design to publish Shakspeare; and Dr. Jortin undertook to read over that poet, with a view to mark the passages where he had either imitated Greek or Latin writers, or at least had fallen into the same thoughts and expressions. Dr. Thirlby dropt the design; but left a Shakspeare, with many marginal notes and corrections, which is at present in the possession of Sir Edward Walpole, to whom he bequeathed all his books and papers. In the last edition of that matchless dramatist, Dr. Thirlby's name occurs early in the list of commentators. He was appointed a king's waster in the port of London, in May 1741, a sinecure place worth about 100l. per annum, procured for him by Sir Edward Walpole. He died December 19, 1753. N.

(Through enterprize or fear, I cannot tell);
 But sure the beast was hideous. Yet I stood
 Undaunted, at the time that Whaley's* self
 Fled in dismay, and fought the neighbouring copse.
 Had not my noblest champion, generous Dodd†,
 Spurr'd to my aid, that moment were my last.

W H A L E Y.

You wrong me, Doctor, by the manes great
 Of my all-trading fire ‡: I ne'er was deem'd
 A coward; no, not when the gander dire,
 Furious with pok'd-out neck, and flapping wings,
 Assail'd me fore perplex'd; but soon the gagging
 Monster a victim fell to stone or stick.
 Then call it caution: for believe me, Sirs,
 I took the grinning monster for a wolf.
Mr. DODD, giving Whaley a slap on the face, says,
 'Thou art the vilest coward that e'er liv'd;
 I saw thee as thou fled'st, and, if my sense
 Divin'd aright, methought I smelt thee too.
 In vain the standing corn oppos'd my speed,
 In vain the farmer swore; nor hedge, nor oaths,
 Deterr'd me; hedge I broke, and oaths return'd
 With recompence, and came in need extreme
 To save my friend, waging unequal war.
 But thy o'er-weary'd spirits ask recruit.

* John Whaley, M. A. fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and an ingenious poet, as appears by his "Collection of original Poems and Translations, 1745." Another volume was published after his death. N.

† Now member for Reading. N.

‡ A shop-keeper at Norwich. D.

A cordial

A cordial for the Doctor!—As for him,
 I'll make example dire, and to be rued
 By cowards yet unborn; that all may learn
 Boldness and enterprize, and fear to fear.
 Here, take him hence!

W H A L E Y.

Ah me! how happy once! [Exit.]

D O D D.

O for invention to chastise the crime!
 Through all my house, through kitchen, pantry, hall,
 To grooms, and cook, and butler, be it known,
 That 'tis my pleasure Whaley fast this day;
 And whoso'er clandestine shall appease
 His longing maw; himself shall fast, I swear.

D R. T H I R L E Y.

Consider, Sir, lest indignation, just
 In principle, transport you to pronounce
 A sentence too severe, and o'er-proportion'd
 To the transgression (foul I must confess);
 But may not mercy whisper to the thought
 A mulct less rigid?

D O D D.

Doctor, this age,
 This dastard and fox-fearing age, demands
 Severity and rigour.
 Farrel, be thou the bearer of my will!

Whaley in his apartment. To him Farrel.

F A R R E L.

Excuse me, Sir, if duty bids me speak
 What kindness would conceal. Thus said my master:
 "Through all my house, through kitchen, pantry, hall,

To grooms, and cook, and butler, be it known,
That 'tis my pleasure Whaley fast this day;
And whoso'er clandestine shall appease
His longing maw, himself shall fast, I swear."

W H A L E Y.

O Mr. Farrel,

Supreme of valets, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which would else in telling wound,
And in performing end me. Some few hours
Pass, and you 'll see my hunger-quaking cheeks,
And my loose skin, descending and unnerv'd,
Apron my nether parts. But I submit,
And will prepare, if possible, to fast. [Exit Farrel.

W. H A L E Y *solus.*

Nimrod, I hate thee, premier hunter vile,
Beast of a man! and of all other beasts
The fox is my aversion. Brute accurs'd,
Lamb-eating, narrow-snouted, stinking villain!
Author of all my sorrows! but for him
I yet had flourish'd, unimpeach'd of fear.

Yet why the fox accus'd? how could he help
My trembling nature's fault, not his? or how
Contrive not to be taken for a wolf?

'Tis I, I only am to blame. O cowardice!
What ills dost thou create! But chief of thee,
Of thee I most complain, O want of food!

I've often heard, indeed, of that word *fast*,
But never yet the meaning could devise.

Ah! by severe experience now I feel,
To fast, is to abstain from meat and drink.
Happy the meagre cloister'd man resign'd!

He,

He, at set periods, by spare diet taught,
 Can his commanded appetites renounce,
 And pine with voluntary want. But I,
 Pamper'd and sleek, and jovial, ill can brook
 Th' abstemious trial. Flesh and blood can't bear it.
 I will not fast. How not! ah! there's the question,
 While furly grooms each avenue secure.
 For twice twelve live-long hours must I then rue
 Hunger and thirst; and my delighted spirits,
 So oft in nectar bath'd, exhausted flag!
 Must I then lose thee, burgundy; nor taste
 Delicious morsels, carp, or hare, or quail?
 Unfortunate! Ev'n now perhaps the guests
 At the throng'd board make merry with my woes.
 One asks, with sneering purport, "Where is Whaley?"
 'Dining with good Duke Humphry,' cries another.
 Pratt* smiles malignantly, and Davies† grins
 At my undoing; nay, perchance, he rhymes,
 (Vile Bard!) and on my ruin builds his song.

No more—I'll to the window. Beauteous scene
 Of water, and of hills, of lawns, and trees,
 What respite can ye give to lean distress?
 And you, plump deer, that scud along the lawn,
 Serve but to raise my venison appetite!

Am I deceiv'd, or through the waving boughs
 An ale-house sign peeps forth?—I'm not deceiv'd,
 For through the boughs an ale-house sign pceps forth:
 Would I were there!—but what a gulph's between!
 When will to-morrow come?—

Bell rings to dinner. Whaley faints away.

* Now Lord Camden.

† The author. D.

TO THE QUEEN OF HUNGARY,

BY DR. SNEYD DAVIES.

'TIS not thy fault that Europe is undone,
Retire, and calm enjoy thy setting sun.
While yet thy conscious dignity remains,
Nor base compliance wears the Gallic chains.
Assume the glories of the fallen brave,
Nor think that lost, which Virtue could not save.
Know there's a triumph in well-earn'd distress,
'Tis thine: — let others quake at thy success.
E'en leave the field, and blast them with the rest,
The princely dupes of half thy realms possess,
Leave them, O! leave them to the curst event,
To reign and sigh, to conquer and repent.
See Fleury with one hand presents the crown;
T'other conceals the scourge within his gown.

Thus France rewards her gay confederate slaves;
The Prussian boy shall have the rod he craves:
And Poland on his sons, if he prevail,
Descending crowns and servitude entail.
Who would not trust such venerable things,
As hoary Prelates and Most Christian Kings?
A violated Faith unheard and new is,
In successors of Mazarin and Lewis!

But see the Eagle to Bavaria flown:
Happy the man who mounts the Roman throne:
Happy to flutter in imperial plumes,
With length of titles, and with sound of drums;
Eas'd of all power; which Gallia will supply
For her good cousin, brother, and ally.

From

TO THE QUEEN OF HUNGARY. 127

From thy allies what mighty aids ensue,
 (To thee not faithless, to themselves if true)
 All that let sober History declare,
 To make each future generation stare.
 Retire thou peaceful to Etruria's seat,
 In soul, superior to all sceptres, great.
 Here shall kind Neptune fence thy watery bound,
 There Nature stretch her guardian hills around;
 No more thy towns be storm'd, thy armies bleed,
 But nobler arts to diadems succeed.
 Think there thy joys begin, thy labour ends,
 Secure from Foes, Relations, Turks, and Friends.

1741

R H A P S O D Y, TO MILTON.

B Y D R. S N E Y D D A V I E S.

SOUL of the Muses! Thou Supreme of Verse!
 Unskill'd and novice in the sacred art,
 May I unblam'd approach thee? may I crave
 Thy blessing, fire harmonious! amply pleas'd
 Should'st thou vouchsafe to own me for thy son;
 Thy son, though dwindled from the mighty size
 And stature; much more from the parent's mind.
 Content and blest enough, if but some line,
 If but some distant feature, half express'd,
 Tell whence I spring. — This privilege denied,
 Grant me at least thy converse now, and oft
 To ruminate thy beauties infinite,
 To trace thy heavenly notions, to enquire
 When from above they came, and how convey'd:

If darted on thee by the sun's bright ray,
Meridian fire ! or rather by the Muse
Nocturnal wafted to thy favour'd ear.
How else, explain, could human mind exile
Grasp universal Nature, treasure huge !
Or even say, where could'st thou language find
Able to bear the burden of thy thought ?
Such thought, such language, that all other verse
Seems trifling (not excepting Greece and Rome)
So lofty and so sweet, beyond compare,
Is thine : whether thy sounding pinion match
The clang of eagle's flight : or thy pois'd plume,
Dove-like, cut silently th' unconscious sky,
Calm as the summer's breath, softer than down.
Witness the scene of Eden, bower of Love,
Of Innocence, of Happiness ; o'erlaid
With Fancy's finest texture ; strew'd with flowers
Of amaranth ; her rivers nectar ; winds,
To which Arabia's spicy gales are poor.
Witness a bolder page, where coping Gods
In battle rend the steadfast hills, and shake
Heaven's basis : lively flash the painted fires,
And the imagin'd thunder rolls, methinks,
More terribly, than tearing the vex'd air
When troubled Nature speaks. — But why select
A charm from thousand ? and what need of praise ?
Who fondly seeks to praise thee, does thee wrong,
Impairs thee, greatest in thyself. Thy Hell,
Copied by other hand whate'er, will lose
Its terrors ; and thy Paradise its sweets,

Soil'd

Soil'd by rude touch. — Enough then to admire,
 Silent admire; and be content to feel:
 Or, if we follow thy bright track, advance
 With reverence, and shew that not desire
 To rival, but resemble, is our aim:
 Resemble thee, though in inferior strain.

For O! great pattern to succeeding times!
 Dost thou not smile indignant, to behold
 The tinkling modern, fetter'd, yet well pleas'd,
 Dance to the tiresome music of his chains?
 While all Parnassus rings the silly chime;
 And Pegasus, that once with spurning heel
 Kick'd the dull ground, ridiculous and tame
 Can amble with a monk upon his back. —
 Could Milton think, when his high standard rear'd
 Th' emblazonry of freedom, none should throng
 To gaze, and kiss the manumizing staff?
 Dastards in choice! what, legislator, then
 Avail thy charter, thy example bright?
 As when some hero, to redeem a state
 Long harrow'd by oppression, lifts his arm
 To crush th' imperious yoke: the many scar'd
 Stand tremblingly aloof, and love the mace
 That bruises them: or, if the chief return,
 From the red hall with liberty proclaim'd,
 Know not to prize, or keep, the mighty gem.
 The Romans on a time a madman kill'd,
 Rather than not be lorded, chose a fool,
 When Claudius in a lurking hole was found
 By band prætorian. Abject thus our age,
 And slaves, because their fathers were, to rhyme.

Is it then custom (Superstition's plea),
 Ears poorly tickled with returning sounds,
 Why jingling charms? Is it to speed our course?
 A peal of bells were right, if we were mules:
 The courser asks no spur. — Ah me! I fear,
 And see, and feel the reason; falters why
 The Muse this moment, wearied, flags, and pants
 Despairing? Such a distance hast thou got
 From thy first start, and left pursuit behind:
 On the top brow of Fame, in laurel'd chair
 Seated, and thence look down on mortal toil,
 That climbing emulous would pace in vain
 Thy footsteps, trackless through excess of light.

A VOYAGE TO TINTERN ABBEY*

IN MONMOUTHSHIRE, FROM WHITMINSTER

IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

BY DR. SNEYD DAVIES.

FROM where the Stroud, smooth stream, serenely glides,
 We reach the peopled Severn's rapid tides;
 Stop, ere we sail; and from this point survey
 The hill-encompass'd, sea-resembling bay;
 See the ridg'd tide † with sober grandeur heave,
 And float in triumph o'er the river-wave.

* Of these venerable ruins there are two good views and an account in Grose's Antiquities, vol. II. D.

† This manner of the coming-in of the tide to the river Severn is called the Eager, or the Hyger, of the Severn. There is a beautiful allusion to it in Bishop Sprat's History of the Royal Society. DAVIES. Lo!

Lo ! where it comes, with what extensive sweep,
 Like some whale sidelong rolling on the deep.
 Wide and more wide, it joins the distant hills
 By swift degrees, and the great basin fills.

We sail ; now steadily ; now gulphs inform
 The tumbling waves to imitate a storm.
 The rising shores a thousand charms bestow,
 Lawns at their feet, and forests on their brow ;
 The pleasing villas, neighbours to the flood,
 The taper spire, and the surrounding wood.

These lines, my C——, read, and pity too
 The shadowing pencil to the scene untrue :
 See the bright image of thy thought decay'd,
 And all its beauties in description fade.

Where to each other the tall banks incline,
 And distant cliffs dividing seem to join,
 A narrow frith ! our gallant Argo's way,
 A door that opens to the boundless sea :
 What, if some ship with strutting sails come on,
 Her wanton streamers waving in the sun !
 Just in the midst, as fancy would contrive,
 See the proud vessel o'er the billows drive.

The streight is past ; the waves more strongly beat,
 The prospects widen, and the shores retreat,
 Tritons, and Nereids ! how we leave behind
 Towns, palaces, and run with tide and wind ?
 Here, noble Stafford, thy unfinish'd dome *,
 And thence the long-stretch'd race of Berkeley † come.

* The remains of a noble seat begun by Stafford Duke of Buckingham. DAVIES.

† Berkeley-castle, the seat of the Earl of Berkeley. DAVIES.

Till tossing, and full feasted more than tir'd,
 We change the wilder scene for paths retir'd,
 Quit the rough element, and watery strife,
 As from a public to a private life,
 Seek a calm coast, and up the channel ride,
 Where Vaga * mingles with Sabrina's † tide.

The sister streams, from the same hill their source
 Deriving, took, when young, a various course,
 And, many a city, many a country seen,
 High towers, and walls antique, and meadows green,
 Now glad to meet, nor now to part again,
 Go hand in hand and slide into the main.

In spite of Time, and War, and Tempest, great,
 Ascending Chepstow ‡ shews its castled seat,
 Beneath slope hills, and by the rolling flood,
 Clasp'd in a theatre of aged wood,
 With air majestic, to the eye stands forth,
 Towering, and, conscious of its pristine worth,
 Lifts its sublime decay, in age's pride
 Erect, and overlooks the climbing tide.

Pass but some moments, the returning sea
 Shall those high-stranded vessels sweep away;
 That airy bridge, whence down we look'd with fear,
 Will low and level with the flood appear.

The crooked bank still winds to something new,
 Oars, scarcely turn'd, diversify the view;

* The river Wye. DAVIES.

† The river Severn. DAVIES.

‡ Chepstow-castle in Monmouthshire, the seat of the
 Duke of Beaufort. DAVIES,

Of trees and stone an intermingled scene,
 The shady precipice and rocky green,
 Nature behold, to please and to surprize,
 Swell into bastions, or in columns rise :
 Here sinking spaces with dark boughs o'ergrown,
 And there the naked quarries look a town.
 At length our pilgrimage's home appears,
 Tintern her venerable fabrick rears,
 While the sun, mildly glancing in decline,
 With his last gilding beautifies the shrine :
 Enter with reverence her hallow'd gate,
 And trace the glorious relics of her state ;
 The meeting arches, pillar'd walks admire,
 Or musing hearken to the silenc'd choir.
 Encircling groves diffuse a solemn grace,
 And dimly fill th' historic window's place ;
 While pitying shrubs on the bare summit try
 To give the roofless pile a canopy.

Here, O my friends, along the mossy dome
 In pleasurable sadness let me roam :
 Look back upon the world in haven safe,
 Weep o'er its ruins, at its follies laugh.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

BY D R. SNEYD DAVIES.

MORTAL, whoe'er thou art, beware,—since Time
 To the thatch'd hovel, to the trophied arch,
 Levels alike his undiscerning scythe ;
 And Death, wide sweeping, no distinction owes

To

To the crown'd villain. All alike in Hell.
 Caligula and Chartres, seated both
 On burning couches in a fiery hall.

Whence is that milder blaze of Æther pure,
 As opening clouds a scenery divine
 Unfold? where brightest, in her robe of sky,
 Sits Virtue under shade of palm; with look
 Serene, but stern: Herculean strength behind
 Waiting, and trampled worlds beneath her feet.
 Nearest her throne, associates ever dear,
 (Not fullen Cato, not th' unfriendly stroke
 Of Brutus, much less Cæsar's laurel'd pride,)
 Epaminondas, smiling at his blood,
 For his dear Thebans as it streaming ran,
 Warrior benign: Here Antonine the just,
 The wise, the humble, with his sceptre low
 In homage to the queen: and Nerva there,
 Humanity imperial! pleas'd in death,
 An heir * adopting who shall bless mankind.
 All the choice few, union of great and good;
 Poor Epictetus, with his free-born soul:
 More's chearful wisdom, Boyle, with study wan,
 Beneficent, and meek; th' Athenian sage †,
 And Indian ‡, in abstruse discourse sublime
 On the First Good, — their eyes uprais'd to Heaven.
 Gather'd around and cull'd from all the world,
 The shielded faint rejoices in her sons.

* Trajan. † Socrates. ‡ Confucius. D.

T O M R. W H A L E Y.

IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. X.

B Y D R. S N E Y D D A V I E S.

DAVIES, of rural scenes a lover grown,
 Salutes his friend, a lover of the town:
 Except the variance this and fatness make,
 Who think we disagree, perhaps mistake;
 (The difference much the same, as is between
 The egg a swan produces, and a hen:)
 Debating, scribbling, fauntering, sitting still,
 Studious of ease, and brothers of the quill.

London your choice, I know; but I approve
 The mossy seat, the river, and the grove.
 If you should ask how I employ my hour —
 Better than those in place, or those in power;
 Not plagued with patrons, or a slave to pelf,
 Lord of my time, and master of myself.

What have your noisy streets like this to give?
 Or what like this, Sir Robert to receive?

Cotta, disgrac'd in Ariconian vales,
 Likes, I am told, the neighbourhood of Wales;
 Sick of parade, attendance, and resort,
 Flies, and exhales the surfeit of a court.

You want a ground-plot for some new design!
 Consult the oracle at Nature's shrine,
 "Build in the country," says the voice divine.

Is there, where Winter's purer joys inspire,
 Morn's wholesome frost, and Evening's smokeless fire?

Is there, where Summer's more refreshing gales
 Fan the scorch'd hills, and chear the drooping dales?
 Where Discontent a rarer guest is seen,
 Or sleep less broken by intruding spleen.

What is that marble portal to this bower,
 Array'd in green, or pearl'd by every shower?
 Or what the stream, which pipes and conduits yield,
 To the bright rill that trickles through my field?

Copying, ye own your wants; the case is clear;
 In town, ye humbly mimick what is here.
 Look at St. James's or on Grosvenor square:
 Behold our walks, our trees, and our parterre.
 Tell me, why Sheffield's house * so pleasant stands?
 Because a length of country it commands.

Nature, though of her tone by Art bereft,
 Returns elastic to the point she left;
 Spite of distortion, she appears the same,
 And from the bend recovers like the palm.

Not she who, gull'd by want of taste or care,
 Buys the resembling delft for china-ware;
 Nor they who to a city-vault resort,
 And are, instead of claret, dup'd with port;
 Will half so dearly the deception rue,
 As they who take false blessings for the true.
 Those who launch far on Fortune's peaceful lake,
 The tempest of Adversity will shake.
 'Tis hard to part with what allures the eyes,
 And the hand pauses ere it drops the prize.

Fly then betimes, with unambitious wings,
 To the still vale where Peace eternal springs,
 Leave anguish to the great, and cares to kings.

* Now the Queen's palace. N.

The British monarch*, by the Picts dismay'd,
 Call'd-in the warlike Saxon † to his aid:
 His good ally to conquest led the way,
 But took the whole dominion for his pay:
 The stranger, wanton in his new abode,
 Soon on the neck of vassal nobles trod,
 And lifted high the hand, and exercis'd the rod.

Thus, if my friend should for preferment trade,
 And sell his liberty, of want afraid;
 The meagre monster is no more, I own,
 But a more lordly tyrant mounts the throne;
 And who a treasure by dependence gains,
 I wish him well, and long to wear his chains.

'Tis known that shoes (just such is an estate)
 Pinch or supplant, too little or too great.

If wise, you'll be content, though short of wealth,
 With the rich gifts of competence and health:
 Despise not then the happiness they bring,
 For virtuous freedom is a sacred thing.
 And when you see me break the rule laid down,
 And on some courtier fawning in the town,
 Give to your indignation full career,
 Nor spare your friend, but justly be severe.

SONG OF DEBORAH, JUDGES, CHAP. V.

BY DR. SNEYD DAVIES.

GLORY to God th' avenger! power supreme!
 Who breath'd his soul into the jarring tribes,
 Uniting discord. All ye nations hear,

* Vortigern. D. † Hengist. See Milton's History, p. 129. D.

Ye principalities, ye thrones, attend,
While to Jehovah's name I lift my song.

Lord, when descending thou from Seir's top
Didst dreadfully go forth, with pomp and strength,
Marching o'er Edom's plain, the shivering earth
Shiver'd with fear, the conscious Heavens alarm'd
Bow'd low, and tears fell copious from the clouds.
'Twas then the solid rocks, like melting snow,
Thaw'd at thy look ; before thee dropp'd the hills
Cowering ; and Sinai's self, by thy bright arm
Aw'd, in a fable mantle wrapp'd his head.

Ere yet brave Shamgar with his conquering goad
Had thinn'd Philistia's state ; ere Jael yet,
The faviour woman, smote her mighty foe ;
My Israel, be thou thankful ! where was then
Thy safety ? tell me, fearless could'st thou roam ?
Thy highways unfrequented, save by thieves,
Were left : no wary traveller would risk
The ruffian's public haunt ; but turn aside
To shaded alleys, trust th' entangled path
Of thicket, climb the mountain's craggy side.
The pleasing villages, the flocks, the herds,
To plunder were abandon'd ; while the swains
To the next city, panting and dismay'd,
Huddled in swarms. Dire havock ! till myself,
I Deborah arose, parent arose
To Israel. Foolish Israel left the Lord
For new Divinities and stranger Gods.
Then the fierce din of war besieg'd your gates ;
Among twice twenty thousand, (helpless crew !)
Had one a shield to guard, or spear to launch ?

How

How my heart throbb'd with gratitude, to see
The forward rulers, in the generous strife
Heading their tribes ! on them be blessings shower'd,
But ever and incessant bless the Lord.
Speak ye, who ride on asses, silver white,
With gorgeous trappings ; ye, who judges sit
In the bench'd Sanhedrim or crowded gate ;
For these his mercies, ever speak his praise.
Ye travellers, in deserts now secure,
Ye shepherds piping by the river side,
And ye blithe herdsmen, in his praises join.
Where 's now the archer with his galling bow,
The sudden skirmish, or close ambush ! where
The cattle slak'd their thirst ! go to, ye swains,
Go to those waters ; there with reverence due
Tell forth his acts, and there record his praise.
Awake, O Deborah, awake, awake,
Break forth in harmony divine, give speech
To rapture ; and thou, Barak, rise and lead
Captivity thy slave, Abinoam's son.
A scanty remnant (so God's will ordains)
O'er prostrate nobles shall bear sway ; and I,
A feeble woman, o'er the mighty reign.

Next to thy tribe, O Benjamin, in arms,
Came Ephraim (from Mount Amalek he came,
'There marshal'd) ; nor was Machir long behind
In pouring forth his princes : nor detain'd
Ingenious Zebulun his letter'd sons,
Who dropp'd the studious pen, and grasp'd the sword.
Nor less did Issachar ; while Barack, led
By Providence, descended to the vale,

Of chiefs and soldiers yield a numerous host.
But, Reuben, much of thee thy friends complain,
Inquisitively sad to know the cause,
Why, mid the trumpet's sound, you listening chose
The lazy bleatings of your fleecy care.
Gilead too came not; Jordan his excuse,
Flowing between. — Why then did selfish Dan
Cling to his ships, and bartering Asher love
His ports and sails, more than the blest campaign?
But Zebulun and Napthali be prais'd,
Careless of life, and foremost in the field.
In battle opposite, encountering warr'd
The Lords of Canaan, by Megiddo's flood,
Conquest their expectation, blows their spoil.
Not so our host; assistant angels came,
Confederate Heaven was lifted; and the stars
Fought in their course, 'gainst Sisera they fought.
Kishon, that ancient stream, Kishon renown'd
In story, rolling to our aid, involv'd
Full many a hostile warrior, and away
Swept whirling—O! what might was vanquish'd then,
My soul, thou glorious leader of the day!
The prancing steeds yet rattle in our ears,
As they o'er pointed rocks in war, in flight
Madded; the blood gush'd from their mangled heels.
O curse ye Meroz! (God applauds the curse,
Commanding by his angel) curse again
In bitterness, and often; for that he,
Coward and traitor, arm'd not for the Lord
And Israel, though within the reach of shouts.

But

But ever among women and above,
Be celebrated Jael, Heber's wife ;
Thrice famous Jael ! O my friends, ne'er pass
Her tent unsung, the noble scene of death.
Water he crav'd ; she brought the fattest cream,
Copious and brimming in a lordly dish.
She went, she came : in her right hand she took
The workman's hammer, in her left the nail ;
Then to his forehead dauntless she applied
The fatal iron, and the temples pierc'd
Of Sisera : he, stunn'd, essay'd to rise,
The woman-chief astride him ; but he bow'd,
He fell ; there, where he bow'd, he sunk down dead.

Mean time the mother of the warrior slain
Sat waiting her victorious son ; and oft
Listen'd impatient, to the windows oft
Ran in surprize. " Why comes he not ? she cried,
Bless me ! What means the general, not return'd ?
Why creeps his car ? Why loiter thus his wheels ?"
—Her reasoning ladies would have said,—but she,
Too quick for answer, save her own, replied :

" Conquer'd they have ; methinks I hear their shout,
The glorious spoil dividing ; to each man
Well pleas'd a blooming damsel ; but to him,
To Sisera, the choicest of the prey,
Garments of nicest art, the needles boast,
The mantle all embroider'd (on both sides,
Ladies, embroider'd) and in various hue,
Rival to Heaven's gay bow ; such as befits
A general, a conqueror, and my son."

Almighty Lord supreme ! may all thy foes,
 Thy vaunting foes, thus perish, thus laid low,
 Their pride, their splendor thus eclips'd : — But O !
 May Israel, thy own people, gracious God,
 Thy worshippers, still flourish, still advance,
 Glorious and lasting : like the mighty sun,
 When from Heaven's east-gate, giant-like, he strides,
 Marching sublime to his meridian throne.

T H E N A T I V I T Y.

B Y D R. S N E Y D D A V I E S.

'T WAS when the cruel Idumæan * reign'd,
 His childrens' butcher, and Judea's scourge
 Severe ! fit head, and worthy to command
 That wry-neck'd people with an iron-rod.
 Nathless, in festal pomp, Salem serene
 Rejoic'd, and to her Temple's lofty gate
 With smother'd curses climb'd ; yet well at ease,
 And reck'd not, though with forest bondage gall'd,
 Long as the broad phylactery remain'd,
 The market-greetings, and the chairs of pride :
 Save who attentive to prophetic song,
 Explor'd the sacred rolls, mystical leaves,
 And days and years computing, found the time
 Big with foretold events, and ripe for birth.
 The world, not only Judah, but the world,
 That time stood gazing ; for the same was rife,

* Herod. N.

And

And widely scatter'd, that a mighty prince
 Should rise, and rule the universe. But most
 The sons of Solyma with eager haste
 Open'd their spacious portals, to let in
 The great Messiah; or on Zion's top
 Expectant, when the Saviour should descend,
 In his ætherial equipage, all arm'd
 With angels and with thunder; when arrive,
 And his triumphal entry glorious make,
 On plumes of Seraphim, in fiery car.
 Fond! to believe his presence should avail
 Their spleen and Hebrew gall; with angry bolt
 Smiting the blasted foe. — He gracious came
 With balm upon his healing wings; he came
 Not to destroy, but lift the world to Heaven.
 Yes, he was born, and (in a stable laid,
 A manger) from his cradle lectur'd pride,
 And left inferior royalty to blush
 In purple. Were gold of intrinsic worth,
 Or gems; think we, Creation had denied
 Her Author these? could thankless Nature grudge
 The Giver his own gifts? she at a nod
 Had pour'd her inmost treasure up to day,
 Had roll'd her pearl and coral all ashore,
 To deck her Infant King. — Nor tokens none
 Of grandeur: hymning Angels sung the tale,
 In heavenly chorus, over Bethlem's field:
 Sung it to lowly shepherds, as they lay
 Tending their fleecy charge: they listen'd glad,
 And from their hovels drank immortal strains.

Why,

Why, in the firmament, that beaming star
 New-kindled, ask the Magi ; from beyond
 Euphrates, cross Arabian sand and rocks
 They came, directed by the meteor-guide :
 Which hovering o'er the straw-roof'd palace spoke
 Their journey's end, with ray down-pointed. See
 The swarthy worthies ope their precious casks,
 And, open'd, on the bended knee present
 Oblations rich, gold, myrrh, and frankincense ;
 Hailing the King, the Prophet, and the God.

The virgin mother pensive, as in doubt
 What these portents might mean, and whither lead,
 With tendernefs extreme, and mingled awe,
 Hung o'er the child enamour'd. Much of seers
 Antique, and angel-talk revolving, she
 With care and wonder rock'd the holy babe.

T O T H E S P R I N G.

B Y D R. S N E Y D D A V I E S.

FAIREST quarter of the year,
 Absent long, O re-appear !

Ruthless stranger to our isle,

Where hast been this tedious while ?

Brooding o'er the Southern main,

Nursing oranges in Spain ?

Or if, in Italian air,

The citron blossom was thy care,

Thrice the sun has annual whirl'd

His car flaming round the world,

And you never ventur'd forth,

Dainty lady, so far North.

Saw you not the British swain
Wishful, beckoning you in vain?
Nor had ears to his sad lay,
Chiding your unkind delay?

But your sober plea produce,
We admit the just excuse:
Wither'd hag, deform'd and black,
Sullen Winter kept you back,
Lingering long her frosty rear; —
And when now we hop'd you near,
Summer, with her tawny face,
Had got possession of the place.

Thus between two neighbouring powers,
Some fair province lifts her towers;
Some Silesia tempting lies,
To either borderer a prize.

Jostled no more 'twixt cold and heat,
Now regain thy ancient seat,
Nor thy sister seasons rude
On thy right again intrude,
But ever flourish blithe and free,
Restor'd to thy gay Tetrarchy.

How did Nature sad forlorn,
Naked in thy absence mourn?
The wrinkled earth of moisture dried,
With frost and sun alternate fried,
The tainted grass forgot to shoot,
The trees were ignorant of fruit,
And Ceres shew'd us here and there
A straggling solitary ear.

Bless

Bless us! knew you what we felt,
 You are gentle, and would melt.
 Come abroad, o'er hill and vale,
 Floating in a showery gale,
 Till thirsty Nature has her fill,
 In big round precious drops distill,
 With increasing lamp of day
 Come and smile the storms away,
 Genial power! creating queen!
 Touch the forest into green:
 Come at length, and spread around
 Thy broider'd mantle o'er the ground;
 Come, and ever re-appear,
 Fairest quarter of the year!

IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. XI.

TO RICHARD NEVILL ALDWORTH*, ESQ.

BY DR. SNEYD DAVIES.

WHAT says dear Aldworth to fine places seen,
 Magnificent Versailles, polite Turin?
 Is Paris quite so charming, as we hear?
 And not one sigh for Thames and Billingsbear †?

* Of Stanlake, Berks; successively member of parliament for Reading, Wallingford, and Tavistock; under-secretary of state to the duke of Bedford, and secretary to the lords justices, 1748; secretary to the embassy to France, 1763; and paymaster of the pensions, 1764. D.

† In Berkshire. See p. 153. N.

With Roman glories is thy spirit fir'd,
Or to Geneva studiously retir'd,
With arts delighted, and with rambling tir'd?

Yes, yes, you cry, that corner be my lot,
Of English friends forgetful and forgot;
By gliding Rhone th' oblivious slumber take,
Or, musing, view the wide-expanded lake.
'Tis well, I own, to bait upon the road,
But who would make an ale-house his abode?
Arriv'd in town, through cold, and dirt, and snow,
Late, wet, and weary, to the bagnio go:

The bagnio for a night affords good chear;
But not the best of lodging by the year.
Too wise, if cast upon a distant shore,
To sell the vessel, and return no more.
France, Flanders, Spain, and Italy, and Greece,
Are doubtless as essential to our peace,
As in the scorching dog-days, warm attire,
A stream in Winter, or in June a fire.
At ease, in affluence, Naples, Florence, Rome,
Are pretty things to chat about at home:
Commend the soft Montpellier's balmy air,
But, hail and vigorous, what need you go there?

When Fortune hovers with auspicious wings,
In gratitude accept the boon she brings:
No nice delays; for, if you like your meat,
Ne'er quarrel with the room in which you eat.
If reason and good sense alone give ease,
Not airy views, and prospects of the seas,
Voyage and travel are but loss of time;
Our temper will not alter with the clime.

In idle diligence from morn to night
 We trifle, to live well with all our might.
 For this, in Scythia's cold, and India's sun,
 On horse, in ships, we swim, and ride, and run.
 Live well we may, without the help of sails,
 No matter where, in Cumberland or Wales;
 Content is stinted to no certain space,
 The man may be in fault, but not the place.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. M. H.

BY D R. D A V I E S.

A Lovely form, so permanently fair,
 That Time and Sickneſs join'd could ſcarce impair:
 O'er the pale landscape ſetting Beauty ſhone,
 And Patience ſmooth'd the wrinkles Age brought on.
 Within that form a ſtill more beauteous mind,
 (Like ſome fair picture in clear crystal ſhrin'd)
 Born every ſocial bleſſing to diſpenſe,
 Kind with diſtinction, wiſe with innocence;
 The faulty to reprove, the good to chear,
 Senſibly ſoft, and tenderly ſevere.
 A pleaſing ſanctity! though ſerious, gay; —
 Her life look'd like a well-kept holiday.

Stoics might wonder at her chriſtian mind,
 Serene in anguiſh, ſteadily reſign'd:
 Of God's correction ſhe would not complain,
 But ſmiling wearied out her length of pain;
 And, her ſoul wing'd, as Nature's powers grew faint,
 By ſoft degrees decay'd into a Saint.

TO MISS A. W. A VERY YOUNG LADY.

BY MR. WHALEY.

I WOULD tell thee, thou art fair;

But the pleasing tale, I fear,

Might deceive thy tender ear,

Make thee fancy beauty more

Than thou'lt find the faithless store;

Faithless as the dream of night,

Flitting with returning light;

Just as sure as Summer seas,

When behind th' inviting breeze

Storms and thunders loitering wait,

Soon to give the wretch his fate.

Let the Muse then send her song

To thy mind, thy mind yet young,

Yet as pure and free from stain

As the snow driven o'er the plain:

But how nice th' instructive lay!

Yet the Muse has bid me say,

Thou hast ask'd, and she'll obey.

Gentle Maid, to whose kind heart

Friendly Nature doth impart

(Choiceft of the gifts she brings)

Soft good temper, first of things;

May that temper be thy guide,

May she still with thee reside,

Free from passion, free from pride;

Pride that aims the deadliest dart

At the growing Virgin's heart!

Once

Once its poison enter'd there,
Nought can cure the wounded Fair.
Pride like Venus does not move,
Graces at her side, and Love ;
But the fierce Desire of Power,
And dull Ignorance, march before ;
Affectation, Vanity,
Saucy Sneer and Calumny,
Cruelty and high Disdain,
Form her virtue-killing train.
Shun then Flattery's tainting breath,
Self-opinion shun like Death.

Next, my Fair, with curious quest,
Search the garden of thy breast,
Underneath th' enliven'd clay,
'Midst the streams that through it stray,
Clay as fine as Nature makes,
Streams yet cool in vestal lakes ;
Search, I say, with nicest heed,
And, if found, destroy the weed ;
Fruitless, baneful, and unkind,
(Fond yet of the female mind)
If base Avarice you spy,
Pluck it forth, and bid it die ;
See ! thy parents praise the deed,
Loathing the pernicious weed,
And with pleasure bid thee tread
On the snow-cold poison's head.

The observing Muse believe,
Nothing can your bliss deceive,

If in noble scorn you hold
Thirst of power, and love of gold,
Quell'd these passions, thou shalt find
Virtue easy, soft, and kind.
These two dangers canst thou shun,
More than half Life's task is done.
When thy breast thus clear'd you see,
When the soil from weeds is free,
When no more the thistle grows,
Nor the thorn furrounds the rose,
Thou shalt then employ thy hours,
Gathering sweets, and culling flowers.
All that Virtue has to give
Thou shalt to thy breast receive.
Under thy commanding eye,
White-rob'd Purity shall lie;
And thy altering cheek her throne
Rose-red Modesty shall own;
Still at thy extended hand
Glowing Charity shall stand;
And upon thy lips shall dwell
Truths as pure as Angels tell.

Thus, my Fair-one, may you shine,
Till some youth, by fate divine,
Scorn'd the light fantastic crew,
Rests his happiness on you;
And you pour into his breast
Joys like what thy fire confest,
When in Hymen's happy band
He receiv'd Eliza's hand.

TO CHARLES PRATT, ESQ.*.

FROM HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XII.

BY MR. WHALEY.

OBSERVE how calmly warm, my friend,
 O'er the smooth plains the Zephyrs blow,
 While trees in gentlest motion bend,
 And streams scarce murmur as they flow.
 Sweet Philomela trills her song
 Of pleasing sadness through the groves,
 Wailing a wretched Virgin's wrong,
 And a base King's incestuous loves.
 The shepherds to the shades repair,
 And on the grass their lays indite,
 Which the great patron of their care,
 Arcadia's listening God, delight.
 Thirst, with the season, Charles, comes on;
 Would you not then in thirst repine,
 Bring the sleek foal, or turbot, down,
 And well you shall be paid with wine.
 See! as the founding cork bursts forth,
 Pale Care and Sadness startled fly,
 And all reflections, foes to mirth,
 Drown'd in the sparkling brimmer lie.
 If then you'll throw your Coke aside,
 To such enlivening joys inclin'd,
 Quick mount your steed, and briskly ride;
 And bid Tom bring the fish behind.
 For think not gratis to come off,
 Or ripple scot-free at my board,

* Since Lord Camden. N.

As when o'er sumptuous meals you laugh,
 With yon fair villa's * bounteous lord.
 Come then, nor rack your brains to know,
 How many fees would Wimple buy;
 Come, and considering, as you go,
 That Hardwicke's self at last must die,
 Severity for folly leave,
 Best successor to puzzling laws;
 In public life however grave,
 Be gay in private with applause.

1745.

MR. WHALEY TO CHARLES PRATT, ESQ.

FROM HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. II.

WHILE you, my friend, were pleading at the bar,
 I read the writer of the Trojan war.

Whence good or evil, shame or honour flows,
 The philosophic Bard exactly shows;
 With useful rules and sage instructions fraught,
 Beyond what Crantor or Chrysippus taught.
 What makes to me this bold assertion clear,
 Unless some golden brief detains you, hear.

The tale that tells how, arm'd by Paris' love,
 For ten long years two bleeding nations strove,
 Contains a tide of turbulence, that springs
 From witless crowds, and full as witless kings.

"Give up the quarrel's cause!" Antenor cries.
 But the fond lover, hear what he replies;
 "Nor health, nor love, nor empire's easy charms
 Shall force the ravish'd fair-one from my arms."

* Wimple, the seat of lord chancellor Hardwicke. W.

Good Nestor strives the fierce disputes to quell,
 With which Achilles and Atrides swell;
 Keen Love permits one hero's soul no rest,
 And Anger rules alike in either's breast.
 The people's grief from royal errors springs,
 And subjects pay the want of sense in kings.
 Sedition, falsehood, evil, lust, and rage,
 The camp alike and garrison engage.

Again what Virtue Wisdom-join'd can do
 Th' instructive chief of Ithaca will shew,
 Who, Troy in dust, on many a distant shore,
 Much studied human arts, and manners more.
 He, o'er the sea by varying tempests borne,
 Pursuing long his own and friends return,
 Stemm'd Fortune's waves, and, with unwearied pain,
 Plung'd in adversity rose safe again:
 The Sirens songs and Circe's cups are known,
 Which with his comrades had he swallow'd down,
 Unmann'd he 'd rued th' imperious harlot's wine,
 And yelp'd a dog, or roll'd in mud a swine.

We're useless mouths, made but to eat and drink,
 Shunning life's only good employ, to think.
 We're poor Penelope's disorder'd train,
 Phæacian youth of soft Alcinous' reign,
 A vicious crew, that lull the tortur'd breast
 With midnight song and noon-tide sleep to rest.
 The murdering felon active leaves his bed,
 And, ere the sun appears, in blood is red;
 When he so swift to others ruin hies,
 Cannot self-preservation make you rise?

Though

TO CHARLES PRATT, ESQ. 146

Though well, you will not leave your easy chair,
 When the full dropsy swells you, you must stir.
 Call then for book and candle, ere 'tis light,
 Give your whole mind to search out truth and right,
 Lest some worse cause intruding break your rest,
 And Love disturb, or Envy taint your breast.
 If penetrating gravel tries your reins,
 The doctor 's call'd in haste to ease your pains;
 And shall your mind a worse disease endure,
 And you let years pass by, and seek no cure?
 Set out, the race's hardest part is run,
 Great Wisdom's work's half finish'd when begun.
 Who lets the present hour unus'd pass by,
 Waits with the clown until the river 's dry;
 Poor senseless rustic! the unvarying stream
 Flows on, and will for ever flow the same.

Wealth to acquire, is most men's sovereign care;
 And then a wife to bring that wealth an heir.
 In tracts of waste th' improving ploughshare 's seen,
 And barren heaths in fruitful tilth are green.
 Who 's satisfied, however small his store,
 Should scorn to throw away a wish for more.
 No stately equipage, no splendid plate,
 No sumptuous house, no rental of estate,
 Ere gave the fever'd blood a moment's rest,
 Or pluck'd one thorn from out its master's breast!
 Who thinks to know the use of joy and wealth,
 Must first be well in mind, and strong in health.
 Who lives in fear, or longs with much for more,
 Has just such pleasure from his useless store,

As age-dim eyes from painting can receive,
 Or music's strains to ears imposthum'd give.
 Casks tainted sour whatever they contain;
 Shun pleasures, ever bought too dear with pain.
 The wretch that covets, always lives in want;
 Stint your desire, Heaven has no more to grant.
 The envious fall to others joy a prey,
 And, as their neighbours thrive, they pine away.
 The breast that 's Envy's slave with pains is prick'd,
 More than Sicilian tyrants could inflict.
 He who his rising anger can't control,
 Shall rue the fallies of his heated soul,
 Shall wish, in agony of heart, undone
 What Passion will'd on absent Reason's throne.
 Anger 's a short-liv'd madness, and with sway
 Rules sovereign if not tutor'd to obey.
 Keep strongly in the hot rebellious mind,
 Be it with bits restrain'd, and curbs confin'd.
 The docile horse in prime of years is broke
 To bear the rein, or stretch beneath the yoke.
 The whelp that hunts the deer-skin round the court,
 Staunch, loves the field, nor ever quits the sport.
 Drink early then, my friend, at Reason's bowl,
 And fill with wholesome draughts your youthful soul,
 If wine or gall the recent vessel stains,
 Each scent alike the faithful cask retains,
 Start then on Virtue's course without delay:
 If you get on but slow, I shall not stay,
 Nor press upon you, if you lead the way.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO
OLD CAMDEN'S PICTURE,
AT LORD CAMDEN'S, IN KENT.

BY DR. SNEYD DAVIES.

FATHER of Britain! (late restor'd *) awhile

Attend, and cast a venerable smile!

Know'st thou these walls, these walks, this woody brow?

Blush, good old man, and see its glories now.

Know'st thou the MAN —

Whom neither fear nor favour can controul

His inborn worth and probity of soul:

Mild as the vernal gale, or softest lay;

Firm as the rock that spurns the roaring sea:

“ Inflexible and steady to his trust: ” —

Barely to say he's upright, is unjust.

Father, be proud; assume thy later fame:

Hear, and rejoice: he bears thy honour'd name.

Do I then flatter? what! for dirt and pence?

'Tis false, ye hirelings! wretches, get ye hence.

What! for some meed? — with me as light as air:

Trifles and toys beneath my serious care.

Where interest, trifles, and even power are weak,

Freely I draw; and what I feel, I speak.

Ask, ask the people's, ask the sovereign's choice;

Ask thy own Britain — she confirms my voice.

April 1766.

* This picture (an original) which formerly hung in the same house in Camden's time, was lately presented to Lord Camden by a gentleman of his acquaintance. D.

O N M I S S W Y N D H A M*,

D A N C I N G A L O U V R E A T B A T H,

W I T H L O R D C A D O G A N, 1738.

B Y D R. D A V I E S†.

SCOTT strikes the viol; soft and clear
The notes proceed, and charm the ear.

Two brighter forms advance
From the fair circle, and lead on the dance.
Majestic he, in manly strength for arms;
Attractive she, in all the Graces' charms;
Cadogan, Wyndham. Equal they proceed,
Advance, retire;
Now straight the line, now gently ending in a spire.
Is it the magic of the founding reed

Their feet commands,
And moves their hands?
Or, as they artful strike the ground,
Does Motion's harmony provoke a sound,
Soft as the musick of the warbling lyre?
Behold each limb in justest contrast plac'd:
Rysbrack, in marble bid each posture last;
That we at leisure may approve
What's lost so sudden as they move.

Thus let Apollo stand;
Diana thus her huntress train command.

* Probably Elizabeth daughter of Sir W. Wyndham, married in 1749 to the late Hon. George Grenville, by whom she had the present Earl Temple. D.

† Not the former writer of the same name, but (I apprehend) a physician. D.

But they such various movements try,

To win the heart,

To please the eye,

As quite elude the force of mimic art.

As dance the nimble hours

In Guido's easy air,

When Phœbus, rising, pours

A flood of glory from his car;

So Wyndham moves, attracts with every grace,

Wins every heart, and charms with every pace!

VERSES* BY MR. WHALEY,

IN THE OAK-WALK AT BILLINGBEAR.†

“*Sacra Jovi Quercus, Veneri gratissima.*”

THOU ever verdant venerable shade,

Ye sacred Oaks, by Time thus beauteous made,

More blest than those, the favourites once of Jove,

Eternal offspring of Dodona's grove!

Here flourish safe; nor envy, nor complain,

Though your tall brotherhood in George's reign

Affert the empire of the frightened main.

The sea and all its wealth to them resign,

For know a treasure far more dear is thine;

Bend then your branches round the sea-born fair,

And bending own that Venus is your care,

* In memory of that most accomplished young lady, the hon. Miss Essex Griffin, only daughter to the late right honourable the lord Griffin, and niece to the present right honourable the countess of Portsmouth. W.

† Lady Portsmouth's jointure-seat as relict of Henry Grey esq. and afterwards the seat of Nevill Aldworth, esq. See p. 140. D.

ON THE DEATH OF OLD BENNET

THE NEWS-CRYER.

FROM FENTON'S COLLECTION.

ONE evening, when the sun was just gone down,
 As I was walking through the noisy town,
 A sudden silence through each street was spread,
 As if the soul of London had been fled.
 Much I enquir'd the cause, but could not hear,
 Till Fame, so frighten'd that she did not dare
 To raise her voice, thus whisper'd in my ear :
 " Bennet, the prince of Hawkers, is no more,
 Bennet, my Herald on the British shore ;
 Bennet, by whom I own myself out-done,
 Though I an hundred mouths, he had but one.
 He, when the listening town he would amuse,
 Made Echo tremble with his bloody news.
 No more shall Echo now his voice return,
 Echo for ever must in silence mourn.
 Lament, ye herces, who frequent the wars,
 The great proclaimer of your dreadful scars.
 Thus wept the conqueror that the world o'ercame,
 Homer was wanting to enlarge his fame :
 Homer, the first of Hawkers that is known,
 Great news from Troy cry'd up and down the town.
 None like him has there been for ages past,
 Till our Stentorian Bennet came at last :
 Homer and Bennet were in this agreed,
 Homer was blind, and Bennet could not read."

THE

T H E A D V I C E,
T O M I S S M - R - N - L.

L OVELY mover of a passion,
Modest, noble, and sincere,
Let for once, since 'tis the fashion,
Humble verse approach your ear.

Let an honest swain advise you
To disdain all arts to charm;
Then the worthy man will prize you,
Him alone your breast should warm.

Be your soul the seat of Science,
Empress there let Reason reign;
Keep with Virtue strict alliance;
Nor Humility disdain.

Soft and moving as each feature,
Let your words unstudied flow;
Mild and gentle as your nature,
Be your well-tim'd wisdom too.

Why should I advise in dressing?
Modesty would be your guide;
She can render you so pleasing,
As would shame the phantom pride.

Leave, Dorinda, would you give me,
I could whisper to your mind:
"Keep my rules; and then, believe me,
You 'll excell all womankind."

SONG,

SONG, ON THE TWO MISS CRADDOCKS.
BY THE LATE SIR THOMAS BURNET*.

THE mind of bright Suky 's a jewel,
Well fet in a delicate frame,
But Annama pleases me too well
To examine what causes the flame.
The charms of sweet Suky inspire me,
Her face, shape, and wit, I adore;
But Annama's smiling eyes fire me
To raptures I ne'er felt before.

The

* Youngest son of the Bishop. He was author of "A second Tale of a Tub; or, the History of Robert Powell the Puppet-show-man;" (under which character Archbishop Sharpe was satirised.) He wrote also many political pamphlets against the last ministry of Queen Anne, for one of which he was taken into custody by a messenger. He was bred to the law; but wrote many other *jeux d'esprit* before he cultivated with success those severer studies. One of his fallies, when very young, was the following epigram, which was found in his father's episcopal throne in Sarum cathedral;

"A Bishop sits here,
Which may seem very odd,
Who has two thousand neat,
To drink and to eat,
And to give us the Peace of God."

He was the editor of his Father's "History of his own Times;" and, as an author, was concerned in a weekly paper called "The Grumbler;" but the publication, which induced Mr. Pope to expose him with severity in the *Dunciad*, (III. 179.) was a travestie of the first book of the *Iliad*, intituled "Homerides, by Sir Iliad Doggrel," written in conjunction

The one every act is so good in,
Each word and each look I approve;

The other so smiles on a sudden,
I only know this, that I love.

His measure with Suky Time loses,
Hours fly like the minutes away;

If Anna her presence refuses,
One minute appears a whole day.

junction with Mr. Duckett, and printed in 1715. It is recorded of Mr. Burnet, that, in the days of his levity, his father one day seeing him uncommonly grave, asked what he was meditating? "A greater work, replied the son, than your Lordship's History of the Reformation." "What is that, Tom?" "My own reformation, my Lord." "I shall be heartily glad to see it, said the Bishop, but almost despair of it." It was, however, accomplished. Being consul at Lisbon when the late Lord Tyrawley was ambassador, upon some dispute between them, in which the merchants took part with the former, happening to employ the same taylor, he learned what suit, &c. his Lordship had ordered for a birth-day, and arrayed his servants in the same, while he himself appeared dressed quite plain. This occasioned their both being recalled. Mr. Burnet then applied himself to the study of his profession, in which it is needless to say his advancement did not exceed his merit. He was appointed king's serjeant, 1740; a judge of the common pleas, 1741; knighted Nov. 23, 1745; and died Jan. 8, 1753. A thin volume of his poems was published in 1777, 4to.--The following has been related as an instance of his evenness of temper. Dining at a friend's where the coachman was one of the attendants, in lifting a dish he spilt it awkwardly on the Judge's cloaths, who only said facetiously, while he was rubbing down, 'Friend, I advise you for the future to grease nothing but your wheels.' N. To

To music when Sucky light bounds,
 My fancy too dances the hays;
 When Annama's spinnet resounds,
 I feel on my heart-strings she plays.

One sister my head so possesses,
 My reason with her would take part;
 The other that rebel suppresses,
 And absolute reigns in my heart.

ODE, BY MR. WHALEY.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE NUPTIALS
 OF JOHN DODD, ESQ.*

BRIGHT Phœbus, and thou Goddess Maid,
 Who mak'st the springing woods thy care,
 Whose ears our yearly vows invade,
 Oh! bend, and listen to our prayer!
 Great God, whose steps bright day attends,
 With thee it comes, with thee retires;
 May none be happier than my friend,
 Who blest thy light or feel thy fires.
 Thou too, Lucina, hear our strains,
 Though virgin thou thyself and pure,
 Oh teach the teeming wife her pains
 With happy patience to endure.
 For through the rolling nights and days,
 Since Hymen call'd this pair his own,
 Nor thy soft beams, nor Pæan's rays,
 A purer nuptial torch have known.

* With Miss Juliana Jennings. See the Scene at Swallowfield, p. 114. D.

Ye certain Fates, on whose fix'd will
 Unalterable decrees depend,
 Oh! guard this chosen pair from Ill,
 Like their beginning be their end.
 For them may ever chearful health
 In every breathing gale be borne,
 And flowing yet well-order'd wealth
 Their fields, their streams, their board, adorn.
 To their whole youth give sprightly joy;
 And to their long-extended day
 Those tranquil measures that ne'er cloy,
 Nor sink till life's lamp fades away.

T O J O H N D O D D, E S Q.

SWALLOWFIELD PLACE, MARCH 25, 1740.

B Y M R. W H A L E Y.

DEAR absent master of this sweet domain,
 Attend a while, 'tis friendship breeds the strain;
 This bids the heart midst ease and plenty moan,
 And makes joy tasteless when confin'd to one.
 The morn, 'tis true, can no where fairer rise,
 No Zephyrs softer fan the evening skies,
 Spring has no sweeter task than to improve
 Yon flowery level, and that sprouting grove;
 The warbling birds send peace to every ear,
 And the streams murmur rest to every care.

Yet this my lot, thus every sense employ'd,
 Sighing I find each pleasure unenjoy'd;
 True joy from friends made blest alone can rise,
 For blifs, if uncommunicated, dies.

Thee then the happiest far of men I deem,
 Whose copious bounty's ever-flowing stream

Gives

Gives joy to every heart, that 's to thee known,
And makes the gladness of a crowd thy own.

Come then, my friend, and grant me to receive
Joys which society alone can give.

How I exult when as thy tread I hear!

! Attendant Valgius' voice salutes my ear!

See him his honest, ample face display,
Broad as the moon, and chearful as the day.

Mirth and her train, his slaves, he brings along,

Gay gambols, revelry, and wanton song;

Nor needs the aid of the inspiring bowl

To warm his fancy or disclose his soul,

Which always opening in his face we scan,

Claiming a friend where'er he meets a man.

Nor less sincere, though calmer joys arise,

With aspect mild when Gallus greets my eyes,

And challenges from this thy new abode

The hospitality he once bestow'd;

When Leominster* sheep, long from the butcher kept,

Their master's bounty, and our hunger wept;

And as on Pinsley's funny banks we lay,

The cyder tons ran unperceiv'd away.

Here, as in Greek and Roman times, we find

The pious priest and tuneful poet join'd;

His verses what good men should be declare,

And his whole life informs us what they are,

Prudently gay, and chearfully severe.

Who can but feel the joy that friendship gives,

When Paulus' honest hand his hand receives?

Blest man to whom he deigns that pledge impart,

Unfailing servant to a valiant heart!

* Pronounced 'Lemster'. D.

Whose

Whose warmth, whenever justice bids, is shown
 In a friend's cause, still warmer than his own.
 But oh! forgive the Muse, if droops her wing,
 If ev'n to thee she can but faintly sing,
 While the dear pleasures friendship e'er has shown,
 Are now but from a past enjoyment known.
 Th' imperfect joy remembrance gives my breast,
 Is that in thee, and ——— I once was blest,
 Blest in thy generous friendship, what I feel
 Thy soul, from whence it springs, forbids me tell;
 And thy experience knows what Fate denies,
 While ——— for health to distant Scarborough flies;
 For often has he fix'd thy listening ear,
 With sprightly wit, or argument severe,
 In his wit dignity, his learning ease,
 To instruct his business, his delight to please.

Come then, nor farther a friend's woes prolong,
 Whose grief sincere you find from this sad song.

A THOUGHT ON GAMING.

BY MR. WHALEY.

TO gild o'er avarice with a specious name,
 To suffer torment while for sport you game,
 Time to reverse, and Order to defy,
 To make your temper subject to a dye,
 To curse your fate for each unlucky throw,
 Your reason, sense, and prudence to forego;
 To call each power infernal to your part,
 To sit with anxious eyes, and aching heart;
 Your fortune, time, and health to throw away,
 Is what our modern men of taste call **PLAY**.

TO THE SPARROWS AT MENWINYON
IN CORNWALL. BY MR. WHALEY.

BIRDS, in joy all birds excelling,
Happy slaves to endless Love,
Happier here than if your dwelling
Were the sacred Cyprian grove.
What though those celestial sparrows
Boast their food from Venus' hands,
And their feathers wing the arrows,
With which Cupid all commands;
Tell them, Beauty's all opinion,
And ye much mistaken are,
If the sisters at Menwinyon
Outgo not the Graces far.
Tell the charms ye daily gaze on,
As ye hop the woods among,
Such no mortal e'er set eyes on,
Such Catullus never sung.
Were his mistress' sparrow living,
And these sisters to him shown,
He, poor bird, would die with grieving,
Seeing Lesbia so out-done.
Her then, sparrows, each gay morning
With your chirping lays salute,
Hither each cool eve returning
Nestle midst the leaves and fruit.
And if e'er your rest be broken
By the nets of some rude clown,
To the sisters be it spoken,
And they'll kill him with a frown.

A LETTER* FROM MISS ———,
TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ———.

AND dar'st thou then, insulting lord! demand
A friendly answer from this trembling hand:—
No more thy tears my tender page shall stain,
Ambiguous tears, dissembling joy or pain;
No more thine eyes with sweet surprize pursue
Love's sacred mysteries, there unveil'd to you.—
Demand'st thou still an answer?—let it be
An answer worthy vengeance, worthy me!
Hear it, in public characters, relate
An ill-starr'd passion, and capricious fate:
Yes, public let it stand! to warn the maid
From one who fell less vanquish'd than betray'd;
Guiltless, yet doom'd with guilty pangs to groan,
And expiate others' treasons, not her own;
Destin'd with shame in Honour's paths to run;
Still Virtue's follower, yet by Vice undone.
Such free complaint to injur'd Love belongs:—
Yes, tyrant, read, and know me by my wrongs!
Yes, traitor, read, and reading tremble too!
I come to blaze thee to a nation's view;
I come—ah, wretch, thy swelling rage controul!
Was he not once the idol of thy soul?

* This beautiful Poem originally appeared in the St. James's Chronicle. From thence I have copied it. N.

True, by his guilt thy tortur'd bosom bleeds,
 Yet spare the guilty—for 'tis Love that pleads:
 Respecting him, respect thy infant flame;
 Proclaim the treason, hide the traitor's name!
 Enough to Honour and Revenge is given,
 This truth reserve for Conscience, and for Heaven!

Talk'st thou, ingrate! of Friendship's holy powers?
 The tiger's union with the lamb be ours!
 This cold, this frozen bosom, didst thou dream,
 Senseless to love, shall soften to esteem?
 What means thy friendship? shall I bless my fate,
 Losing thy love, to just escape thy hate?—
 Remember thee!—repeat that sound again:
 My heart applauding echoes to the strain.
 Yes, till this heart forgets to beat and grieve,
 Live there thy image—but detested live!
 My hate pursue thee, unimpair'd by age,
 Nor memory waken, but to kindle rage.
 Enter thy treacherous bosom, enter deep;
 Hear Conscience call, while flattering passions sleep!
 Where harbour Honour, Conscience, Faith, and Truth?
 Where the bright forms whose semblance caught my
 youth?

How could I doubt thy noble breast their shrine,
 That felt them glowing, tender maid! in mine.
 Boast not of trophies from my fall achiev'd!
 Boast not, deceiver, of this soul deceiv'd!
 Easy the traitor wins an open heart,
 Artless itself, and unsuspecting art;
 Not by superior wiles successful proves,
 But fond credulity in her who loves.

Blush,

LETTER TO THE EARL OF ———. r65.

Blush, shameless grandeur, blush ! shall BRITAIN'S
Daring all crimes, not dare to be sincere ? [PEER,
What charms were mine, to tempt thy guilty fires ?
What wealth, what honours from illustrious fires ?
Can virtue's simple spoils adorn thy race ?
Shall annals mark a village maid's disgrace ?
When bursting tears my inward anguish speak,
When paleness spreads my sometimes flushing cheek ;
When my frame trembles with convulsive strife,
My spirits flutter on the verge of life ;
When to my heart my ebbing pulse is driven,
My eyes throw faint accusing beams to heaven ;
Yet griefs that freeze my accents, save my fame :—
Come, blast it, traitor !—no ; the tale of shame,
The guilty tale, unwilling lips confine —
My portion, misery ; but no triumph thine !

Would thou hadst left me where I met thine eye,
A simple flower, to bloom in shades and die !
On downy wings where rose the sprightly morn,
Where evening found not in my breast a thorn :
Pure joys were mine ; Content at least, that flows
With temperate current through this vale of woes..
Cruel, to poison moments sweet as these !
On me to practise fatal arts to please !
Destin'd, if prosperous, for sublimer charms,
To court proud Wealth and Greatness to thy arms..
How many a lighter, many a fairer dame,
Fond of her prize, had fann'd thy fickle flame ;
With livelier moments sooth'd thy vacant mind,
Easy possess'd thee, easy too resign'd ;

Chang'd but her object, Passion's willing slave,
 Nor felt the wound that festers to the grave !
 Ah ! had I, conscious of thy fierce desires,
 But half consenting shar'd contagious fires,
 Half yielding heard thine impious suit maintain'd,
 This trembling heart had suffer'd, not complain'd !
 But, ah ! with tears and crowded sighs to sue,
 To dress dissembled passions like the true ;
 To borrow still Confusion's sweet disguise,
 Meet my coy virtues with dejected eyes ;
 To steal their language which no words impart,
 And give me back the image of my heart ;
 This, this was treachery :—by such arts assail'd,
 I fell—Great God ! what virtue had not fail'd !

Yet unrelenting still the tyrant cries,
 Heedless of Pity's voice, and Beauty's sighs,
 That pious frauds, the wisest, best, approve,
 And Heaven but smiles at perjuries in love *.
 No ; Heaven and Virtue scorn the mean pretence !
 No ; 'tis the villain's, 'tis the slave's defence !
 No ; 'tis the base sensation cowards feel !
 The wretch who trembles at the brave man's steel
 In woman's rage no daring mischief fears,
 And mocks the feeble arms of sighs and tears.
 In vain a sex, by nature taught to rest
 Its trembling weakness on your firmer breast,
 Pleads pity :—coward man, to woman brave,
 Insults the virtue he was born to save.

What ! shall the lightest promise lips can feign
 Bind man to man in Honour's sacred chain ?

* “ Jupiter in cœlo perjuriam ridet amantum.”

And oaths to us not sanctify th' accord,
 Not heaven attested, nor heaven's awful Lord?—
 Why various laws for beings form'd the same?
 Equal from one indulgent power we came,
 Who, blessing to be blest, design'd his race
 With manly vigour tempering female grace.
 Sequester'd from our sex, vain man, relate
 Your solitary pleasures, sullen state!
 What tender joys fit brooding o'er your store?
 What slumbers sooth Ambition bath'd in gore?
 'Tis ours, th' unsocial passions to controul,
 To pour the balm that heals the wounded soul;
 To lure your fancy with diviner themes
 Than Wealth, than Power's delusive restless dreams.
 Yet frantic man, dissolving bonds so dear,
 Secure from Love, his empire founds on Fear:
 Nor dream'st thou, traitor, what confirms thy laws,
 Not manly triumph—Blush to hear the cause!
 'Tis female softness—Tyrants else might feel
 The desperate vengeance of a woman's steel.

Still if you glory in the lion's force,
 Come, nobly emulate that lion's course!
 From guarded herds he vindicates his prey,
 Not lurks in thickets from the blaze of day:
 While man, not confident in manly arms,
 Now offering truce, now sounding false alarms,
 With customs, laws, with terror, fraud, combin'd,
 Relaxes all the nerves that brace the mind,
 Then lordly, savage, rends the trembling heart,
 First gain'd by treachery, and then tam'd by art.

Are these reflections then that Love inspires ?
 Is bitter grief the fruit of fair desires ?
 From whose example could I dream to find
 The mournful privilege to curse mankind ?
 Ah, long I strove to burst th'enchanting tye,
 And form'd resolves that ev'n in forming die :
 Too long I linger'd on the fatal coast,
 And ey'd the ocean where my wealth was lost :
 In silence wept, scarce venturing to complain ;
 Still to my heart dissembled half my pain :
 Ascrib'd my sufferings to its fears, not you ;
 Beheld you treacherous, and then wish'd you true.
 Sooth'd by those wishes, by myself deceiv'd,
 I fondly hop'd, and, hoping, I believ'd.—
 Cruel ! to whom, ah whither can I flee,
 Friends, Fortune, Fame, deserted all for thee ?
 On whom but Thee this aching frame repose ?
 With whom but Thee deposit all its woes ?
 To whom, but Thee, explain its stifled groan,
 And live for whom but Thee and Love alone ?
 What hand to probe my bleeding heart be found ?
 What hand to heal, but his that gave the wound ?

O dreadful chaos ! when the ruin'd mind,
 Lost to itself, to virtue, human-kind,
 From earth to heaven, a meteor flaming wide,
 Link'd to no system, to no world allied,
 Feels all a blank within :—each pregnant thought
 That Nature, Reason, that Experience taught,
 Past, present, future, feels alike destroy'd,
 While Love alone usurps the mighty void !

A void

A void how gloomy, when that Love is flown !
 What shades we grasp, the noble substance gone !
 From one ador'd, adoring once, we dream
 Of Friendship's tendernefs—ev'n cold Esteem.
 Rejected, still the suppliant suit advance—
 Plead for a last farewell—a moment's glance—
 A letter—token—wreck'd in search of shore,
 We catch the plank of Hope, and rise no more.

In that dread moment when the hovering flame
 Scarce languish'd into life, again you came ;
 Pursued again a too successful theme,
 And dry'd my eyes, with yours again to stream :
 When practis'd tears your venial fault confess,
 And half dissembled, half excus'd the rest,
 To kindred griefs taught pity by my own,
 Sighs I return'd, and answer'd groan for groan ;
 Your self-reproaches, stifling mine, approv'd,
 And much I credited, for much I lov'd.
 Not long the soul this doubtful dream prolongs ;
 Pardoning indeed, but not forgetting wrongs,
 It scorns the traitor, and with conscious pride
 Scorns a base self-deserting to his side :
 Great by misfortune, greater by despair,
 Its heaven once lost, disdains an humbler care :
 Perhaps too tender, or too fierce, my soul
 Disclaiming half the heart, demands the whole.

I blame thee not, that, fickle as thy race,
 New loves invite thee, and the old efface ;
 That cold, insensible thy soul appears
 To Virtue's smiles, to Virtue's very tears :—

But

But oh, a heart whose tenderness you knew,
 That held, frail tenure ! life itself from you ;
 In fond presumption that securely play'd,
 Securely slumber'd in your friendly shade,
 Whose every weakness, every sigh, to share,
 The powers that haunt the perjur'd, heard you swear—
 Was this a heart you wantonly resign'd
 Victim to scorn, to ruin, and mankind ?
 Was this—O traitor, that betray'st no more,
 What means thy pity ? what can vows restore ?
 Can vows recall th' autumnal year to bloom ?
 Or quicken ashes slumbering in the tomb ?
 Can vows to smiles relax the brow of Care,
 Or heal thy scars of anguish, fierce Despair ?
 Bid Virtue's sullied flames again refine ?
 Or Honour visit a deserted shrine ?
 Ah no :—nor prayers, nor all th' immortal powers,
 Back to their once-trod circles win the hours !
 Cruel ! no more thy flattering form betrays,
 The feeble vision melts in Reason's rays.—
 Yet take my pardon in my last farewell—
 Daggers, like those you planted, never feel !
 Fated, like me, to curse, yet court your fate ;
 To blend, in dreadful union, Love and Hate ;
 Chiding the present moment's ling'ring haste,
 To dread the future, and deplore the past ;
 Like me condemn th' effect, the cause approve,
 Renounce the lover, yet retain the love !
 Yes, Love ! ev'n now, in this ill-fated hour,
 An exile from thy joys, I feel thy power.

Yon orient sun, once lovely to my sight,
 Bathing in vernal dew's his youthful light,
 Congenial to my griefs, now fullen glows :
 The streams that murmur, yet not court repose,
 The breezes sickening with my mind's disease,
 And valleys laughing to all eyes but these,
 Proclaim thy absence, Love ! whose beam alone
 Lighted my morn with glories not its own !
 Ah, noblest passion life and youth impart,
 Soon as thy flame shot rapture to my heart,
 A new creation brighten'd on my view ;
 Nurs'd in thy smiles the social passions grew :
 New strung, th' harmonious nerves, the thrilling veins,
 Beat, in sweet unison, to others pains.
 The blood, to partial currents once confin'd,
 Now swell'd an ocean, and embrac'd mankind.
 The soul, once centering in itself the blaze,
 Now wide diffus'd Benevolence's rays ;
 Kindling on earth, pursu'd th' ætherial road,
 In hallow'd flames ascending to its God.

Ah, Love !—in vain a blasting hand destroys
 Thy swelling blossoms of expected joys ;
 Converts to poison what for food was given,
 Thy manna dropping from its native heaven ;
 Victorious still thou triumph'st ! still confest
 The purest transport that can warm the breast —
 Yes, traitor, yes :—my heart, to Nature true,
 Adores the passion, and detests but you.

TO A FRIEND. BY MR. WHALEY.

IN IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

THE things that best teach life to please
My dearest, happiest youth, are these.

A fortune, some kind kinsman's boon,

Unearn'd by labour of your own ;

A pleasant fruitful Berkshire soil,

O'erpaying still the tiller's toil,

And from all law-suits ever free,

Though even Pratt your counsel be.

In state affairs too small a share

Domestic pleasures to impair.

A body sound, a perfect mind,

And health to chearful spirits join'd.

An open yet discerning brow,

A board for welcome deck'd, not show ;

And sprightly mirth attendant there,

But free from drunkenness as care ;

And ever fill'd with equal friends,

Whom worth like Walpole's recommends.

A wife from all reserv'dness free,

Yet chaste as soft-ey'd Modesty ;

In her pleas'd arms a simpering boy,

The pledge and crown of all your joy.

Then, to be blest above man's share,

Desire to be just what you are ;

But raise to Heaven your grateful eye,

And neither wish nor fear to die.

CORNARO AND THE TURK.

A TALE. BY MR. WHALEY.

WHERE, mid' Italia's ever sunny lands,
 Fast by the streams of Po Ferrara stands,
 At manhood's full increase now just arriv'd,
 In splendid leisure young Cornaro liv'd;
 Of a full bed the first and best belov'd,
 Each gift kind Nature lent him Art improv'd.

He knew and lov'd his city ; yet would know
 What other cities different had to show ;
 Eager to gratify his stretching mind,
 In one small realm too narrowly confin'd.

To tell his fire his wish, was to succeed ;
 The son but hinted, and the fire agreed.
 Then, as became him, full supplied he went,
 And to Livorno * first his way he bent ;
 On whose fair shore each distant nation meets,
 And fills, with various tongues, her peopled streets.
 Each object there his strict attention drew,
 Much he observ'd, yet still found something new ;
 And sought it still, for, knowledge all his end,
 Him, who could that advance, he thought his friend ;
 To rich and poor alike he cast his eye,
 As 'twas a treasure they might both enjoy ;
 And he might teach him who the vessel steer'd,
 What the rich freighter thought not worth regard.

Of graceful presence and inviting mien,
 He in each place of full resort was seen,

* Leghorn, a great and rich city and sea-port in Italy. W.
 On

On the throng'd quay, or in the busy hall,
And, skill'd in tongues, seem'd countryman to all;
To observation deep reflection join'd,
And fix'd the gather'd honey in his mind.

His lodging on a large quadrangle's side,
To him still thinking, farther thought supplied;
And as each hour of passing day went by,
Some scene worth note still met his curious eye.

Yet one among the rest he long had weigh'd,
And ofteneft seen the stronger mark it made;
For the sad sigh that keen Misfortune drew
Still to his breast an easy passage knew.

As he each morn the rising sun beheld,
Ere yet the moving square with crowds was fill'd,
On one same spot as still he look'd around,
One solitary wretch he always found;
A porter's garb declar'd his present yoke,
But his whole mien a birth far different spoke.
In his swoln breast sighs, spite of shame, would rise,
And tears, kept back, flow'd faster from his eyes,
Which with the knotted rope he wip'd away,
Sad ensign of his fortune's deep decay!

The youth, who pitying saw the frequent grief,
Thought Pity blameful carrying no relief;
So, generously curious, sought to know,
In hopes to ease the cause of so much woe;
And call'd him from his melancholy stand:
He came, and silent waited his command;
Thinking some errand would a mite afford,
Just to support a being he abhorr'd,

Which

Which yet he durst not of himself destroy,
Since Heaven might change the grief it sent to joy.

But other business fill'd Cornaro's breast,
And his kind suit in tenderest terms he prest,
Wish'd that his cause of grief he would impart
To one who lov'd to sooth an aching heart,
And always thought, however low his sphere,
A man who felt affliction worth his care;
Yet here believ'd the stroke of fickle Fate
Was fall'n on one had known a happier state.

“ Then speak, he said, nor let false shame conceal
Whate'er with truth a sufferer may reveal;
And, if my happier lot may ease thy woes,
Whate'er a stranger's ear may learn, disclose.”

The listening wretch each word with wonder heard,
Perceiv'd them Virtue's dictates, and was cheer'd,
Ventur'd to throw his slavish badge aside,
And thus with manly confidence replied:

“ I was not always what I now appear;
But truths, thy nobleness has challeng'd, hear:
First, I 'm a Mussulman, yet here confin'd
Must wish thee, as thy milder doctrines, kind.
Oh! love thy faith, yet hate not me for mine,
Which had, hadst thou been born a Turk, been thine:
Next know, ere fall'n to this most abject state,
Smyrna once saw me happy, though not great;
By merchandize with sumptuous affluence blest,
And sweet content, which great ones seldom taste.
But oh! to have been blest, brings no relief,
But adds a stronger bitterness to grief;

Forgive

Forgive my tears, that utter, as they flow,
 A son's, a father's, and a husband's woe :
 To swell each sigh these various sorrows join,
 For all those dear relations once were mine.
 Nor was it hope of adding to my store
 By lawless plunder sent me from my shore,
 To gain in bleeding fields a cruel name,
 Or wish on slaughter'd heaps to build my fame.
 'Twas duty bid me watch the favouring gale,
 And filial love that hoisted every sail.
 'Twas to a father's fond embrace I went,
 Ere yet his lamp of life was wholly spent ;
 While still a kneeling son might please his eye,
 And swell his aged heart with tender joy.
 For Cyprus then I sail'd — what since befell
 Let these hard chains and this vile habit tell ;
 Which with for-ever growing grief I bear,
 And now the fourth sad winter sees me wear ;
 And years may roll on years, unstopp'd my grief,
 Till welcome Death shall bring his last relief,
 In whose cold arms, by some dire chance betray'd,
 My friends may long ere this believe me laid.
 My fond old sire perhaps, my fate unknown,
 Wailing my ravish'd life, consum'd his own ;
 And oh ! what pangs my orphan children feel !
 Hast thou a tender parent, thou canst tell."

He stopp'd—tears drown'd his accents, and the rest
 A silence far beyond all words express'd.

Nor spoke Cornaro more—he too was mute,
 Nor language found his fellow grief to suit ;

But

But struggling with a tear-attended sigh,
 Just mutter'd out — “ Friend, take this small supply,
 ’Twill give thee some relief—were Freedom mine
 And Happiness to give, they both were thine.”

He took the gold, and bow'd, and slow return'd,
 And, as was wont, in hopeless sadness mourn'd.

Cornaro see, in other guise appear!
 Sudden he stopp'd the commendable tear,
 “ And be, he said, my soul, thy joy express'd,
 ’Tis in thy power to make the wretched blest'd.
 Now I am blest'd indeed, since on my wealth
 Depends another's being, freedom, health.
 ’Tis I can bid the sun of mercy shine;
 This man's peace, life, and liberty, are mine.
 Whatever joys he has or may receive,
 His country, children, wives, are mine to give;
 Now India's Lord, amidst his hoarded store,
 And endless mines, compar'd with me is poor.
 Quick then, Cornaro, to his ransom flee,
 And let this morning's sun behold him free.”

Strait to the lordly governor's he went,
 His name, his rank, his cause of coming sent;
 Nor need he long to wait, his errand told,
 Bringing, that ne'er-refus'd credential, Gold.
 The price requir'd for liberty he gave,
 And quick return'd to find the now but fancied slave,
 And said, — “ Be free:” his transports who can tell?
 Prostrate before him in wild joy he fell,
 Which only his who caus'd it could excel.

Gladness and wonder in his bosom wrought,
 With labouring gratitude his soul was fraught,
 Nor had he power to utter half he thought.

“ Yet, oh ! my great deliverer, he cried,
 Can such amazing worth in man reside ?
 Or can it be that Christian doctrines teach
 Virtues beyond our sacred Prophet’s reach ?
 But oh ! whate’er the wondrous cause, receive
 As much of gratitude as words can give ;
 Nor let these bursting tears its force destroy,
 Slaves late of Grief, soft offspring now of Joy.
 And how my deeds shall with my words agree,
 Let me once reach my country, thou shalt see,
 And find thy mighty bounty is not lost :
 I scorn to ask thee what my freedom cost,
 That to my gratitude has no regard,
 Up to thy worth I ’ll measure the reward.
 Yet can that be ? ” — “ Stop there, Cornaro said,
 If thou art happy, I am more than paid.
 But that thy happiness meet no delay,
 There ’s gold wherewith to speed thee on thy way.
 If grateful thou would’st be, at thy return,
 Amid the crowds that there in bondage mourn,
 Search out some Christian from the wretched band,
 Who best shall merit freedom at thy hand ;
 Then think ’tis in thy power to pay my debt,
 By shewing him the mercy thou hast met.”

He said, and to his lodging back return’d,
 (Honour’s bright lamp within him gently burn’d)
 Felt and enjoy’d the riot of his breast,
 While Conscience furnish’d out the noble feast.

As

As free as air from prison just broke out,
The Turk with rapid speed the harbour fought ;
There found a ship all trim with spreading sails,
And just prepar'd to catch the coming gales,
Smyrna her port ; with prosperous winds she flies,
And gives him to his home and former joys.

Livorno now, as his Ferrara, known,
Her trade, her arts, her pleasures all his own,
Where next for knowledge was Cornaro flown ?
For a soul's banquet far he need not fly,
Venice, old Ocean's fairest child, so nigh ;
O'er the proud Adriatick where she stood,
Which swells unenvious of the Tuscan flood,
Though Naples, Florence, on his banks he names,
And to him Tiber pours from Rome his streams.
When o'er the continent fell Slavery flew,
Hither the goddess Liberty withdrew ;
Here plac'd her cap, her staff, her armour here,
And, as her own fierce Sparta, held it dear.
Each art and science this their dwelling own,
As guardians to their goddess Freedom's throne ;
And as her hand-maid busy Commerce toils,
Her sister-goddess Plenty cheerful smiles.

Here glad Cornaro fix'd ; and hop'd to find
Whate'er might please a knowledge-loving mind,
Or where the columns rose with beauteous wreath,
Or sculpture seem'd to speak, or paint to breathe ;
And though each day increas'd his curious store,
Thought his capacious soul had room for more ;
And little deem'd the moment was so nigh,
When all these pleasures of his breast should die,

The beams of science from his soul retire
 And fade, extinguish'd by a nobler fire;
 As kindled wood, howe'er its flames may rise,
 When the bright sun appears, in embers dies.
 Minerva sudden from his soul was fled,
 And Venus reign'd successive in her stead.
 A thousand fair-ones, of her frolic train,
 Long at the youth had aim'd their shafts in vain;
 Launch'd from the wanton eye they fought his heart,
 But Virtue's temper still repuls'd the dart;
 Nor all their force nor poison need he fear,
 Virtue must tip the point that enter'd there;
 As diamonds scorn the power of keenest steel,
 And touch'd alone by fellow-gems can feel.
 One glance at last an easy passage found,
 And undirected made the deeper wound;
 From Modesty's bright quiver it was sent,
 Nor knew its beauteous owner where it went.
 From chaste Delphina's powerful eye it came,
 Malta to Venice lent the graceful dame;
 Malta, blest isle! whose daughters all are fair,
 Whose sons to manly fortitude are dear,
 So properly do Love and Glory meet,
 And Valour still with Beauty holds his seat.
 Soon as his breast receiv'd the potent ray,
 Whate'er possess'd it, instantly gave way;
 As in the wood, before the lightning's beam,
 Perish the leaves, and the whole tree is flame.

To Venice by a noble father sent,
 Some pleasing months the fair-one there had spent,

Beneath

Beneath a tender uncle's careful eye ;
Where but to him should then Cornaro fly ?
To him he did each circumstance unfold,
His country, riches, parentage he told ;
At last confess'd his honourable flame,
Begg'd his permission to address the dame ;
And his consent obtain'd ; nor long he sued,
Ere the coy maid was in her turn subdu'd,
Nor chastity itself a blush put on,
To be by such a lover quickly won.

Smoothly thus far to happiness he went,
Nought now was wanting but the fire's consent ;
Which one, endow'd as he, was sure to gain,
And needed only see him to obtain.

Th' observing uncle mark'd the wondrous youth,
Fathom'd his love, his virtue, and his truth ;
Said — to her father, pleas'd he, they would speed.
He said, and strait th' enamour'd youth agreed.

Lo ! with its precious freight the vessel stor'd,
Cornaro and his happiness on board ;
Bless'd with chaste beauty he such trifles scorn'd,
As Jason stole, or Menelaus mourn'd.
Can gold the heart like piercing Beauty move ?
Or what is lust compar'd with sacred Love ?

And now for Malta with full sails they stand —
Saw, knew, and all but trod, the wish'd-for land ;
When, oh ! sad proof of Fortune's altering brow,
False as the skies above, and seas below !
A Turkish galley mark'd them from afar,
Pursued the vessel unprepar'd for war,

Resistance vain with numbers overbore,
And led them wretched slaves to Smyrna's shore.

Can words, what thought can scarce conceive, express,
The uncle's, virgin's, lover's deep distress ?
Compar'd with which the mangling knife would please,
And the fierce rack's severest pain be ease.
Death in his ghastliest form had met their prayers,
But that was liberty, and so not theirs.

And now to public sale expos'd they stood,
Amid the chaffering Turks insulting crowd,
Immortal souls, the property decreed
Of the best bidder, like the grass-fed steed !
Ev'n this the lovers bore, each other near,
And, yet unparted, knew not full despair.
But see ! at length accomplish'd woe arrive,
To deal the last, worst wound she had to give ;
Her sable store she cull'd, the dart to find,
Nor left one half so venom'd shaft behind.

Amongst the dealers at this cruel fair,
Traffick accurs'd, that makes mankind its ware !
A youthful Turk pass'd poor Cornaro by,
Health flush'd his cheek, and lust inflam'd his eye ;
And to the female slaves his way he bent ;
'Twas there his gold must have its wanton vent.
How should Delphina 'scape his prying sight ?
Too fatally, in spite of anguish, bright !
Her breast took beauty from the heaving sigh,
Nor could the tear, that drown'd, eclipse her eye,
But falling on her damask cheek it stood,
Like the pearl dew-drop on the morning bud.

He

He quickly saw the too-distinguish'd fair,
And thought his Prophet's paradise was there.
Her price at once unquestioning he paid,
The fatal veil around her beauties spread,
And led exulting off the swooning maid.
'Twas then Cornaro felt despair complete,
And knew the worst extreme of torturing Fate.
Furies to plague him more had strove in vain,
And gnawing vultures not increas'd his pain,
Too fierce for human nature to sustain.
He sunk beneath his sorrow's wondrous load,
And senseless from excess of pain he stood.

And now one graver Turk amongst the rest,
And more distinguish'd by his richer vest,
A nicer curiosity express'd.
Each slave examin'd, as he went along,
And on each circumstance attentive hung:
He ask'd their country, parentage, and name,
And how each mournful wretch a slave became.
Behold him to Cornaro then apply;
Full on his face he fix'd his steadfast eye,
Then ask'd his heart if what he saw was true,
And that it was from sure reflection knew.
His nerves all trembling with the glad surprise,
To heaven he stretch'd his hands, and rais'd his eyes,
And then—"I thank thee, Mahomet, he said,
Hither by thy divine direction led."

Sounds struck Cornaro's ear he ought to know,
And wak'd him from his dismal trance of woe;
He saw the Turk prepar'd for his embrace,
Mark'd the glad transport sparkling in his face,

Saw 'twas the very slave he once fet free,
And cry'd aloud—"Great God of Hosts, 'tis he!"

Then folded in each others arms they stood,
And voice was lost in Joy's o'er-bearing flood.

The Turk at length recovering, rear'd his head—
"And now he cry'd, my mighty debt be paid;
Which, wert not thou the slave I here survey,
Peruvian mines were much too poor to pay."

To the man-merchant then he stretch'd his hand,
"And take, he said, whate'er thy wants demand;
Quick set my friend, and his companions, free,
Name you the price, unbartering I agree."

The ransom'd home he led in bounteous state,
His swelling soul with godlike joy elate,
Joy such as fill'd the great Creator's breast,
When Adam in his paradise he plac'd.

And now he calls his household all in view,
To give his freemen guests their welcome due.
His lofty hall with richest sophas grac'd,
His wives, his children, all in order plac'd,
(Such was his will, though hidden his intent,)
Sate in mute wonder waiting the event.

Amidst them all he then Cornaro led,
And wip'd away a tear of joy, and said,
"Ye of my licens'd bed the partners fair,
Who my divided love yet equal share;
With whom so many pleasing moons I've spent,
Nor known one shaded yet by discontent:
And ye, lov'd issue of our honest joys,
If aught my precepts did, ye generous boys:

My

My children, and my wives, to whom I ne'er,
But by my dismal exile, caus'd a tear;
If, since from that sad bondage I arriv'd,
Your griefs all perish'd, and your joys reviv'd;
If, in my absence, ye not falsely mourn'd,
If your vast joy was true when I return'd;
If Alha knew ye without guile rejoice,
And his great Prophet heard your real voice,
Now more adore them, prostrate praise their power,
Admire their bounties still increasing shower;
But now from chains I free'd this captive's hands,
And here—Cornaro, my deliverer, stands."

All prostrate at that sacred name they fell,
How touch'd, great Gratitude alone can tell;
Great Gratitude, that dictated their joy,
Smil'd on each cheek, and spoke from every eye.

The Turk with rapture saw the pleasing scene,
The home-felt joy ran warm through every vein.
Their gratitude his inmost soul approv'd,
That loudly told how much himself was lov'd.

"Come then, he said, the sumptuous feast prepare,
My wives, to deck the banquet be your care,
As if great Ottoman himself were here.

For know, th' imperial crescent's sacred flame
Can ne'er more homage than Cornaro claim.

And ye, my sons, whate'er my wardrobe boast,
What crimson, gold, or gems, can have of cost,
Bring forth; but oh! however rich the dress,
How faintly will it his soul's worth express!

Come then, my friend: but why that downcast eye,
That cheek yet pale, and that still heaving sigh!

Freedom

Freedom thou hast, and what else wealth can give,
Is my blest task—yours only to receive.”

Cornaro blush'd, and sigh'd, and would have spoke,
But, as he strove, grief still his accents broke.
The uncle saw, yet silent, his distress,
And what he could not, ventur'd to express;
Told the whole tale of love—the fair pourtray'd,
Pencil'd the semblance of the charming maid,
Ere that perhaps some Turk's abandon'd prey,
Torn from Cornaro's arms for e'er away;
Cornaro doom'd no farther joy to prove,
But Life's and Freedom's slave bereft of Love.
The Turk with anguish heard the fatal tale,
Fearing his utmost bounty here must fail;
Fearing he never could the maid restore,
Already slave to some lewd tyrant's power;
Immers'd already in some cruel grove,
Where brutal Lust usurps the name of Love;
Some close seraglio's gloom, from whose sad bourn
No maid did e'er inviolate return.

But as this thought perplex'd his working brain,
And every hope that rose he still found vain;
His son all sudden smil'd, and rear'd his head
(The eldest blessing of his fruitful bed),
'Then bow'd again, and smote his breast, and said:

“ Thee first, Creator Alha, I adore,
Untrac'd, mysterious, wonder-working power!
How could thy lowest servant's untry'd noon
Of useless life deserve so vast a boon?

Be hush'd, all grief, and open'd every ear,
My words with rapture let Cornaro hear;

Let

Let too my fire his genuine offspring own,
While I nor vainly boast I am his son.
My heart how moulded, let my actions prove,
And rise victorious Gratitude o'er Love.
If my exulting soul aright divine,
To make Cornaro blest'd is only mine.
For know these walls contain the pictur'd fair,
Chaste yet as snow, and pure as spring-tide air."
Then, go ye slaves, he said, and quick return
With the fair Christian whom I bought this morn.
Return'd — Delphina blest'd their eager eyes,
And on each breast shed wild ecstatic joys,
Bright as the sun, with stronger light array'd,
When rescued from the moon's eclipsing shade.

Then thus again the Turk, with gracious air,
(As to her lord he led the blushing fair) :
" My friend, in this blest moment be it mine,
Taught by thyself, to show a soul like thine;
Forgive a vaunt, 'tis Virtue sends it forth,
A soul that strives with ev'n Cornaro's worth.
In thy gay paradise, great Prophet, hear,
By Mecca's ever sacred shrine I swear;
Were all the treasures now before my sight,
That fill'd Damascus' glittering plains with light,
When in fierce triumph furious Caled rode,
And drench'd the Syrian soil with Grecian blood,
Would some great Sultan say, ' That maid resign,
And the whole wealth of all the East is thine !'
From him unhesitating would I turn,
And look upon his trifling bribe with scorn.

Beauty

Beauty like this, which wondering we survey,
'Tis Virtue only in exchange can pay.

'Tis thee, great goddess Virtue, I pursue,
To thy bright self I raise th' aspiring view;
Thus kneeling thy almighty power I own,
And sacrifice my passions at thy throne;
To thy Cornaro, lo! this hand restores
What most, thyself except, his soul adores."

So saying, with a smile their hands he join'd,
And his rich prize without a sigh resign'd.

Virtue was pleas'd, and own'd in Heaven above,
How deeds like these ev'n gods with pleasure move;
Gentle Compassion shed a tear of joy,
And Gratitude loud shouted through the sky.

What joy the lovers ravish'd souls possess'd,
How all around their vast delight express'd,
What conscious pleasure touch'd the father's breast;
Lest in th' attempt the faltering Muse prove weak,
Let Children, Parents, Lovers, Virtue, speak!

A JOURNEY TO HOUGHTON, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF ORFORD.

BY MR. WHALEY.

SWEET nymphs, that dwell on Pindus' verdant side,
And o'er the woods, without a blush, preside,
Celestial Muses, deign your bard a lay,
As on the winding banks of Yare * I stray.
Yet if the nymphs from Pindus scorn to bow,
Nor deign to listen to a voice so low;

* The river that flows by Yarmouth. D.

Their

Their pride I will repay, and in despite,
While such my theme, of all the Muses write.

Recall we then, for still 'twill please, to mind
The morn we left dull Norwich smoke behind,
When, as the lofty spire just sunk from view,
To a fair verdant water'd vale we drew;
Where 'midst fair Liberty's all-joyous plains
Popery still seems to hug her galling chains.
The dragon in Hesperian gardens old
Thus slumbering lay, and tasted not the gold;
Thus, 'midst th' eternal spring Judea keeps,
The lazy poison of Asphaltus sleeps.

Bend then, my Muse, thy flight to Weston's plains
(No verse can flow where papal Slavery reigns),
Weston! whose groves not envy Pindus' shade,
Nor, blest with Ridley*, want Apollo's aid†.
Here Virtue reigus, and o'er the fruitful land
Religion walks, with Freedom hand in hand;
His little flock the pious priest informs,
And every breast with heaven-born doctrine warms;
Soft flows his stream of eloquence along,
And truths divine come mended from his tongue.
Here the known bounty of the place we blest,
And to our number join'd the chearful priest.

* Mr. Whaley's acquaintance with this ingenious Divine originated from his being one summer in a state of rustication from college (for some youthful frolicks) at Poplar, as Dr. Ridley has told me. D.

† Of Dr. Ridley's poetry some specimens shall be given. N.

Through ancient Elmham * next our way we take,
 And gravely nodding wise reflections make;
 How strongest things destructive Time o'erturns,
 And the waste town its ravish'd mitre mourns;
 "Mitre! repeats the priest with simpering leer,
 'Twill fit at Norwich full as well as here."

But now, my Muse, in blushes hide thy face,
 Nor deign the next vile town in verse a place;
 Unless thou canst indite in Blackmore's strain,
 And say, we call'd full hungry at the Swan,
 "But found not hay for horse, nor meat for man †." }
 Dire hunger! that with meagre visage stalks,
 And never fails to cross the poet's walks:
 But three short miles soon brought us bounteous aid,
 And Mileham's fulness Brisley's want o'erpaid,
 See! the gay Unicorn the wood adorn,
 Fair sign of plenty, with his ivory horn!
 Here Ceres spread her fruits with lavish hand,
 And Bacchus laughing waited our command.

Hence pleas'd and satisfy'd we take our road,
 And sometimes laugh and talk, but oftner nod.
 Yet this soft indolence not long we kept,
 But wak'd to see where others faster slept;
 † Where Coke's remains beneath the marble rot,
 His cases and distinctions all forgot;

His

* [North] Elmham, now a small village, formerly the bishop's see, which is now at Norwich. W.

† See Gay's "Journey to Exeter," English Poets, vol. XLI. p. 163. N.

‡ Tittleshall, a village, in the church of which is the burial-place of the noble family of Coke, and a very fine

marble

JOURNEY TO HOUGHTON. 191

His body honour'd and to Fame consign'd,
 For virtues flowing from th' immortal mind.
 What would avail this sumptuous mass of stone,
 Were he not from his works for ever known?
 Let the survivors of such great men's dust,
 Ne'er think to add to Virtue by a bust;
 If false, posterity will find the lye,
 If true, without it, it will never die,
 But through succeeding ages shine the same,
 Or from some Leicester catch a brighter flame.

But farewell death, and tombs, and mouldering urns,
 Our eye with joy on neighb'ring Raynham * turns;
 Where pleasures undecaying seem to dwell,
 Such as the happy in Elysium feel,
 Where heroes, statesmen, and the virtuous crowd
 Receive the great reward of being good.
 Such pleasures ev'n on earth had heaven ordain'd,
 For him who once our tottering state sustain'd;
 Who join'd the glorious freedom-loving crew,
 Fix'd to great Cæsar what was Cæsar's due,
 And then, dictator-like, to fields withdrew. }
 Fair ran the current of his age, serene
 As the pure lake that bounds the various scene.
 Here whate'er Nature beauteous boasts we find,
 Charming when separate, but more charming join'd,
 Pleasures, though chang'd, we meet where'er we rove,
 On hill, in dale, on plain, in shady grove;

marble monument of the right hon. Sir Edward Coke, lord
 chief justice of the King's Bench in the reign of King
 James I. and ancestor to the last earl of Leicester. W.

* Raynham, the seat of lord viscount Townshend. W.

Here

Here swell the hillocks crown'd with golden grain,
 There, at their feet, fair flows the liquid plain,
 O'er those the larks extend their labour'd note,
 On this the swans in snowy grandeur float.

To Houghton then we take our pleasing way,
 Thrice happy boundary of a well-spent day;
 Here chearful Plenty met the wearied guest,
 And splendid Welcome doubly crown'd our rest.

Thou then, Apollo, aid the poet's lay,
 Thy beams gave lustre to the following day;
 When in one house more beauties join'd we found,
 Than e'er thou seest in all thy glorious round;
 Where Walpole plac'd, with curious happy cost,
 Whate'er magnificence or taste can boast,
 Where, in what building noblest has, we find
 Preserv'd, what painting liveliest e'er design'd.
 See! Sculpture too her beauties here disclose,
 Such as old Phidias taught and Ryßbrack knows;
 Laocoon * here in pain still seems to breathe,
 While round his limbs the poisonous serpents wreath,
 Life struggling seems through every limb to pass,
 And dying torments animate the brass.

The pencil's power the proud saloon displays,
 And struck with wonder on the paint we gaze.

See! the proud Rabbins †, at the sumptuous board,
 Frown on the wretch who kneels before her Lord,

* The statue of Laocoon in bronze by Girardon. W.

† The picture of Mary Magdalen washing Christ's feet,
 by Sir Peter Paul Rubens, born at Antwerp 1577, and died
 1640. W.

And

And the rich unguent, in devotion meet,
 Pours, mix'd with tears, on her Redeemer's feet.
 In vain with hypocritic rage they glow,
 While mercy smooths the heavenly stranger's brow;
 He the true penitent with ease describes,
 Sees the heart speaking in the melting eyes,
 Bids every tear with full effect to stream,
 And from his vengeance all her sins redeem.

On the next cloth * behold Van Dyck display
 Celestial innocence, immortal day:
 His pencil here no more with nature vies,
 Above her plastic power his genius flies;
 Soars on Promethean wing aloft, and there
 Steals forms which heaven-born cherubs only wear;
 Pours airs divine into the human frame,
 Darts through his children's eyes seraphic flame,
 While o'er the sacred forms such beauties reign,
 As not belie the saint-hood they contain †.

Behold! where Stephen ‡ fainting yields his breath,
 By great Le Sueur again condemn'd to death;
 With strange surprise we view the horrid deed,
 And then, to pity melted, turn the head,

* The Holy Family, with a dance of Angels, by Sir Anthony Van Dyck, a scholar of Rubens, born at Antwerp 1599, and died 1641. W.

† These are melancholy mementos, when we reflect that all these noble remains, to us now dead and buried in Russia, are as much lost to the English in general as if they had been carved by Phidias, and painted by Apelles. D.

‡ The stoning of St. Stephen, by Eustache Le Sueur, born at Paris 1677, and died 1655. W.

Lest, as spectators of the martyr's fall,
 We innocently share the crime of Saul.
 Here too Albani's * pencil charms the eye ;
 Morellio here unfolds the azure sky,
 Sweet modest charms the Virgin's † cheek adorn,
 To Heaven on wings of smiling seraphs borne.

The next gay room is known by Carlo's ‡ name,
 Fair mausoleum of Maratti's fame !
 Such strokes, such equal charms, each picture boasts,
 We venture not to say which pleases most.
 Thus on the galaxy with joy we gaze,
 Nor know which star emits the brightest rays.
 Yet if beyond himself he ever flew,
 If e'er beyond a mortal's touch he drew,
 Amidst the glow that from that purple breaks,
 Look on yon Pope ||, nor wonder if he speaks.
 With length of days and fame Maratti blest,
 Ne'er wept departed genius from his breast;
 But, when just drooping, sinking to the ground,
 Spread sportive Loves § and laughing Cherubs round;

* John baptising Christ, by Francis Albani, who died 1660. W.

† An assumption of the Virgin Mary, by Morellio. W.

‡ The green-velvet drawing-room is called the Carlo Maratti room, from being filled with pictures by that master and his scholars. W.

Carlo Maratti was born at Rome, 1625 ; was a scholar of Andrea Sacchi ; and died 1713. W.

|| A portrait of Clement IX. W.

§ He painted the Judgment of Paris, in this room, when he was 83. W.

Ev'n

Ev'n Death, approaching, smil'd, and made a stand,
 And gently stole the pencil from his hand.
 Thus falls the sun, and, as he fades away,
 Gilds all th' horizon with a parting ray.

Next on the gorgeous cabinet we gaze,
 Which the full elegance of paint displays;
 In strong expressions of each master's mind,
 The various beauties of this art we find;
 Here vast invention, there the just design,
 Here the bold stroke, and there the perfect line;
 With ease unequall'd here the drawing flows,
 And there inimitable colour glows.
 With summer here the cloth Bassano * warms,
 There locks the world in winter's hoary arms,
 On the warm view we look with pleas'd amaze,
 Then turn to frost, and shudder as we gaze.

Mirth unrestrain'd in rustics humble cells
 On chearful Teniers' laughing canvas dwells,
 Nor ever are his warm expressions faint,
 But laughing we enjoy the comic paint;
 Till scenes more horrid break upon our eye,
 Effects of Borgognone's too cruel joy.
 Strong was his fancy, and his genius good,
 But, bred in camps, he mix'd his tints in blood;
 Alternate bore the pencil and the sword,
 And the same hands that fought, the fight record.

* The Bassans, father and sons, were very eminent landscape painters about the middle and towards the end of the sixteenth century. W.

But lo ! and let the pious tear be shed,
 On the sad cloth * the world's great Master dead.
 The mother see ! in grief amazing drown'd,
 And sorrow more than mortal spread around.
 What striking attitudes ! what strong relief !
 We see, we wonder at, we feel the grief.
 Who could such power of speaking paint employ ?
 Own, Parma, own thy darling son with joy ;
 Still to his memory fresh trophies rear,
 Whose life insatiate war † itself could spare.
 No arms he needed 'midst the fatal strife,
 But to his potent pencil ow'd his life,
 The wondering soldier dropp'd the lifted sword,
 Nor stain'd those hands he only not ador'd.

Now ‡, as Æneas in the Stygian glades
 Wondering beheld departed heroes shades,
 Amidst the forms of worthies dead we range,
 By eternising paint preserv'd from change.
 Here law and learning dwell in Wandesford's face,
 While valiant Whartons shine with martial grace ;

* Christ laid in the sepulchre, by Parmegiano. W.

† Francis Mazzuoli, commonly called Parmegiano, was born 1504, and died 1540. There is a story of this master at the taking of Parma, like that of Archimedes, and also like that of Protogenes, at the taking of Rhodes, while he was painting his famous Ialyfus. W.

‡ In the yellow drawing-room are portraits, by Van Dyck, of lord chief baron Wandesford, lord and lady Wharton, their daughters, archbishop Laud, king Charles the first and his queen. The portrait of the earl of Danby now hangs in the great parlour. W.

And

And the soft females of the race declare
That these no braver were than those were fair ;
In garter'd glory drest here Danby stands,
And Laud with air imperious still commands.

The next great form * with melancholy eye,
And inauspicious valour, seems to sigh.
Peace to his soul ! howe'er 'gainst right he fought,
Be in his dreadful doom his sin forgot ;
Too much mist to leave his honour clear,
Too wretched not to claim a generous tear !
A wretch to Virtue's still a sacred thing !
How much more sacred then, a murder'd king !
But be our wrath, as it deserves, applied
To his two guides, still closest to his side,
Laud and the Queen, whose fatal conduct shew,
What bigot zeal and headstrong pride could do.

But see where Kneller † now our eye commands
To pictur'd kings, familiar to his hands,
Kings to support a freeborn people made,
Kings who but rul'd to bless the lands they sway'd ;
Sovereigns, whose inoppressive power has shown,
Freedom and monarchy, well-join'd, are one.

See mighty William's ‡ fierce determin'd eye,
Freedom to save, or in her cause to die ;
As when on Boyne's important banks he stood,
And as his deeds surpris'd the swelling flood,

* Charles the first. W.

† Sir Godfrey Kneller. W.

‡ King William the third on horseback. W.

All torn and mangled, false Religion fled,
And crush'd Oppression snarl'd beneath his tread.

Next in the steady lines of Brunswick's * face,
Majestic manly honesty we trace ;
Pleas'd, as on Sarum's plain, with glad accord,
When willing thousands hail'd their new-come lord,
And (far beyond a tyrant's baneful glee)
The king rejoic'd to find his people free.
Good prince, whose age forsook thy native land,
To bless our Albion with thy mild command,
Long may this sacred form of thee remain,
Here plac'd by him whose counsels bless'd thy reign!
And ever may his sons with joy relate,
That he as faithful was as thou wert great !

But now, my Muse, to soberer pomp descend,
And to the cool arcade my steps attend.
Here, when the summer-sun spreads round his ray,
Beneath the bending arch young Zephyrs play,
And, when it farther from our orb retires,
Old Vulcan smiling lights his chearful fires.
Hither the jolly hunter's crew resort,
Talk o'er the day, and re-enjoy their sport.
Here too, with brow unbent, and chearful air,
The mighty statesman oft forgot his care ;
Knew friendship's joys, and still attentive hung
On Pelham, Edgecumbe, Devonshire, or Yonge ;
In senates form'd or private life to please,
There shar'd his toil, and here partook his ease.

* George the first on horseback. W.

Here be thy stay, my Muse, though pleas'd, not long,
 Thy sister Painting claims again my song,
 Where thron'd in state the goddess we descry,
 As the gay gallery opens on our eye.
 Here in her utmost pomp well-pleas'd she reigns,
 Nor weeps her absent Rome or Lombard plains;
 Here the great master's genius still survives,
 Breathes in the paint, and on the canvas lives.
 Whate'er in Nature's forming power is plac'd,
 Fair to the eye and luscious to the taste,
 Is by our cheated sense with joy perceiv'd,
 Nor but by touching are we undeceiv'd.
 Pausing, and loth to be convinc'd, we stand,
 Lest the fair fruit should suffer from our hand,
 Lest the press'd plum our ruder touch should own,
 Or swelling peach bewail its injur'd down;
 Lest dare we to the fish or fowl draw near,
 Though tempting, strongly guarded they appear;
 Frighted we scarce can brook the horrid looks
 Of dogs, and snarling cats, and swearing cooks*.
 What strokes, what colours, Snyders could command!:
 How great the power of Rubens' daring hand!
 Immortal Rubens! whose capacious mind,
 Of the vast art to no one part confin'd,
 Pierc'd, like the sun's quick beam, all nature through,
 And whatsoe'er the goddess form'd he drew.
 See! Mola † next the Roman deeds displays,
 That bids our hearts be patriot as we gaze.

* The four markets, by Rubens and Snyders. W.

† The stories of Curtius and Cocles, by Mola; born 1609, died 1665. W.

Here Julio's * wondrous buildings still appear,
 And swelling domes still seem to rise in air.
 Great shade of Poussin †! from the Muse receive
 All the renown a verse, like hers, can give.
 Genius sublime! to reach thy soaring praise,
 A Muse like Maro's should renew her lays;
 Rival of Raphael! such thy wondrous line,
 'Tis next to his; and only not divine.

Ye maids, employ'd in spotless Vesta's fight,
 Lend me a beam of your eternal light;
 Full on yon' picture throw the sacred ray,
 And high imperial chastity display †.
 See! the great Roman, on his martial throne,
 Outdo whate'er in war his arms had done!
 See him rise far beyond a soldier's fame,
 And Afric's victor but a second name!
 Valiant and great he trod the field of blood,
 But here is virtuous, bountiful, and good;
 Resists the utmost power of female charms,
 Feels all their force, yet gives them from his arms,
 And, lord of all the passions of his breast,
 Defeats ev'n Love, and makes his rival blest.
 Wonderful strokes, that through the eye impart
 Such various motions to the human heart!

* A piece of architecture, by Julio Romano, born 1492, died 1546. W.

† Here are the stories of Scipio's continence, and of Moses striking the rock, by Nicolò Poussin, born 1594, and died 1665. W.

Through.

Through it a thousand floating passions move,
We pity, wonder, weep, rejoice, and love.

The moral tale thus exquisitely told,
His colours now diviner truths unfold;
At Horeb's rock in sacred awe we stand,
And pencil'd miracles our faith command.
The mighty law-giver his rod displays,
And the tough flint his potent touch obeys;
Quick into streams dissolves the solid stone,
And floats the waste with waters not its own.
See there the shrivel'd cheek, or languid eye,
Swell into health, or lighten into joy;
As eager crowding in the draught they join,
Reviving thousands bless the stroke divine.
But thou, fair damsel, with distinguish'd worth,
Emblem of filial piety, stand forth;
Forgot her own consuming inward fire,
She lifts untouch'd the vessel to her fire;
With the cool draught his heaving breast relieves,
And, as she soothes his pain, her own deceives.

With scenes too sad Salvator * strives to please,
Since what creates our wonder spoils our ease;
We give the wretched prodigal a tear,
And wish his kind forgiving father near.

As on Avernus' banks the hero stood,
Scar'd at the dreary darkness of the wood,

* A very capital picture of the prodigal son on his knees at prayers amidst the herd of swine, by Salvator Rosa, born 1614, and died 1673. W.

Till

Till through the leaves fair shot th' auspicious light,
 And with the branching gold reliev'd his fight;
 So rescued from the horrid scene we stand,
 By the sweet effluence of Guido's hand.
 Soft to the sight his every colour flows,
 As to the scent the fragrance of the rose.
 Pure beams of light around the virgin * play,
 Clad in the brightness of celestial day;
 Be as they may the broils of fierce divines,
 Pure and unspotted here at least she shines.

Thee too, Lorrain†, the well-pleas'd Muse should name,
 Nor e'er forget Domenichini's ‡ fame,
 But sudden sorrow stops the flowing line,
 And not one smile is found among the nine.
 Behold where all the charms || that Heaven could give,
 Blended in one sweet form still seem to live;
 Then sink to tears, nor stop the bursting groan,
 When thou art told that all those charms are gone.
 Relentless Death, still forcing to the grave
 The good, the fair, the virtuous, and the brave,
 Here the whole malice of his power put on,
 And aim'd a dart that slew them all in one.

* The famous picture, by Guido, of the doctors of the church disputing on the immaculate conception. Guido Reni, born 1575, and died 1642. W.

† Claud. Gille of Lorrain, born 1600, and died 1682. W.

‡ Domenico Zampieri, commonly called Domenichini, born 1561, and died 1641. W.

|| See the note in p. 203. N.

How fair, how good, how virtuous was the dame,
 A thousand hearts in anguish still proclaim,
 How brave her soul, against all fear how tried,
 Sad fatal proof she gave us when she died *.

Thou then, my friend, no farther verse demand,
 Full swells my breast, and trembling shakes my hand;
 And these sad lines conclude my mournful lay,
 Since we too once must fall to Death a prey,
 May we like Walpole meet the fatal day!

* The portrait of Catharine Shorter, first wife to Sir Robert Walpole. — The character on her beautiful tomb in Westminster Abbey deserves to be perpetuated;

“To the memory of Catharine Lady Walpole, eldest daughter
 of John Shorter, esq; of Rybrook in Kent, and first
 wife to Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of
 Orford,

Horace, her youngest son, consecrates this monument.

She had beauty and wit without vice or vanity,
 and cultivated the arts without affectation.

She was devout, without bigotry to any sect,
 and was without prejudice to any party,

Though the wife of a minister, whose power she esteemed,
 but when she could employ it to benefit the miserable,
 or to reward the meritorious.

She loved a private life,
 Though born to shine in public, and was an
 ornament to courts,
 untainted by them.

She died Aug. 20, 1737.”

P R O T H A L A M I U M,

B Y M R. W H A L E Y.

SUN, with light peculiar shining,
 Usher in the smiling morn,
 Round thy head thy glories twining,
 Bid th' auspicious day be born;
 Bid the Hours with nimblest paces
 Free and frolic to advance,
 And bid Venus lend her graces
 Tripping at thy wheels to dance.

Think how swift, when once a lover,
 Skimming o'er the plains you flew,
 When the charming cruel rover
 Bade a God in vain pursue.
 Think how deeply you were wounded,
 When you stretch'd your eager arms,
 And a lifeless trunk furrounded
 For your Daphne's sprightly charms.

By the pains with which you languish'd,
 By the joys you then desir'd,
 By the youth's impatient anguish
 Keen with expectation fir'd;
 Swiftly speed the Heavens over,
 But that happy minute rest,
 When you see a luckier lover
 By a fairer Daphne blest.

ODE TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,
ON HIS CEASING TO BE MINISTER.

FEBRUARY 6, 1741.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III.

BY SIR WILLIAM BROWNE*, KNT. M. D. F. R. S.

FROM WHALEY'S COLLECTION.

THE Minister that's brave and just,
True to his King's and Country's trust,
Defies the tyrant Faction;
Howe'er its many heads may stare,
Grown dreadful with a Gorgon air
Of general distraction.

Not threatening Barnard †, who commands
The restless city's furious bands,
And brandishes her dagger;
Not thundering Pulteney ‡, though he awes
The Senate to desert his cause;
His steady soul can stagger.

Th' impending storm, that louder grows
From shrinking friends and swelling foes,
Intrepidly he faces:
Untouch'd with guilt, he knows no fears,
And only greater yet appears,
Divested of his places.

* First settled at Lynn in Norfolk, and afterwards in Queen-square, London, where he died March 10, 1774, aged 82. See an Imitation of this Ode by Mr. Fenton, vol. IV. p. 39. and another by Mr. Walth (not Fenton), p. 43. D.

† Sir John Barnard, then lord mayor. N.

‡ Earl of Bath. N.

Thus

Thus Somers, for great service done,
Thus Marlborough, for realms o'er-run,
Were by their country treated ;
Who now quaff Nectar's flowing tide,
With just Godolphin by their side,
Celestially seated.

Thus our great founder William rose,
By opposition of his foes,
To his immortal glory :
Thus our brave George advanc'd to fame,
And still shall have Old Steady's name
In everlasting story.

George thus address'd his brother Gods,
Assembled in their blest abodes,
And Britain's fate debating :
“ Long have the Stuarts ceas'd to reign,
Since James's Priests and foreign Queen
Drove on his abdicating.

“ Soon as he from the Church withdrew
His grace, by solemn promise due,
And broke all limitation,
His forfeit crown, by just decree,
Was doom'd to William and to me,
To save a sinking nation.

“ The Bigot King shall now no more
Hold commerce with Rome's scarlet Whore,
And back her superstition ;
No more shall Stuart's perjur'd house
Britain's credulity abuse,
While plotting her perdition.

“ But

“ But foes, subdued, my pity meet,
 William’s fam’d Boyne gave one defeat,
 And my Dunblain another :
 My coward Cousin now I own,
 Since Scotland proves him James’s son,
 Whoever was his mother.

“ Nay, frauds forgotten, I ’m content
 He should be rank’d in right descent :
 Let but the British ocean
 Still roar between his sons and mine,
 And let the royal exiles reign,
 Where they can find promotion.

“ Since Tyranny has met its fate,
 And Liberty in church and state
 Now triumphs o’er its ruin ;
 Britain shall stand most truly great,
 And see her foes bow at her feet,
 For peace most humbly suing.

“ Her fleets shall all around proclaim
 To distant shores her dreaded name,
 In peals of British thunder :
 Cross from the Old World to the New,
 Their sails shall fly, her fame pursue,
 And fill both worlds with wonder.

“ Nor shall she seek for golden mines,
 That base alloy to grand designs,
 That stain to the victorious !
 Should heroes, after actions bold,
 Turn misers, and now thirst for gold,
 How must they fall inglorious !

“ No bounds shall check her conquering arms,
 Whenever a just cause alarms,
 And wrongs are to be righted :
 Nor scorching suns, nor freezing poles,
 Shall bar my Britons’ daring souls,
 When once to war excited.

“ But these great things that I relate
 Can only be her glorious fate,
 On this express condition :
 That with false zeal no more she burns,
 No more to Stuart’s race returns,
 And papal imposition.

“ To raise again that hated line,
 Should e’er a factious people join,
 Grown mad with too much freedom ;
 Again my Powers shall take the field,
 Again the coward Chiefs shall yield,
 And sword or axe shall bleed ’em.

“ Thrice should Rebellion rear her head,
 With front of brass, but heart of lead,
 Still bent upon restoring ;
 Before my sons thrice shall she fly,
 Thrice at their feet in vain shall lie,
 Wives for their lords imploring.”

But whither would my Muse aspire ?
 Forbear to tune the merry lyre
 To themes past thy attaining :
 For to attempt, in humble Odes,
 The acts of Heroes, speech of Gods,
 At best is but profaning.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MR. WHALEY.

THE cattle flock, the gilt machine,
 Along the verdant road,
 Moving in sprightly pomp were seen
 To take two belles abroad.

The one, good-natur'd Hymen's care,
 Late stole from Dian's grove,
 T'other, though as her sister fair,
 Yet knew not wedded love.

Serene and gay they roll'd along,
 Like goddesses at ease,
 The softly flowing streams among,
 And gently waving trees.

This, from whoe'er should meet her eyes,
 Her future empire plann'd;
 That smil'd, content to boast the prize
 She had already gain'd.

But oh! how soon the fairest scheme,
 Or best-form'd hope, is crost!
 Behold them at the park's extreme
 Stopp'd short. — The key was lost.

With rage, till then unknown, inflam'd,
 And vex'd, the matron-fair
 Her ever-careless footmen blam'd,
 Her keeper's over-care:

While the sad maid, in silent guise,
 With gently-sobbing breast,
 And big full overflowing eyes,
 Her soberer grief exprest.

Thus when the sky fierce lightnings rend,
 And thunders shake the plain,
 The sorrowful soft clouds descend
 In copious showers of rain.

Thus when Cassandra rag'd around
 And curs'd the foes of Troy,
 In beauteous sorrow on the ground
 Sate Helen weeping by.

At length cool Reason Passion sway'd;
 And the reflecting dame,
 Smiling, address'd the weeping maid,
 "Dear girl, we're both to blame.

Why should we fret, though thus confin'd?
 The prospects round we see,
 Sure more should please a thinking mind,
 Than scandal-raising tea.

Here then, beneath these verdant walls,
 At leisure let us roam,
 Till the returning evening calls
 To ease and joy at home."

"Of your philosophy, my dear,
 Quoth she, I give you joy;
 And were content — if like you there
 My time I could employ."

SONG. BY MR. WHALEY.

SWEET Solitude, that ev'n Despair canst charm,
 And of their force their sharpest ills disarm,
 Oh ! ease awhile the anguish I endure.

Ye Zephyrs, still more gently whispering blow;
 Ye Streams, with still a softer murmuring flow;
 And try at least to sooth what nought can cure.

Ye Nightingales, whose melancholy song
 Rolls on with pleasing sadness all night long,
 Lend me your notes to tell what I endure.

Ye Zephyrs, still more gently whispering blow;
 Ye Streams, with still a softer murmuring flow;
 And try at least to sooth what nought can cure.

And thou, cold Maid, if the dull winds, that bear
 My dying sighs, convey them to thine ear,
 Speaking the killing torments I endure;

Oh say, though hopes of love from thee are vain,
 Say thou canst pity an expiring Swain,
 And sooth at least the wounds you will not cure.

HORACE, B. IV. ODE III. BY THE SAME.

THE youth on whom Chloe deigns smile,
 And cast the warm beams of her eyes,
 Shall never leave Britain's fair isle,
 Nor aim at the warrior's prize.

Ostend shall not see the fond boy,
 Amidst the brave troops as they land,
 Her sons loudly shouting for joy,
 As Britons advance on the strand.

But Vaga's soft murmuring stream,
 And each verdant hill and grove,
 Shall give the fond youth all his fame,
 As he warbles out musick and love.
 And lo! the beaux fluttering throng,
 Bedaub'd all with powder and lace,
 While Chloe attends to my song,
 Withdraw, and with blushes give place.
 Apollo, as in the fam'd ring,
 And the Muses, are all in her eyes;
 Mute fish, if she bids them, would sing
 As sweet as the swan when she dies.
 How I ventur'd to sing, and could please
 By singing, if e'er 'tis enquir'd,
 The question is answer'd with ease,
 She bade me, and I was inspir'd.

1743.

ON THE TOMB OF LAURA.

FROM SANNAZARIUS. BY MR. WHALEY.

HAD heavenly beings been with tears supply'd,
 The Gods themselves had wept when Laura dy'd.
 Yet, what they can, see! Love and Venus show,
 She quench'd her torches, and he broke his bow;
 Though Gods and Men at thy sad fate repine,
 Nor Gods, nor Men, my life, feel grief like mine.
 Blest souls! that with thee to the shades repair,
 Elysium's doubly so, now thou art there.

T O A L A D Y,
ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF HER HUSBAND, 1740.

B Y M R. W H A L E Y.

AWAKE, fair bride, to this returning morn,
And hail the day on which thy lord was born;
But double let his salutations be,
Since to his birth he owes the bliss of loving thee.
Long may this be the subject of the Nine,
Nor other day with equal glory shine,
That one except which gave his hand to thine !
Ever with white may these distinct appear,
The fairest children of the rolling year !
Shine, Venus, shine on these profusely gay,
Ever on these, Lucina, shed thy ray ;
Sorrow and pain be ever from the fair,
And Love, blest bridegroom, Love be all thy care.
Joys which they fancy'd ne'er could be excell'd,
Still, still with streams of purer joys be swell'd.
As the fair rolling moons their influence shed,
To bless the labours of the nuptial bed,
Lend them, ye Powers above, a gracious ear,
And hear and grant a Friend's and Poet's prayer.

As the immense benevolence of Heaven
Can give my friend what yet it has not given,
As the excess of joy that fills his breast,
Can by some chosen gift be still increas'd,
As all that beauty, youth, and wealth, can give,
Will double lustre from an heir receive;
Deny not, Heaven, this dearest, last, best boon,
Blest with the parent's virtues send a son.

ODE BY MR. WHALEY,
ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF TWO FRIENDS.
IN IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

BRIGHT morning star, re-visit earth,
Nor give our joy delay,
Sacred to virtuous Friendship's birth,
Bright star, bring on the day.
Each nymph, each swain the day requires,
Come on, nor let us deem
Thou borrow'st, to bring on thy fires,
Boötes' lazy team.
When well thou know'st thou may'st command:
The swift Ledaean horse,
Pollux to thee would pleas'd descend,
And Castor urge thy course:
And wishing, void the boon of Jove,
Own these more wisdom show,
Who live, nor envy joys above,
Unparted friends below.
Come then, nor stop the eager Sun,
His fretting courfers neigh,
And bright Aurora's blush is on,
To usher in the day.
Nor Cynthia, nor night's stars will fade,
But, long ere they retire,
The happiest pair e'er Friendship made,
To shine on and admire.

Let

Let them then stand — with all his light

Be Phœbus far away,
In Cynthia's and in Nature's spite,
Our joy shall make the day.

SONG TO R. D. E. S. Q.

BY MR. WHALEY.

WHO has breath'd Heliconian air,
Or loiter'd on Pindus's side,
Gives to the wild winds all his care,
His grief to the full-flowing tide.

While his Muse and his Verse are his own,
Alike inattentive he hears
Elizabeth * mounting a throne,

Or Austria † sinking with fears.

Then, Phœbus, send down from thy choir

Sweet Clio, and thence let her bring

A song that would suit thy own lyre,

For such only Varus could sing.

To war if he tunes his loud voice,

Alcæus shall pay him with smiles;

Nor less shall soft Sappho rejoice,

Of tears when the nymphs he beguiles.

Nor envy him, though her pleas'd ear

His charmer doth ever incline,

But own, though his Daphne's as fair,

She's kinder and wiser than thine.

* The Czarina. D. † Queen of Hungary. D.

ON READING LORD BACON'S FLATTERY
TO KING JAMES THE FIRST.

BY MR. WHALEY.

YE, to whom Heaven imparts its special fires,
Whose breasts the wondrous quickening beam
inspires,

That sheds strong Eloquence's melting rays,
Or scatters forth the bright poetic blaze;
Look here and learn, those gifts how low and light,
If conscious Dignity not guides their flight,
How mean, when human Pride their service claims,
And Bacon condescends to flatter James!

EPITAPH ON CHARLES VI.
EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

FROM THE FRENCH. BY THE SAME.

THE last proud Austrian's tomb the eye surveys,
Too many for his honour were his days,
For his unhappy family too few,
While his false object was an heir in view.

His wisdom to his wretched child * has left,
(Of wealth, of power, of crown, at once bereft)
A doubtful kingdom, yet by war annoy'd,
And counsellors such as himself employ'd;
And, to support proud titles, vainly told,
Nothing she wants but fortune, friends, and gold.

* Queen of Hungary. D.

IN PRAISE OF WATER.

BY MR. WHALEY. 1736.

PERISH then Bacchus and his darling vine,
 And, bold Lycurgus, let thy task be mine,
 And freely I'll the Godhead's wrath endure,
 Whatever wounds he gives my theme can cure;
 And arm'd with Water I'll maintain the field,
 'Gainst him who made the earth-born giants yield.
 For sure Apollo will my cause avow,
 Who taught Castalia's temperate fount to flow,
 Who only drinks of Aganippe's stream,
 That knows no warmth but from his own pure beam.

Hail then, ye limpid streams, that sweetly glide,
 Daughters of Pinesley's ever-flowing tide.
 But from your fire in happy error speed,
 Pleas'd to be lost in Kingstand's * verdant mead;
 With you for fame while Mincio vainly strives,
 Since Maro's dead, but tuneful Gallus lives:
 And, as you sweetly murmuring glide along,
 Repays each murmur with a sweeter song;
 Nor is the price beyond the gifts you bring,
 Though sweet as Orpheus' self he tunes the string;
 Soft pleasures sport along the shores you lave,
 And health comes rolling on in every wave.

Let golden Tagus boast his flowing wealth:
 Base drops, what art thou, when compar'd with health?
 Let him too boast the vines that round him stand,
 And with their clusters redden all the land,

* In Herefordshire. D.

Bless.

Bless the near influence of the mid-day star,
 And think the grape inspires his sons to war.
 * Vain boast! for strangers would his vintage flow,
 And for proud Spain his purple harvests grow,
 Did not the temperate North its succour lend,
 And Britain's watery sons his realms defend.

Mistaken Bards of old in vain pretend,
 That drunken Bacchus was to Mars a friend;
 True courage needs no adscititious charm,
 Be the head coolest when the heart's most warm.
 No drunken hero e'er maintain'd his ground,
 'Twas Water kept Achilles free from wound;
 By that inspir'd, the naked Spartan stood,
 And made a second bath of hostile blood.

As vainly do their legends strive to prove
 That Bacchus is a powerful friend to Love,
 What should endear the swain to Venus' arms,
 But that fair element which gave her charms?
 How gain'd the rugged Mars the temperate Dame,
 But that from Thrace the temperate Godhead came?
 And who e'er Bacchus for a lover took,
 But one poor girl † whom all the world forsook?

Then to th' inspiring streams, ye swains, retire;
 'Tis Water gives the active youth desire,
 And, cool itself, gives heroes all their fire.

* These verses were made when Sir John Norris lay with
 the English fleet before Lisbon. W.

† Ariadne. D.

ON A YOUNG LADY WORKING GREEN SILK
ON A WHITE SATIN GROUND.

BY MR. WHALEY.

IN Winter's icy chains lies Nature bound,
And one cold whiteness covers all the ground,
'Till the gay Spring, on Zephyrs borne, is seen,
And the whole field is deck'd in sprightly green;
But where some snow-drops glittering still remain,
Heightening the lustre of the verdant plain.

And lo! how Nature is by Art exprest,
That silk, erst white and smooth as Lucy's breast,
Now stretch'd beneath her animating hand,
Breaks into flowers, and sprouts at her command,
And, delicately verdant, charms the sight,
But where her fingers touch'd it, shines more white.

MR. WHALEY TO A YOUNG LADY,
WHO PAINTS VERY WELL, BUT ALWAYS DRAWS
HER OWN SEX TO DISADVANTAGE.

INGENIOUS Fair, in whose well-mingled dyes,
Reflected charms delight our ravish'd eyes;
On whose soft pencil every beauty waits,
That Nature boasts, or happy Art creates:
Say, when thy fancy prompts thee to display
The blooming flowers that deck the youthful May.

Seek

Seek you not all that colours can supply
 To cheat our senses, and delude our eye;
 Strives not your every stroke with anxious pain,
 The whiteness of the lily to retain?
 Blot you not out the ill-united shades,
 If but one tulip on your canvas fades?
 And swells not with a conscious joy your breast,
 If in the happy glowing tints thou seest
 The downy blushes of the rose increast?
 Whence strive you then, to hurt your own fair kind?
 How came your injuries to them confin'd?
 Whence dares your pencil offer to disgrace
 Such looks as well might hint an Angel's face?
 What secret passion aids thy touch with spite
 To darken Chloe's brown, or taint Clarinda's white?
 Say, is it Envy guides thy faithless line?
 Can meagre Envy dwell in breasts like thine?
 With trembling dost thou Cælia's features trace,
 Or fear that Mira's smiles should thine disgrace?

Thy own fair self, mistaken charmer, view,
 Learn thy own power, and let thy paint be true.
 With kindly care thy happiest colours blend,
 And strive what Nature fairest forms to mend:
 From Chloe's eye bid keener lightnings flow;
 Teach Cælia's cheeks with softer red to glow:
 Still, still, bright nymph, unrival'd shalt thou shine.
 Thy paint is charming, but thy form divine.

MISCELLANY [221]
T O T H E S A M E.

BY MR. WHALEY.

WHEN some new-rising Beauty fills
With jealousy the virgin train,
Detraction vents the inbred spleen,
And whispers ease the rival's pain.
Not Mira so; with cruel skill
She calls the pencil to her aid;
Defames the Fair in effigy,
And libels with satyric shade.
Unable thus, with dazzled eyes
To bear the Sun's meridian beam,
With pride the gazing swain defies
His fainter image in the stream.
Beneath her figurative hand,
Chloe's all matchless beauties die,
And faintly languish, at her stroke,
The little loves in Cælia's eye.
As criticks o'er some ancient page,
Injurious she to Beauty's worth,
O'erlooks each bright diviner grace,
And calls each imperfection forth.
With pity and with anger mov'd,
The partial likenesses we deplore,
And wish the picture we survey
Or less resemblance had, or more.

But

But cease, fond nymph, and ask thy heart
 If that such injuries could brook,
 Should e'er thy beauteous self be shown
 Less killing by a single look?

Should thy false maid or ill-bred glass,
 One dimple or one smile bely,
 Say, would not Betty strait be chid,
 Thy mirror thrown in anger by?

Be then to every rival just,
 And since thy lips disdain to wrong,
 Let not thy gentle hand revile,
 But learn a virtue from thy tongue.

'Twere nobler for each rival face
 With more than native charms to crown,
 Thy utmost art can ne'er pourtray
 A form more lovely than thy own.

T O T H E S A M E L A D Y.

BY MR. WHALEY.

IN vain, fair nymph, thy pencil would disgrace
 The bloom of Cælia's, or Clarinda's face;
 Against thy will thou charm'st our ravish'd eyes,
 And what thy envy prompts, thy skill denies.
 By one judicious stroke inform'd, we guess
 Whose form inspir'd the malice of the piece;
 Nor all thy lessening colours can suggest
 Can force the sweet idea from our breast,
 We see 'tis ————— and forget the rest.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE VIII.

IMITATED BY MR. WHALEY.

THE golden tripod should thy worth receive,
 The polish'd brass, and marble bust I 'd give,
 The great rewards to Grecian heroes known,
 Such as bold Theron gain'd, and Chromius won.
 If Phidias' powerful touch I could command,
 Or Zeuxis' pencil grac'd my forming hand.

But thee the Muses stronger power delights,
 Thy listening ear the flowing verse invites,
 That Phœbus prompts, or tuneful Pope indites.
 Me too the nymphs of Pindus' grotto's fire,
 Me, though the last of all their train, inspire;
 Their mighty lasting influence I know,
 And their immortalising power can show.
 Not all that brass, or stone, or paint, can give,
 By which again departed heroes live;
 Great Cæsar's triumphs still expos'd to view,
 Scipio's fair laurels springing ever new,
 Perpetuate not so sure the warrior's praise,
 As the kind meed of Heliconian lays.
 Should not auspicious verse the memory guard
 Thy name, thy virtue, were without reward.

The man whose worth the civic wreath has gain'd
 By lands from slavery freed, or laws maintain'd,
 The Muse establishes for e'er the same,
 Rescues from Death, and consecrates to Fame.

Thus what th' ungrateful populace deny,
 The Muse to Nassau's virtue shall supply.

Long

Long ages hence in Prior's happy line,
Namur shall blaze, and purple stain the Boyne.

Destructive time may sink proud Blenheim's dome,
And Woodstock's pleasing bowers forget to bloom;
Yet nought shall Marlborough's settled fame survive,
'The Muses' "Blenheim" * shall for ever live.

IN PUELLAM SEPTENTRIONALEM.

BY MR. WHALEY.

Quanquam sub gelidis sit Virgo trionibus orta,
Delicias almi pectore veris habet.

Infecit candore cutem nix; cætera flammâ,
Phœbe, vigent radios exuperante tuos.

TRANSLATED. BY A FRIEND.

THOUGH from the North the damsel came,

All spring is in her breast;

Her skin is of the driven snow,

But sun-shine all the rest.

ON THE STATUE OF A HEIFER.

FROM JOHANNES SECUNDUS.

BY MR. WHALEY.

GOOD friend, this message to thy owner bear,
That Myron stole me, and has fix'd me here.

* Lord Lyttelton's excellent poem under that title is
printed in the English Poets, vol. LVI. p. 19. N.

THESEUS AND ARIADNE.

BY MR. WHALEY.

A R G U M E N T.

Theseus, the valiant son of Ægeus king of Athens, for a long while knew not his father; till travelling into Attica, he by great fortune there discovered him. But soon after, out of a principle of honour, he left the Athenian court to go to Crete, on a dangerous expedition. Minos was king of that place, whose daughter Ariadne at first sight fell unhappily in love with the beautiful stranger; and assisted him in killing the Minotaur, a monster that was inclosed in the middle of a large labyrinth. It seems she presented him with a clue of thread, by which, after the conquest of the beast, he guided his steps back through the many windings of the grove. After this signal service, he promised to carry her with him to Athens; but in his passage home left her on a desert island called Dia. She prays all the Gods to avenge her; which they do, by making Theseus, when he comes within sight of Attica, forget to give the appointed signal of success at a distance, by which means Ægeus, thinking his son dead, threw himself into the sea, and perished. Ariadne was afterwards carried into Heaven by Bacchus, and made a constellation.

WHERE the rude waves on Dia's harbour play,
The fair forsaken Ariadne lay:

Here first the wretched maid was taught to prove

The bitter pangs of ill-rewarded love;

Here saw, just freed from a fallacious sleep,

Her Theseus flying o'er the distant deep:

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Wistful

Wistful she look'd, nor what she saw believ'd,
Hop'd some mistake, and wish'd to be deceiv'd :
While the false youth his way securely made,
His faith forgotten, and his vows unpaid.

At length she found her partial fears too true,
The well-known vessel lessening to her view ;
Then sick with grief, and frantic with despair,
Her dress she rent, and tore her golden hair.

The gay tiara, on her temples plac'd,
The fine-wrought cincture that her bosom grac'd,
The fillets, which her heaving breasts confin'd,
Are rent and scatter'd in the lawless wind.

The wretched fair regards them now no more,
Wash'd by the wanton surges on the shore.

Such trivial cares, alas ! no room can find,
Her dear deceitful Theseus fills her mind ;
For him alone she grieves the live-long day,
Sickens in thought, and pines her soul away.

Curst be the time when Theseus first from home
Reach'd the Gortynian tyrant's stately dome :
In that sad day what evils unforeseen

Were form'd in embryo by the Cyprian Queen !

The story goes, the Minotaur was fed
With human victims for Androgeos dead.

Forc'd by a sickness the Cecropians paid

This yearly tribute to the hero's shade :

The flower of Athens were compell'd to bleed,
For thus the cruel oracle decreed.

Till Theseus, to preserve his country's blood,
Himself devoted for the public good.

Forth for the Cretan coast he hoisted sail,
 Fleet sped his ship, and prosperous was the gale.
 Soon as to Minos' awful court he came,
 The princess saw him, and conceiv'd a flame.
 A grand pavillion on the ground there stood,
 Celestial odours issued from the wood;
 On this the royal fair repos'd her charms,
 Wrapt in th' embraces of her mother's arms.
 Such to the view the goodly myrtle seems,
 Which grows beside Eurotas' crystal streams;
 Thus beautiful the vernal flowers appear,
 That glad with gay variety the year.
 She sat and languish'd, nor her eyes withdrew,
 Till the whole frame the sweet contagion knew.
 O cruel boy, that aim'st the shafts of Love,
 And rul'st the Golgi and Idalian grove,
 You give no pleasure but has some alloy,
 And blend with trouble our sincerest joy.
 You first inspir'd with this unhappy flame
 The royal virgin for a foreign name.
 With what anxiety was she oppress'd,
 What tempests labour'd in her troubled breast,
 When her lov'd youth the monster met in sight,
 Resolv'd to conquer or to leave the light!
 As when a storm on Taurus' top descends,
 The waving oak or mountain pine it bends,
 At last the tree up-rooted, in its way,
 Bears all before it with impetuous sway;
 So the dread beast by Theseus taught to yield,
 Fell down reluctant on the bleeding field.

The conquering hero now returns with praise,
A clue directs him through the giddy maze;
Else his misguided steps would darkling rove
In the blind windings of the treacherous grove.
It now remains the virgin's flight to sing,
Her sudden leaving the afflicted king.
The mother mourn'd her child's unhappy case,
Her sister stopp'd her with a forc'd embrace:
But father, sister, mother, little mov'd,
Her all she yielded for the man she lov'd.
To Dia's fatal coast the lovers steer,
Perfidious Theseus leaves his mistress here.
Wrapt in deceitful slumbers while she lay,
The perjur'd lover basely stole away.
The nymph with cries ascends the mountain's height,
And o'er the distant ocean strains her sight,
A boundless tract: now in the sea she goes
Baring her knees, and sighing vents her woes.

“ Why did you take me from my father's hand,
To leave me, Theseus, in a foreign land?
Could you so soon my plighted faith despise,
And, perjur'd, dare the anger of the skies?
Did nothing in your breast persuasive prove,
No soft compassion melt your soul to love?
Ah me! far other promises you made,
Far other prospects to my view you laid;
The nuptial joys I hop'd and bridal day,
But envious winds have borne my hopes away.
Let now no woman trust in man again!
False is his promise, and his vows are vain.

When

When the strong passions riot unsupprest,
 Men promise largely with an open breast;
 But, soon as Love is with possession cloy'd,
 Their words they heed not, and their oaths are void.
 I sav'd your life and honour when at stake,
 And yielded up my brother for your sake.
 For this by beasts I now must die unmourn'd,
 No tomb to hide me, and no rites perform'd.
 Surely your race is not deriv'd from men,
 Some savage monster whelp'd you in her den;
 Some raging ocean in her bosom bore,
 Some Scylla suckled on her cruel shore;
 Who these returns bestow; who thus repay
 Your life defended in the fatal day.
 If your great father's orders you revere,
 And hence a foreign contract justly fear,
 You might at least have carried me a slave,
 A pleasing servitude is all I'd have.
 Though prince's born, yet humbly at your board
 I'd act th' officious handmaid to my lord;
 The bath prepare against you homeward sped,
 Adorn with purple the forbidden bed.
 But why lament I to the empty air?
 Can the winds answer, or the tempests hear?
 He that should listen is for ever lost,
 And there 's no creature on the dreary coast;
 For cruel fate has plac'd me here alone,
 Nor left one person to partake my moan.
 O that all-knowing Heaven had ne'er decreed
 The Cretan bull by Theseus' arm to bleed!

Happy, too happy, did I live, before
 The Grecian galley touch'd my native shore.
 I little thought in such a face was guile,
 Nor saw the mischief lurking in his smile.
 Now what 's to do? what wretched hopes remain?
 Shall I my father's kingdom seek again?
 No, there the earth still reeks with brother's blood,
 Nor can I pass the intermediate flood.
 Shall I then think my Theseus still is true?
 No, for the traitor basely fled my view.
 Cruel dilemma! could I get away,
 No hopes are left me, Death is in my stay:
 For neither dwellings nor companions here,
 No object glads the eye, nor voice the ear;
 But where I turn my wearied sight, there reigns
 A death-like horror o'er the silent plains.
 Yet I 'll not tamely die without relief,
 Nor let my just resentment melt in grief;
 But all the heavenly Powers conjure in death,
 And call down vengeance with my latest breath.
 Arise, ye Furies, from your iron beds,
 And rouse the snaky terrors of your heads;
 Rear each her ghastly front, wherein we find
 The baneful index of the latent mind;
 O list, attend to what my prayers require,
 'Tis justice prompts me, and my wrongs inspire;
 Hear then propitious, while I now impart
 The mournful dictates of a broken heart;
 Those ills which I from Theseus' hand sustain
 Return on his devoted house again!"

Fir'd with resentment thus the fair-one pray'd,
 And ample curses for her grief repaid.
 Just Jove above with pity saw her ill,
 And bowing ratified her cruel will;
 At which convulsions seiz'd the trembling ground,
 And all the frame of nature shook around.

Now Theseus, homeward as he wings his way,
 Forgets those fatal orders to obey,
 Which, when he first from Athens did depart,
 Were vainly treasur'd in his faithless heart:
 Nor once bethought his anxious fire to greet
 With the glad signal of his safe retreat.
 Fame sings that Ægeus, when his son with haste
 Urg'd his departure o'er the watery waste,
 Thus taught the youth, and as he spoke embrac'd: }
 " My son, than life more dear, since envious fate
 Divides so early what it join'd so late,
 And your too forward courage from me force
 Consent unwilling for your dangerous course,
 No happiness I 'll suffer, no delight,
 When your lov'd image leaves my longing sight.
 But every face a shew of grief shall wear,
 And you yourself no joyous token bear.
 I chief in sorrow will lament awhile,
 And in the dust my hoary hairs defile;
 Then on the mast a sable sail I 'll rear,
 To represent my grief and black despair:
 But if our guardian Goddess shall ordain,
 That by your hand the Cretan bull be slain,
 Then cautious heed, and let no length of days
 These weighty precepts from your breast erase.

When first you see again your native shore,
Change the black signal which your vessel wore,
And in its room let peaceful white arise,
A distant omen to my joyful eyes !”

To keep the words the youth in vain design’d,
They fled insensibly and left his mind ;
So fleecy clouds, that on some mount appear,
Melt by degrees, and vanish into air.
On a high rock that beetles o’er the flood,
With daily care the pensive father stood ;
And when he saw impatient from afar
The fatal signal floating in the air,
Thinking his Theseus was untimely slain,
He rashly plung’d himself beneath the main.

The son now suffers in the father’s fate,
And feels those sorrows which he gave so late,
When on the shore he left the nymph to mourn
Her love rejected, and her hopes forlorn.
To her relief the blooming Bacchus ran,
And with him brought his ever jovial train.
Satyrs and Fawns in wanton dances strove,
While the God fought his Ariadne’s love.
Around in wild distorted airs they fly,
And make the mountains echo to their cry.
Some brandish high an ivy-woven spear,
The limbs some scatter of a victim steer.
Others in slippery folds of serpents shine,
Others apart perform the rites divine
To wicked men denied. These tabors take,
These in their hands the tinkling cymbal shake ;

While

While many swell the horn in hoarser strain,
And make the shrill discordant pipe complain.

Thus the whole Isle in rural pleasure smil'd,
Their dances artless, and their music wild;
Yet did it all in happy concert meet,
Gay the confusion, and the discord sweet.
But Bacchus, now enamour'd with his prize,
Resolv'd to make her partner of the skies,
She sweetly blushing yielded to the God,
His car he mounted, and sublimely rode;
And, while with eager arms he grasp'd the fair,
Lash'd his fleet tigers through the buxom air.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG BRIDE.

B Y M R. W H A L E Y.

WHEN youthful charms are blasted in their bloom,
And wit and beauty sink into the tomb,
'Tis just for every friendly heart to share
The father's anguish, and the husband's care;
Then let none wonder at a stranger's sighs,
And tears that flow from sympathetic eyes;
So great a loss, unknown to all relief,
Claims the free gift of universal grief.

Oh! fate severe! when piety can't save
The destin'd fair-one, from the cruel grave!
She, in whom Nature's noblest gifts combin'd,
A graceful person and a lovely mind,
In all the pride of youth resign'd her breath,
An early victim to devouring death.

Hence

Hence learn, ye fair, nor too much prize your charms;
None can resist this gloomy tyrant's arms.
How should vain beauty hope his wrath to stay,
When such transcendent goodness fell a prey!
See, each revolving sun, some sudden blow
Gives a new triumph to th' insulting foe.
Where's then the shape so exquisitely true?
The snowy brightness, and vermillion hue?
When rueful Death has once a conquest made,
The lilies wither, and the roses fade:
From the pale face the laughing Graces fly,
And Loves, that wanton'd in the sparkling eye.
But conscious Virtue scorns his short-liv'd power,
Our only succour in the fatal hour:
This calm'd each terror, and remov'd each fear,
From the fair faint, her dissolution near.
She, when Death call'd, attended undismay'd,
And the quick summons chearfully obey'd,
With patience underwent the bitter strife,
The last best duty of a well-spent life.
So may the gayest at the park or play
Be by to-morrow's dawning snatch'd away,
And from the sprightly ball or masquerade,
Sleep in the marble's cold embraces laid.
For soon or late at the appointed day
We all must tread this melancholy way.
Then happy they, who quit this irksome state,
Ere they know Vice, or feel the storms of Fate.
Such this bright pattern in the bloom of age
Left all the tumults of this mortal stage;

And

And though so short her dwelling was with man,
With ample virtues fill'd her narrow span.
Why shed we then unprofitable tears,
For one so old in works, though green in years?
Lament the sinner's short-liv'd date, betimes
Snatch'd in the May-day of his blooming crimes;
Whose unrepented follies well might bear
Ages and sighs and penitential prayer.
Who knows what evils Fortune had in store,
Had Heaven not sent her to a safer shore?
In Death we find a haven lull'd in peace,
Where the winds deaden, and the tempests cease.
Here she enjoys, from trouble ever free,
The unmov'd calmness of a summer's sea.
Here malice sleeps, the lying tongue is still,
No envious power to thwart her pious will.
Add those precarious ills that she has fled,
By a quick passage to the silent dead;
Distempers rising from fallacious food,
And poisons lurking in the tainted blood;
The slow consumption and rheumatic pains,
The fever raging in the throbbing veins;
Then render thanks to Heaven, that let her go
So young, so virtuous, from a state of woe.

ON A WASP'S SETTLING ON DELIA'S ARM.

BY MR. W H A L E Y.

HOW sweetly careless Delia seems !
 Her innocence can fear no harm,
 While round th' envenom'd insect skims,
 Then settles on her snowy arm.

Ye fluttering beaux and spiteful bards,
 To you this moral true I sing ;
 Sense join'd to Virtue disregards
 Both Folly's buzz, and Satire's sting.

LOOKING ON A TOMB-STONE.

BY THE SAME.

THE INTERRED SPEAKS.

AND so with look inquisitive you muse
 On the cold earth that close environs me,
 Pleas'd that thyself art free — but ah ! how long
 Who knows, when he who rais'd thee into being,
 May check his mighty voice — his voice, thy frame
 Solely supporting, and permit the dust
 Again into its moulder'd state to drop !
 Yet not for aught that Power Almighty can,
 Or human imbecillity can not,
 Doth the fool-wicked stop his wild career,
 But boldly impious pushes still his course,
 Till Death, the last dread monitor, intrudes.
 Away, repent, and be for ever wise !

O N C H A R I N U S,
THE HUSBAND OF AN UGLY WIFE.

FROM JOHANNES SECUNDUS.

BY MR. WHALEY.

YOUR wife's possess of such a face and mind,
So charming that, and this so soft and kind,
So smooth her forehead, and her voice so sweet,
Her words so tender, and her dress so neat;
That would kind Heaven, whence man all good derives,
In wondrous bounty send me three such wives,
Dear happy husband, take it on my word,
I'd give the D——l two, to take the third.

TIBULLUS, BOOK I. ELEGY I.

BY THE SAME.

LET numerous acres others hopes employ,
Let heaps of hoarded gold give others joy,
Whom neighbouring Fear for ever keeps awake,
Or whose short slumbers early trumpets break;
Let ease, by poverty begot, be mine,
While on my hearth the scanty faggots shine,
And my own hand sets down the swelling vine.
Let but each year afford me fresh supplies,
And faithful to my hopes my crops arise;
For to each stock or stone I bend my brow,
That bears the hallow'd, though neglected, bough;

And

And the first fruit with which my branches nod
Falls ever sacred to the rural God.
Nor be the gift to Ceres' temple small,
But the full sheaf hang trembling on the wall;
And in the garden let Priapus stand,
To scare the birds with his red threatening wand.
Ye too, once guardians of a happier plain,
Now scarce employ'd to watch my small domain,
Ye Lares, yet ye shall your rites obtain.
Then the fat calf before your altars bled,
Suffice it now that the lamb's blood be shed;
An ample victim from my lessen'd mead.
The lamb, round whom the rustic lad and lass
Shall briskly trip it o'er th' unbending grass,
And Io! Ceres, sing, and crown the sparkling glass.
Content I live now on the humble plain,
Nor envy toilsome riches got with pain;
While the palm guards me from the dog-star's heat,
And the cool stream runs murmuring at my feet.
Without a blush I oft bear home the lamb,
Shivering and cold, forsaken of its dam;
Nor sometimes scorn to hold the ploughman's rein,
And force the oxen through the stubborn plain.
Oh! spare, ye wolves, and thieves, my little stock,
Your appetites require the rich man's flock.
To shepherd Pan I sacrifice each year,
And the next shrine to peaceful Pales rear,
On humble tables serv'd, and earthen ware:
On earthen ware, such was the ancients' way,
And such they fashion'd oft the yielding clay.

I ask nor gold nor silver on my board,
Nor barns with corn by thrifty grandfires stor'd ;
Let my small table be but neatly spread,
And give me, Gods, a clean, though homely bed ;
And in my arms when charming Delia lies,
Let the sea roar, and blustering winds arise,
Her breasts my port, my guardian stars her eyes. }
How sweet those furious blasts and tempests prove,
That make each kiss come warmer from my love !
How do thick showers improve my silent joy,
And aid the sleep they threaten to destroy !
This be my fate.—Wealthy the wretch should be
That bears the wind, and rain, and raging sea.
Rather be lost all wealth; all India burn,
Than any nymph should for my absence mourn.
In dreadful war let great Messala shine,
And on the land or main his battles join ;
Me the soft fair agreeably detains,
A captive blest, I triumph in her chains.
Thee only, Delia, thee I seek, not fame,
To live with thee I'll bear a coward's name.
May I thy face in my last hour behold !
May I thy hand with dying farewell hold !
Thou'lt weep and place me, Delia, on the pyre,
And with thy tears a while retard the fire :
Thou'lt weep, I know thy gentle soul, my fair,
No senseless steel, no rugged flint dwells there.
From that sad dirge no youth unmov'd shall go,
No nymph not bear away a friendly woe.

But

But moderate then thy sorrow, oh my fair,
 Nor strike in grief thy swelling breasts, nor dare
 To violate thy cheeks or flowing hair.
 Come then, let's sport, my Delia, while we may,
 Our hours, though unobserv'd, fly swift away,
 And love and revels ill become the grey.
 Gay sportive Venus now demands our time,
 While blood flows warm, and youth is in its prime;
 While in the dance unblushing we appear,
 Or o'er the flowing bowl the rising morning cheer.
 A foldier brave, or captain, here I stand,
 Here fight with pleasure, here with pride command.
 Far off, ye drums and trumpets, bear your sounds,
 And give Ambition what it wishes, wounds;
 Give it wealth too — blest with my little store,
 Secure in competence, I ask no more
 Than to scorn wealth, and not be counted poor.

TIBULLUS, BOOK IV. ELEGY II.

BY MR. WHALEY.

GREAT Mars, see Delia bowing at thy shrine;
 To gaze on her, leave, leave thy seats divine;
 Not Venus self can blame thee, yet beware,
 Lest, as you gaze, you drop the threatening spear,
 And the soft Maid subdue the God of War.
 In her bright eye Love lights his double fire,
 When he would fill immortals with desire.
 Whate'er she does, where'er her feet she turns,
 Grace lurks beneath her steps, and every act adorns.

How

How graceful flows her loose dishevel'd hair !
 Nor less the twisted locks become the Fair.
 She fires if purple vestments round her flow,
 She fires in garments emulating snow.
 Thus decks Vertumnus the celestial hall,
 Grac'd with a thousand robes, and adding grace to all.

TIBULLUS, BOOK IV. ELEGY III.

BY MR. WHALEY.

YE furious boars, that haunt the shady grove
 Or dreary plain, O spare my youthful love,
 Nor whet your tusks against my charming boy ;
 Thou, Cupid, guard him for Sulpicia's joy.
 The love of sport has borne him far away :
 Perish, ye dogs ! ye forests, all decay !
 Is it not madness o'er the hills to roam,
 And bring thy tender hands all mangled home ?
 Can it be sweet to pierce the thorny wood,
 And stain thy beauteous legs with starting blood ?
 Yet, might I my Cerinthus' pleasures share,
 Nor hills, nor woods, nor thorns, nor wounds, I'd fear.
 Careful I'd search the stag's uncertain way,
 And loose the eager dog upon his prey ;
 Then, then the woods should truly pleasant prove,
 Ev'n 'mid the toils I'd grasp my manly love ;
 And the rough boar should pass unheeded by,
 His safety owing to our thoughtless joy.

But though thy sports, my love, exceed my charms,
 Oh ! take no other mistress to thy arms !

At Dian's shrine his vows the sportsman pays;
 Chaste then, like hers, for ever be thy ways.
 And oh! if any shameless nymph shall dare
 Joys, due to me alone, by stealth to share,
 Her guilty limbs may hungry tigers tear!
 But come, my love, my charmer, come away,
 To others gladly leave the rural prey;
 To others leave the dusty dangerous field,
 More joy the narrow space of these fond arms can yield.

THE LOVER'S CHARM. BY MR. S.

FROM THE GROVE.

TOSS thrice these oaken ashes in the air,
 And three times three tie up this true love's-knot,
 Three times sit down in this enchanted chair,
 Thrice murmur low, "She will, or she will not."
 Go, burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
 This cypress, gather'd at a dead man's grave;
 These screech-owl feathers, and this prickly briar,
 That all thy thorny cares an end may have.
 Then come, ye Fairies, dance with me around,
 Dance in this circle, be my love the centre;
 Melodiously breathe out a charming sound,
 Melt her hard heart, that some remorse may enter.

In vain are all the charms I can devise,
 For Cælia straight can break them with her eyes.

T O T H E K I N G *.

BY THOMAS FLETCHER †, B. A.

FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

NO rest, no leisure, to the breathless Muse,
 No respite, mighty Monarch, you allow;
 As if your conquests might be sung by us
 With as much ease as they are gain'd by you.
 But where, ah! where's that finewy son of Wit,
 Who can sufficient strength for verse supply,
 If each bold foe fresh triumphs must beget,
 And you subdue as fast as they can fly?
 If to each vanquish'd realm a verse be due
 (And sure a vanquish'd realm deserves no less),
 The Nine must yield themselves o'er-power'd too,
 And but by silence publish your success.

Methinks

* William the Third. D.

† Also possessed of the donative of Fairfield, Somerset.
 He published in 1692 (when B. A.) a small volume of
 "Poems on several Occasions, and Translations; wherein the
 "first and second Books of Virgil's *Æneis* are attempted in
 "English;" from which the above is selected. He was af-
 terwards second master of Winchester school. He had three
 sons; viz. 1. Thomas, D. D. fellow of All-Souls College,
 Oxford, who, going as chaplain to Ireland with the third
 duke of Devonshire in 1737, was appointed dean of Down,
 and afterwards successively advanced to the bishopricks of
 Dromore and Kildare. He died at Dublin in 1761. —
 2. Philip, M. A. fellow of New-College, Oxford, and mi-

Methinks with ease and pleasure we could pay

To your great name a yearly tax of wit:

But, ah! who knows what years to come may be?

Alas! there's a whole world unconquer'd yet.

When, disentangled from domestic war,

The full strength of your arm shall there be shown,
Where our third Edward, and fifth Henry where?

You, greater hero, have more wonders done!

Then monthly, daily conquests must engage

Our pens, till all the fund of wit be spent,

Till we sit dumb, and, like impoverish'd age,

In vain our past extravagance repent.

Accept then, happy Prince, our grateful praise,

For mighty deeds which you alone could do;

Accept the only trophies we can raise

For dangers you alone could undergo:

nister of Rumford in Essex, where he kept a private school, and had the honour of educating lords Frederick and John Cavendish, Sir Charles Gresham, &c. till promoted by his brother in Ireland to the treasurership of Dromore, to which afterwards was added the deanry of Kildare. He died in 1765. Three or four of his poetical pieces shall be inserted; and "Nature and Fortune," in the third volume of Doddsley's Collection, we are assured, was by him. — And 3. William, LL.D. also fellow of New College, and master of the school there, who was preferred in Ireland to the rectory of St. Mary's, Dublin, and on his brother Philip's death was also chosen dean of Kildare. He died in 1771. A posthumous volume of his Sermons was published at Dublin, for the benefit of his widow. D.

Witnefs that dreadful, yet that lucky day,
 When random deaths undreaded round you flew,
 When one bold ruffian-shot, as through the fky
 It took its flight, durst aim itfelf at you.
 But the wing'd fate your guardian angel faw,
 And with officious hafte he put it by,
 Yet let a gentle ftroke * the danger fhew,
 Left the kind office fhould unheeded die.
 Soon as the difmal chance was whifper'd round,
 The legions trembling flood, and fcarce drew breath,
 As if the army had receiv'd a wound,
 And from your bruife each man had fear'd his death.
 Fate in all other fapes they could defpife,
 (To kill and die their pleafure and their trade);
 But now their fouls unufual horrors feize,
 Death, their great mafter, in this form they dread.
 But when next morn you led them forth to fight,
 Fearlefs and chearful march'd th' embattled hoft,
 Refolv'd that flaughter'd enemies, ere night,
 Should pay large intereft for the blood you loft.
 But what bold Mufe fhall fing that glorious day,
 When, led by Fame through Boyne's rebellious flood,

* On the fame occafion archbifhop Tillotfon, taking notice, in a fermon, of Lewis the Fourteenth's unprincely manner of infulting over King William when he believed him to have been flain, obferved, that "no mortal man ever
 "had his foulder fo *kindly* *kiffed* by a cannon bullet." A piece of falfe eloquence, which, though not ufual in his Grace's writings, gave Dr. South, no friend to him or his memory, the advantage of animadverting upon it as a *peculiar ftain of rhetoric*. D.

Though foes and nature did obstruct your way,
 Ev'n foes and nature you at once subdued?
 These rival nations from your royal breath,
 Dreading repulse, did wounds and dangers crave;
 From you each begg'd the foremost place in death,
 And almost envy'd foes the wounds they gave.
 In vain they begg'd; you chose yourself, and led
 The glowing troops where thickest dangers lay;
 The doubtful enemy half fought, half fled,
 Asham'd to live, and yet afraid to die.
 O! what a scene of blood did then appear!
 Death too that day a mighty conquest gain'd;
 Thick widow'd souls fled trembling through the air,
 As if another death behind remain'd.
 Malicious spirits throng'd the upper air,
 Their nostrils with fat steams of blood to feast;
 The King of Terrors reign'd unquestion'd there,
 Mere carcases his settled power confest.
 But here did Fate its work unfinish'd show,
 Imperfect life lay struggling through the wound;
 The groaning soul curs'd the too gentle foe,
 The body spurn'd, and champ'd the purple ground.
 Let others sing how you with angry haste
 Pursued your conquest o'er the bloody plain;
 Pursued as long as rage and day did last,
 As long as foes were found who dar'd be slain.
 Stay thou, my Muse, and drop a pious tear
 Where by bold hands the aged General* lies;

* Frederick duke of Schomberg, killed July 1, 1690. He was buried in Saint Patrick's cathedral; and honoured with an epitaph by Swift. See English Poets, vol. XL. p. 225. N. There

There let fresh garlands flourish all the year,
 And o'er his tomb eternal laurels rise.
 The aged General, who, train'd-up in war,
 Grown old in fights, yet none successfuls knew;
 And now his fall indecent would appear,
 But in the field, and when victorious too.
 And now proceed! the conquering King attend;
 But lo! he's gone; like lightning cuts his way;
 See Fame herself lies panting far behind,
 And only Conquest bears him company.
 Whither, great Prince, ah! whither would you press?
 Stake not that life against a worthless foe,
 For which all kingdoms were too mean a price;
 England has all she asks, while she has you.
 Yet you for us uncertain chances prove,
 To fame through toil and danger force your way;
 Though here soft ease, and a fond people's love,
 And a yet fonder Princess, court your stay;
 A Princess, worthy partner of your throne,
 No ornamental burthen, useless pride;
 A Princess you, ev'n warlike you, may own,
 Who can your cares, as well as joys, divide.
 You here in soft vicarious ease might sit,
 And dictate battles from a lazy throne;
 You by vicarious courage might grow great,
 And crown your front with laurels not your own.
 But greatness you through arduous paths pursue,
 You share in danger, as in fame, require,
 And scarce your health its needful care allow;
 Your people's ease is all that you desire.

So the kind Sun, with never-ceasing toil,
 Large journeys takes, its blessings to dispense;
 But the dull Earth sits idle all the while,
 And undisturb'd enjoys its influence*.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF A BEAU.

IN IMITATION OF OVID.

BY PHILIP FLETCHER†, M. A.

FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

CÆLIA, a rural nymph, but wondrous fair,
 Each shepherd's wish, and Venus' chiefest care,
 For scornful Fopling felt a lover's flame;
 But what she felt, her sex forbade to name.
 If fondness (much as modest nymphs may show)
 Could win to tender love a scornful beau;
 If eyes have language (and I've heard in love
 The fair-one's eyes have eloquence to move);
 Ten thousand times fair Cælia spoke her pain,
 Ten thousand times the fair-one spoke in vain.
 But, ah! how hard a scornful beau to move,
 When courted by the fair to tender love!
 Fopling with pride her captive beauty view'd,
 Beauty which none but Fopling e'er withstood.

* This may be poetry, but is not philosophy, favouring more of the Ptolemaic than the Copernican system: as we know, *vice versa*, that the Earth "takes large journeys," and the Sun, in a manner, "sits idle." D.

† Second son of the former writer, afterwards dean of Kildare, &c. See p. 243. D.

Full

Full well he knew the ardent maid's intent,
 And what those eyes, and what that fondness meant;
 Yet could that fondness and those eyes behold,
 Yet be perversely dull, unmov'd, and cold:
 Till thus the nymph, with indignation fir'd,
 Nor more by rage than flighted love inspir'd,
 In angry tone rebuk'd the heedless beau,
 Who such contempt for such a nymph could show:

“ And is it thus you treat a tender maid,
 Is thus my fondness, thus my love repaid?
 Obdurate man! I was not wont to sue,
 Nor ever knelt to any swain but you.
 No; at my feet would prostrate Damon lie,
 And on his Cælia gaze with wishful eye;
 At Cælia's feet has suppliant Thyrsis bow'd;
 And gay Damætas, 'midst the rival crowd,
 Ador'd fair Cælia as a power divine,
 An altar rais'd, and call'd it Cælia's shrine.
 Thus reign'd I long the mistress of the plain,
 Envy'd by nymphs, and lov'd by every swain;
 Till, most ungrateful, but resistless man!
 From seeing thee, my harder fate began.
 And canst thou still refuse my proffer'd love?
 And has poor Cælia lost her art to move?”

Thus spoke the nymph; and thus, with usual pride
 And usual sense, the scornful beau reply'd:

“ What babbling's this!—impertinence of chat!
 Of love, shrines, shepherds, nymphs, and Gad knows
 what!
 Pr'ythee, fond girl, give o'er this odious tale,
 Nor think thy rustic charms can e'er prevail.

What

What fancies to the mind can pride impart?
 And canst thou hope to win Sir Fopling's heart?
 No; let thy Strephons and thy Damons die;
 Thou may'st be wondrous fair in Thyrsis' eye,
 But, for a beau to love!—In faith, not I.” }

He said; and rapt his box with scornful air,
 Turn'd lightly on his heel, and left the fair;
 Who thus in tears invok'd the Powers above,
 But most besought the gentle Queen of Love.
 “Venus! if e'er you view'd an injur'd maid,
 If pity e'er your tender breast essay'd,
 At length attend to injur'd Cælia's prayer,
 By instant death remove this anxious care,
 Or punish him who caus'd my sad despair.
 Destroy that form, ye Gods, whence sprung my grief,
 And let revenge supply sincere relief!” }

Thus ardent pray'd the nymph, nor pray'd in vain;
 The Powers of Heaven consent. The Paphian queen
 Swift to her aid descended in a cloud,
 Which might from mortal ken the goddess shroud;
 A powerful phial in each hand she bore,
 Charg'd with black poison from Cocytus' shore.

Just then Sir Fopling at his mirror stood,
 And thus bespoke the image that he view'd:
 “Sure from those eyes no mortal nymph can fly,
 The luckless fair that views them once must die.
 Those lips, that shape, that mien, must surely move,
 (If e'er Adonis did) the Queen of Love.”

Venus o'erheard his boast: “And, for thy pride,
 This instant lose that boasted form,” she cry'd;

“Hence

“Hence (if a goddess may aright presage)
Pent in the narrow confines of a cage,
Thou, by whose pride so many nymphs despair,
Shalt live the toy, the pastime of the fair.”

Quick o'er his limbs the powerful juice she threw,
As quick the sudden transformation grew.
At first how startled was the beau, to see
In various colours glow his smart toupee!
Fast to his head it grew; and, as he strove
With eager arms the wonder to remove,
To pinions chang'd his arms (for chang'd they were)
Bore the unthinking Fopling into air.
In talons lost, his feet forsake the ground,
His oval face, by sudden change, grew round.
Just in the midst, a horny beak took place,
And stood the crooked gnomon of his face:
Quick to a tail his length of ribbons grew,
But in the tail retain'd their various hue.
O'er every point the metamorphose ran,
And in a tawdry parrot hid the man.

Thus much could Venus to the outward frame;
His passions and his mind are still the same:
Still he delights in emptiness of show,
And chatters still by rote — like any beau.

INSPIRATION. ANACREONTIC.

BY MR. P. FLETCHER.

AS late in pensive mood I fate,
And dream'd of beauty and of state,
A sudden passion seiz'd my soul;
'Twas Love; and who can Love control?
With furious haste I snatch'd the pen,
Hemm'd twice—star'd round—then hemm'd again;
Rose from my chair, and cut a caper,
Threw by my gloves, then seiz'd the paper;
Sate down: "and now, ye powers," said I,
"'Tis done: far hence, ye vapours, fly;
No more shall Melancholy move,
I'll write of Beauty and of Love:
Venus and Hebe shall attend,
And Cupid be my dearest friend;
Mad from this instant will I be
With Beauty, Love, and Poesy.
But since to all the scribbling throng,
Before each Bard begins his song,
'Tis grown an universal fashion,
To beg and pray for inspiration,
In suppliant form (as Poets do),
To thee, Melpomene, I sue:
With all thy flames my breast inspire,
And fill me with poetic fire.
Fill me with raptures till I strain,
And burst with love at every vein."

I spake;

I spake; and thus the Muse reply'd,
 "To me, by Fate, that power's deny'd.
 If in such case you hope for aid
 From us, you quite mistake our trade.
 You Poets make no other uses
 Of us, poor girls, you call your Muses,
 Than just, when, in a scribbling vein,
 You snatch the pencil or the pen,
 With honest care to guide your hand;
 But if your wit be at a stand,
 Miss Jenny's * cheeks, and lips, and eye,
 Can more than all we Nine supply."

IN SOCIOS SENIORES COLL. *****

QUAM bene potando Seniores Dæmona fallunt!
 Scilicet, in ficcis ambulat ille locis.

PARAPHRASED BY MR. P. FLETCHER.

DRINK, says old Sophist, and then fear no evil,
 'Tis thus alone that we can cheat the Devil:
He walketh through dry places — this we know,
 And so keep *wetting* wherefoe'er we go.

* Miss Jenny Lambert, afterwards Mrs. Head. D.

TRUTH

T R U T H A T C O U R T.

B Y M R. P. F L E T C H E R.

NOW fie upon't! quoth Flattery,
 These are bad times indeed for me,
 Spurn'd by the man, and in the place
 Where least I thought to meet disgrace:
 And yet I said the finest things —
 "Thou young, but righteous, best of kings,
 Thou who —" abrupt he turn'd away,
 And with an air, as who should say,
 "Go shew that gentleman the door,
 And never let me see him more."
 Shock'd, I withdrew—when, to enhance
 My shame, I straightway saw advance,
 And take my very place, forsooth,
 That strange, old-fashion'd fellow, Truth.
 O! how it griev'd my heart to see
 The difference made 'twixt him and me!
 I of each sanguine hope bereav'd,
 He with a gracious smile receiv'd:
 And yet—(or greatly I mistake)
 The monarch blush'd whene'er HE spake;
 For he, though in a plainer way,
 Said every thing I meant to say *.

1761.

* The fulsome compliments that were paid his present majesty, at his accession, by some of his chaplains, and the manner in which they were received, occasioned the above. D.

H T U A T

T H E

THE CAUSE OF INCONSTANCY*.

BY SIR WILLIAM YONGE †, BART. K.B. LL.D. F.R.S.

HOW have I heard the fair lament
 Mens' falsehood, and their wretched fate!
 How few are with their spouse content!

O'er constant to their fighting mate!

How seldom souls below are join'd,
 For one another fram'd above!

How seldom pairs of hearts we find

By Heaven ordain'd for mutual love!

Thus

* This poem much resembles Dr. Watts's "Few happy Matches," English Poets, vol. XLVI. p. 217. (except that this is comic and that serious); on which the last Lord Lytton has some arch remarks in one of his letters. Sir William Yonge himself experienced the inconstancy of one of his ladies, and had a divorce. See p. 256. D.

† Sir William Yonge was representative for Honiton, in the first parliament called by King George I. and constantly served in the house of commons till his death. On the second of July 1717, he was appointed one of the commissioners for taking, examining, and stating the debts due to the army. On the second of April 1724, he was constituted one of the lords commissioners of the treasury, in which commission he continued till the accession of his late Majesty; and was elected one of the knights-companions of the Bath, on the revival of that most honourable order, in 1725. On the first of June 1728, he was made one of the commissioners of the admiralty, wherein he continued till May 11, 1730, when he was again made one of the commissioners of the treasury;
 and

Thus mens' inconstant souls they blame,
For want of knowledge, or of thought;

While all this while 'tis in the frame
Of both our bodies lies the fault.

When Jove had made this little ball
For four-legg'd beasts and creeping things,
At length he form'd, to govern all,
A two-legg'd creature without wings.

Millions

and in 1735 was constituted secretary at war, and sworn of his Majesty's most honourable privy-council. In July 1739, he was appointed custos rotulorum of the county of Carnarvon; in May 1746, one of the joint vice-treasurers of Ireland; and the same year was one of the committee of the house of commons for managing the impeachment against Lord Lovat; in 1747, he was elected to parliament for Bodmin and Tiverton, but took his seat for the latter. He was also ranger of Hampton Court. He first married Mary, daughter of Samuel Heathcote, of Hackney in the county of Middlesex, Esq. from whom he was divorced, without issue by her, 1724, and enabled, by act of parliament, to marry again. On Sept. 14, 1729, he married, secondly, Anne, daughter and coheir of Thomas Lord Howard of Effingham, by whom he had issue four sons and six daughters. He died August 10, 1755, and was succeeded in title and estate by his son, Sir George Yonge, the present baronet. He assisted Roome in writing a ballad opera, called "The Jovial Crew," acted at Drury Lane in 1731; and in his political character, if he did not possess the first-rate abilities, he was considered as an useful man by Sir Robert Walpole, with whom he was strictly united. The late Lord Chesterfield, who seems to have had some prejudice against him, represents him in a
very

Millions of these he made at once,
 To save himself all future trouble ;
 And men and women for the nonce
 By pairs, like tallies, he made double.

Then from Olympus' dreadful top,
 Well shaken in a bag together,
 He tofs'd them down, and let them drop
 Just as it pleas'd the wind and weather.

Some fell in Asia, some in Greece,
 In England some, and some in Spain :
 But seldom two of the same piece
 In the same climate met again.

Hence men, when grown in riper years,
 Remembering this their former making,
 Hunt up and down to find their pairs ;
 And women too in the same taking.

very unfavourable light. In the 273d letter to his son, he says, " Sir William Yonge, with not a quarter of your
 " parts, and not a thousandth part of your knowledge, has,
 " by a glibness of tongue singly, raised himself successively
 " to the best employments of the kingdom : he has been lord
 " of the admiralty, lord of the treasury, secretary at war,
 " and is now vice-treasurer of Ireland ; and all this, with a
 " most sullied, not to say blasted character." A song by
 Sir William is in the " Gentleman's Magazine" for 1736,
 p. 103 ; but the subject renders it improper to be inserted
 here. Those by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Sir
 William Yonge, in the sixth volume of Mr. Doddsley's Col-
 lection, are well known. N.

Some prove too short, and some too tall,

This is too big, and that too little;

A fault they're sure to find in all:

Few ever tally to a tittle.

By chance a pair may meet, and love,

And spend their lives in bliss together:

But when they tumbled from above,

It must be mighty temperate weather.

From hence the murmuring fair may see

Mens' hearts are not to blame one bit:

Our souls would never disagree,

If once our bodies did but fit.

SIR W. YONGE TO A LADY,

ON HIS RECEIVING A HURT IN ONE OF HIS EYES.

HOW vain are all the joys of man,
By nature born to certain sorrow,

Since none, not ev'n the wisest, can

Insure the pleasures of to-morrow!

These eyes, so late my envied boast,

By Cælia priz'd above all other,

See one, alas! for ever lost,

Its fellow weeping for its brother.

Yet still I'm blest, while one remains

To view my lovely Cælia's beauty;

Her looks will ease th' acutest pains,

With tenderest love and chearful duty.

Had

Had I for her in battle strove,
 The fatal blow I'd met with pleasure;
 And still, to prove my constant love,
 With joy I'd lose my single treasure.
 Ev'n then the beauties of her mind
 Would amply bless her faithful lover;
 He must be deaf, as well as blind,
 Who can't my Cælia's charms discover.
 Ev'n then I'd find one solid bliss,
 Which Heaven to me alone dispenses;
 Though deaf and blind, her balmy kiss
 Would ravish the remaining senses.

E P I S T L E T O M R. H.

B Y S I R W I L L I A M Y O N G E.

U N S K I L L ' D in Greek or Roman tongue,
 Which words are short, and which are long,
 To thee these home-spun lines I send,
 Not as a scholar, but a friend.

Here I might shew from wise example,
 In work elaborate and ample,
 That Homer, though he wrote in Greek,
 Wrote what his mother taught him speak.
 Horace and Virgil's learned Latin
 Was what, when boys, they us'd to prate in:
 That all fam'd Bards (except the Dutch,
 If ever there were any such)
 Have writ the poems they excel in
 In the same tongue they learn'd to spell in.

To thee alone, with greatest ease,
'Tis granted in all ways to please,
And, by a gift from heaven miraculous,
All linguas are to thee vernaculous ;
That Horace self had scarcely known
Thy thoughts or language from his own.

Many a lad returns from school,
A Latin, Greek, and Hebrew fool ;
In arts and knowledge still a block,
Though deeply skill'd in Hic, Hæc, Hoc.
Heavy they tread the up-hill way,
O'er craggy rocks and foundering clay,
Till, weary with their road, they stop
Just at the mountain's lofty top,
Still poring on the barren ground,
View not the beauteous prospect round,
Which hid behind the summit lies,
Conceal'd from low and vulgar eyes,
And which alone can amply pay
The toil and drudgery of the way ;
From hence they might with transport view
All that the ancient sages knew,
What they perform'd, and what they thought ;
How Tully spoke, and Cæsar fought :
While manners of a world unknown
Should guide their youth, and form their own :
While bright examples lead to fame,
And vicious teach to fly their shame.

Yet we might spare the mighty pains
In searching ancient dark remains,

Since

Since greater worthies rise at home,
And Britain scorns to yield to Rome.

Augustus' reign, renown'd for peace,
For learning, wit, and wealth's increase,
No more we envy, while our land
Is doubly blest from George's hand.
Ammon's success, and Cæsar's mind,
To form victorious Marlborough join'd :
Demosthenes' and Tully's fame
Must yield to Walpole's greater name ;
Faction and Strife, to hear his voice,
Are dumb, and cease their jarring noise ;
Whole senates bow their yielding minds,
Like woods before the southern winds :
Free from deceit and servile art,
He speaks the dictates of his heart ;
His tongue enchants, his counsel leads ;
Peace enters first, and Wealth succeeds :
His virtue 's through the land confest,
While thus he soothes us to be blest.

If to new scenes we turn our view,
And learning, arts, and wit pursue,
Our land can furnish men of fame,
T' eclipse the Greek and Roman name.

Locke shall instruct and form our youth,
And teach their understandings truth :
Vice shall look pale, and Virtue thrive,
Humanity and Friendship live,
While Addison our morals rules,
And proves all villains to be fools.

Newton shall lead our ravish'd souls
Through boundless worlds beyond the poles;
From star to star direct our way,
As certain, and as fix'd as they.
Examples were but vain, to prove
Our nation's boast, our country's love :
A land of patriots, brave and free,
While all mankind are slaves but we.
To what a height true wit can reach,
Let Waller and let Congreve teach.
And if we needs must write by rules,
Without th' assistance of the schools,
In flowing verse, and lines well wrought,
What Horace, what Quintilian thought,
(Join'd with a little mother-wit)
Roscommon and our Pope have writ.

'The Fair, who best the Muse inspire,
Who warm the heart, and tune the lyre,
Superior to all former dames,
Inhabit now the banks of Thames.
Th' Egyptian queen the ancients boast,
For whom the well-fought world was lost,
Tell me, dear H——, thou canst tell,
Thou know'st the dead and living well,
Could she her haughty charms compare
With her, who represents her here?
Old Homer's theme, the Grecian dame,
Who set whole nations in a flame,
No more had been the beauteous prize,
Had they beheld Lavinia's eyes ;

The Greeks for her alone had strove,
And Paris had been false to love.

Thus taught, and thus inspir'd, I write
What friendship, and what love indite;
Free from each modern witling's vice,
Envy, and slander, flattery, lies:
To please our pride, or gain our end,
Each jest should sacrifice a friend;
While one's ill nature joins to praise
What t'other's malice dully says.

In peace my harmless minutes pass
'Twixt business, beauty, and a glass;
Nor want I aught my soul to chear,
But thee, to join in pleasures here:
Thus may I live till life shall end,
And love my mistress, country, friend.

A PASTORAL BALLAD:

BY CHARLES HAMILTON LORD BINNING*.

DID ever swain a nymph adore
As I ungrateful Nanny do?

Was ever shepherd's heart so sore?

Was ever broken heart so true?

My eyes are swell'd with tears; but she

Has never shed a tear for me.

IF

* Son to the late earl of Haddington, and father of the present earl, and also of the present countess Stanhope. To a fine understanding, improved by an excellent education, he

If Nanny call'd, did Robin stay,
 Or linger when she bid me run?
 She only had the word to say,
 And all she ask'd was quickly done:
 I always thought on her; but she
 Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
 Have I not rose by break of day?
 When did her heifers ever fast,
 If Robin in his yard had hay?
 Though to my fields they welcome were,
 I never welcome was to her!

If Nanny ever lost a sheep,
 I chearfully did give her two:
 Did not her lambs in safety sleep
 Within my folds in frost and snow?
 Have they not there from cold been free?
 But Nanny still is cold to me.

joined all the engaging qualities of the heart; and, had he lived, would have been an ornament to his country. A tender constitution threw him into an early lingering decay, and the same distemper that robbed England of her Shaftesbury, deprived her sister nation of her Binning, and at the same place. He died at Naples, Jan. 25, 1732-3, regretted by all who knew him, near the tomb of that Roman poet whose writings he so highly admired, and whose manners he so nearly copied, leaving his father not long to survive his loss. Another poem by Lord Binning, intituled, "The Duke of Argyle's Levee, spoken by Col. Chartres," may be seen in Gent. Mag. 1740, p. 87. N.

Whene'er

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
 The ripest fruit was kept for Nan ;
 Oh, how those hands that drown'd her bees
 Were stung, I 'll ne'er forget the pain !
 Sweet were the combs, as sweet could be ;
 But Nanny ne'er look'd sweet on me.

If Nanny to the well did come,
 'Twas I that did her pitchers fill :
 Full as they were I brought them home,
 Her corn I carried to the mill.
 My back did bear her sacks ; but she
 Would never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
 I 'm sure they always had the best :
 Within this week her pidgeons have
 Eat up a peck of peas at least.
 Her little pidgeons kifs, but she
 Would never take a kifs from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo ?
 And Nanny still on Robin frown ?
 Alas ! poor wretch ! what shall I do,
 If Nanny does not love me soon ?
 If no relief to me she 'll bring,
 I 'll hang me in her apron-string.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND,
TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,
BEING THE CHARACTER OF A TOWN LIFE..
FROM FENTON'S COLLECTION.

AT last the grateful Muse presumes to send
A present to her patron and her friend :
And, that the present might be sure to please,
She sends it cloath'd in a poetic dress :
Satire inspires, and she attempts to soar,
As dauntless as old Dryden did before.
For who can sit to see a modern scene,
Or if he sits, not almost burst with spleen ?
How can he bear the novices of rhyme,
Who murder sense in vile ungodly chime,
That once has tasted what the ancients wrote,
How vast their genius, how sublime their thought,
Where perfect beauty charms in every line,
Where every single letter sounds divine ?
Tell me, if when you read great Dryden o'er,
Or search the riches of Roscommon's store,
Do you not feel such transport in your mind,
As if all human cares were cast behind ?
Have not those charms on your disease prevail'd,
When all their alkils and their acids fail'd ?
O that like them I could presume to fly,
Full of their tuneful, godlike energy !

That

That I like them might with my verses heal!
 Who but repeat them, and the patient's well.
 But, oh! my sluggish blood that task denies,
 And backward to my heart confus'dly flies:
 The sickly Muse no longer dares to soar,
 Since spiteful Phœbus has refus'd the power.
 But, left by this I wholly seem to want
 Sense to pursue what I'm oblig'd to grant,
 I send you this, in hopes that you'll approve
 What comes not from my wit, but from my love.

You ask to know, since you have left the town,
 What course I take to drive my minutes on.
 At six I rise, and studiously withdraw
 T' explore some quirks and quibbles of the law.
 Till twelve (no very pleasing task you'll say)
 I turn o'er Coke and Hobart for a plea,
 With many more as pert and dull as they:
 Names which were never known to Muse before,
 But yet, by learning such a thriving lore,
 I may at last some wealthy honour get,
 As a reward for all my toil and sweat:
 Whilst poets, as the vermin best deserve,
 Must be content to be admir'd and starve.
 At twelve I lay aside my books, and dine,
 And, if my pockets liberally incline,
 I toast your health in many a glass of wine.
 But if my mind's contracted in itself,
 Which always sympathises with my pelf;
 My business done; when shades obscure the hills,
 And poets great and small repair to Will's;

Which

Which is the best inspirer of a theme,
 For when a rhymers will vouchsafe to dream,
 It yields as learned liquor as Parnassus' stream,
 I make up one to crack a sprightly jest,
 And am as dull and spiteful as the rest :
 Or else, my thoughtful gravity to show,
 I ponder a Gazette, earnest to know
 How matters are at Mantua or Cracow ;
 Whilst the four critics who have never writ,
 At once combin'd in damning judgement sit,
 On Shakspeare's tragic, and Ben's comic wit ;
 That nothing can their rigid censures please,
 But Sophocles or Aristophanes.
 Their taunts great Dryden almost dies to hear,
 Which wound his soul, and fire his patient ear :
 Ev'n his own works must bear the grand inquest,
 Though claiming equal honour with the best :
 At last he puts on a resenting frown,
 Which saves their fame, and vindicates his own.
 Here Dons of wit with one another jar,
 Eager to triumph in the learned war :
 The tiny bards and critics flock around,
 To glean their scraps, and echo what they found :
 Tom D'Urfey shows his phiz among the rest,
 Fam'd for a thousand songs and many a jest :
 Had he but sense to keep his asses safe,
 The man might now and then provoke a laugh ;
 For if he can but stifle the buffoon,
 He 'll thread a proverb nicely, nay and pun.

But, if these tedious brawls displease my ear,
 I travel to the neighbouring theatre :

And,

And, if some noted monster 's to be shown,
 I enter, take my place, and sit me down,
 To fill the circle of that various crown.
 On my right hand the Bona Robas fit,
 Who hide their faces to betray their wit:
 For unseen blushes make their clappers bold,
 To repartee, or scandalise, or scold:
 On my left hand a gay, spruce crowd appears,
 Shaking a huge immoderate length of hairs:
 Such clouds of odour from their heads distil,
 We 're buried in perfumes which all the circle fill:
 After three wretched tunes the curtain 's drawn,
 The mimic crew begins to play the town,
 Where a compendium of the world is shown.
 Here an old father by a slave is fool'd,
 Back'd by a lover-son to steal his gold:
 There a fat, lowering, reverend coxcomb stares,
 Of voice severe, and prodigal of ears:
 His worship says as little as he can,
 Because he writes himself an alderman.
 Here stands Narcissus with a careless air,
 In face and dress compos'd to wound the fair:
 With so much grace his words and actions move,
 If he but speak or walk, some Phyllis dies for love.
 There in his pride a purple emperor stands,
 And with a nod imagin'd worlds commands:
 The badge of empire on his forehead reigns,
 He seems to feel the burthen which he feigns.
 There stalks a hero reeking from the wars,
 Boasting his laurels and dishonest scars;

Tells

Tells how his courage stemm'd the raging flood,
And gain'd the shore, and drown'd the fields in blood.

The females too are mingled in the scene;
One daub'd with tinsel, of a lofty mien,
Affects to stride in state, and struts a queen.
One innocent as a young virgin shows,
Another 's a coquette, and bites the beaux.
One takes a freedom not to be excus'd,
And one shews how hard mothers should be us'd.

The plot now thickens, where at once I view
In miniature whatever mortals do :
Their councils, manners, plotting, and affairs,
Their follies, vices, affectations, wars :
But if the play grows dull, and not yet dark,
I seek my female friends, and 'squire them to the park;
Where, with some chearful chat or amorous play,
We help to shift the lazy hours away.
Sometimes we talk of love, and what 's its cause,
How wild it wanders unrestrain'd by laws ;
How strange its motions leap about the heart,
And please us most, when most they make us smart :
How it must act to propagate desire,
And burn our vitals with a secret fire.
Hence to the ladies lodgings we retreat,
And take a game at cribbage or picquet ;
Or bring some reputation to the test,
Or gaul our neighbours with some glancing jest :
Tea in the midst we drink and repartee
(For scandal always goes along with tea).
Thus we beguile the hours in full delight,
Till day turns up the genial time of night :

Then

LETTER TO A FRIEND. 271

Then tir'd with what I can no more enjoy
(For pleasure 's luscious, and will quickly cloy),
I seek my home, and to relieve my pain,
Swop into bed, and snore till six again.

Whilst you, my friend, the dearest in my love,
Imbibe the health of some sweet country grove,
And far from town, remote from noise and care,
Refresh your lungs with truly vital air;

O! may the Gods release you from your pain,
And give you to my widow'd arms again!
Thus mourn'd Achilles for Patroclus slain.

Grant that the town may yet enjoy your sight,
As once you were, all healthful, vigorous, bright,
To pass with pleasing chat the tedious night.

O! grant me many such without an end,
As that, in which dear you and one more friend,
Drank, like the famous bards of yore, in wine,
Health and prosperity to all the Nine:
And gave the bards themselves a praise so true,
As could not come from any, but from you.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG PEER.

BY MR. T. BATE*.

FROM FENTON'S COLLECTION.

LEST others tempt your youth with praise not due,
And tell you what yourself too soon would know,
Till Flattery's breath with Fortune's blessings join'd,
Stifle your virtue, and corrupt your mind;

* See vol. V. p. 146.

Study yourself, know human nature well,
 And view the things that make vain mortals swell,
 The things that souls above the vulgar please ;
 But view them, stripp'd of their enchanting drefs :
 Nor 'midst those thoughts with rash disdain refuse
 This dull description of a rural Muse.

Life in its spring displays a glorious scene,
 Vigorous like April, and like May serene,
 The streams of pleasure flow as nectar pure,
 Attract the senses, and the soul allure,
 The fond young man is ravish'd with the taste,
 Smiles, drinks, and dreams the relish long will last ;
 And giddy with the fumes, and with conceit,
 He deems himself for all great actions fit,
 A Cranmer in the church, and Burleigh in the state. }
 Boundless his hopes, fantastic are his schemes,
 And gay ideas fill his golden dreams.

But, oh ! how soon the nauseous dregs arise,
 Disgust the palate, and pollute his joys,
 Troubles intrude, and worldly cares prevail,
 The brain is heated, and the visage pale.
 The toils of day invade the peaceful night,
 And sting the soul, and in black dreams affright.
 Augustus you will style thrice happy prince —
 Hear first his groans for Julia's vile offence :
 The vanquish'd world this godlike man adores,
 This godlike man domestic ills deplores ;
 O'er realms of stubborn men he can preside,
 But can't at home one wanton daughter guide :
 Her death he long revolves, shock'd with despair,
 The parent and the judge his bosom tear.

This scene appeases Cleopatra's ghost,
Pandaria gives her back what Actium lost.

Nor outward ills alone our pride chastise ;
From our own frame corroding sorrows rise.
Diseases, barbarous armies, havock make,
Whilst aches and pangs the yielding fortrefs shake.
Beauty and strength are with reluctance fled,
Potions are drunk, and loathsome rules obey'd ;
The pulse oft number'd with a silent care,
And Death seen hovering in the hazy air.
The soul her empire would maintain, but fails,
For in the strife the mortal part prevails.
See our undaunted Henry * loth to yield,
He combats sickness, and will take the field,
The fearless hero in his litter goes,
But finds his fever worse than Gallic foes ;
His vigorous mind could cause, but cannot heal
An ill so fatal to the public weal.

Vanquish'd at length, the pious prince retreats,
And in the bloom of life to grisly Death submits.
But you may shun diseases baneful power,
Nor pine away in an untimely hour ;
Morose old age, incurable disease,
Stalks on, and soon does the frail being seize ;
Tir'd with himself, he company desires,
Which scornful flies, for company he tires.
Now penfive on his staff he walks alone,
Too conscious what himself in youth has done ;
So chang'd his country, that he seems to stand
An useless gazer in a foreign land.

* Henry the Fifth. N.

So chang'd himself, he 's scarce the wither'd shade
Of the proud thing in robes of glory clad.

Edward *, once active as the joyful sun, [* Edw. III.

Loaded with years, himself but loads a throne.

The rays so languid, and the shadows great,

Almost his English with their sun would set.

A sordid woman's † busy projects stain [† Alice Pierce.

The splendid annals of that martial reign.

Still some remains of bliss old age enjoys,

But Time voracious those remains destroys;

Till it can nought but naked life devour : [hour.

For this the dotard weeps, and dreads th' approaching

Grim Death regardless knows not how to save,

But drags the trembling prey to his ungrateful cave.

You smile, and call this preaching ; be it so,

But, Sir, this preaching does relate to you,

That the chief good you wisely may embrace,

And add fresh lustre to an ancient race,

Nor trifle with your life, and waste your days

In deeds reproachful, or inglorious ease.

Let Reason sway, be deaf to Pleasure's charms,

And Death prefer to Circe's wanton arms ;

Never forget what to your God you owe,

And chearful pay what to your country's due,

Firm to your friend, and to yourself be true.

Be decent ; but no slave to empty rules,

The wise man's torture, and the joy of fools.

Thus hoary Mentor speaks, who loves you well,

And best the dangers of your state can tell !

You yawn, and say, you 're safe ; I say no more,

But think what creatures swarm on Nile's too fertile shore.

A WISH

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A WISH TO THE NEW YEAR *. 1705.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,
 Since all that 's past no vows can e'er restore,
 But joys and griefs alike, once hurried o'er,
 No longer now deserve a smile or tear;
 Close the fantastic scenes — but grace
 With brightest aspects thy fore-face,
 While Time's new offspring hasten to appear.
 With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
 Command the circling Seasons to advance,
 And form their renovated dance, [powers.
 With flowing pleasures fraught, and blest'd by friendly
 Thy month, O Janus! gave me first to know
 A mortal's trifling cares below;
 My race of life began with thee.
 Thus far, from great misfortunes free,
 Contented, I my lot endure,
 Nor Nature's rigid laws arraign,
 Nor spurn at common ills in vain,
 Which Folly cannot shun, nor wise Reflection cure.
 But, oh! — more anxious for the year to come,
 I would foreknow my future doom.
 Then tell me, Janus, canst thou spy
 Events that yet in embryo lie,
 For me, in Time's mysterious womb?
 Tell me — nor shall I dread to hear
 A thousand accidents severe;
 I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,
 If love rejected add not to its weight,
 To finish me in woes, and crush me down with fate.

* From Fenton's Collection, and probably by himself. N.
 T 2 But

But if the Goddess, in whose charming eyes,
 More clearly written than in Fate's dark book,
 My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
 If she must with a less propitious look
 Forbid my humble sacrifice,
 Or blast me with a killing frown;
 If, Janus, this thou seest in store,
 Cut short my mortal thread, and now
 Take back the gift thou didst bestow!
 Here let me lay my burden down,
 And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

TO SIR GEORGE LYTTELTON,
 ON HIS HOUSE AT HAGLEY.

BY RICHARD MEADOWCOURT*, M. A.

HERE Pallas dwells: she built these stately towers
 On classic ground, and near Parnassian hills;
 She form'd these smiling lawns, these solemn bowers,
 These ever murmuring streams, and ever tinkling rills;
 Delighted with her Lyttelton's domains,
 Where sit the Muses, and Apollo reigns.
 Though Hagley's dome for graceful strength may vie
 With Grecian domes, and down from age to age
 The tooth of Time and Envy shall defy;
 Thy learned pen and thy historic page,
 O Hagley's justly honour'd Lord! shall raise
 A far more lasting monument of praise.

* Fellow of Merton College, Oxford; prebendary of Worcester, and author of "A Critical Dissertation on Paradise Regained, 1748." He died Sept 8, 1760. Some interesting particulars of him may be seen in Mr. Duncombe's Collection of "Letters of Eminent Persons," vol. III. p. 75. N.

THE STAGE: A POEM

INSCRIBED TO JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

BY MR. WEBSTER *, OF CHRIST-CHURCH, OXON

This poem was written last Summer [1712], upon the following occasion: the Spectator's account of the "Distressed Mother" had raised the author's expectation to so high a pitch, that he made an excursion from college to see that tragedy acted, and upon his return was commanded by the Dean to write upon the Art, Rise, and Progress of the English stage; which how well he has performed is now submitted to the judgement of that worthy gentleman to whom it is inscribed. WEBSTER.

SINCE all the din of war begins to cease,
 And Britain's harrafs'd sons expect a peace,
 Since now her prudent senators design
 To change their laurels for the Gallic vine,
 To view less horrid scenes of death prepare
 The painted terrors of a theatre;
 Where Mars still rages in the Poet's lines,
 Where the swollen flood still reeks in warlike rhymes,
 Where cannons but in loud descriptions roar,
 Nor wave in echoes frightful to the shore;
 Where the shrill trumpet's clangor charms the ear,
 And beauteous circles, without trembling, hear
 The loud-mouth'd thunder of a fancied war;

* This poem is ascribed by Jacob to "Mr. Reynardson, of Baliol College, son of a Turkey merchant, collector of the customs at Bristol, and author of an excellent ode on Divine Vengeance." I can only say that the name of *Webster* is printed in the title-page of the original edition of 1713; and that the poem is well worth preserving. N.

If by an unfeign'd wound some hero dies, Eyes.
 Love shoots the guilty darts from their too murderous
 Nigh where*, as when on Naseby's fatal plains,
 The brazen steed the royal martyr reins,
 A convent once (if we may credit Fame,
 And still the garden keeps its ancient name)
 A convent once there stood, a structure made
 To shun the world, where now the world is play'd;
 How decently 'twas built, what sins t' atone,
 What order fill'd the place, is yet unknown.
 Perhaps the spot where now stands Powell's † stage,
 Where Punch chastises spouse with prompted rage,
 Was then some Friar's cell, where all unseen
 The pious Father fed his sacred spleen;
 Nor Fiends nor Witches then were seen to fly,
 While Priests and Holy-water were so nigh.
 No Lovers there in rhyme rehears'd their moan,
 But if a sigh was heard, 'twas penitence alone.

As length the world broke-in, and now the Player
 Attracts the Beau, the Critick, and the Fair;
 Ev'n in the place which once the Monk possess'd
 (Strange shift of scenes!) sat Dominick's ‡ the jest.

Sweet is the flourish when the curtain draws,
 Sweet is the crowded theatre's applause;
 Sweet are the strains when billing Lovers parle,
 But rough the cat-call and the Critick's snarl.
 Rough was the language, unadorn'd the stage,
 And mean his hero's dress in Shakspeare's age:

* Charing-Cross. W.

† Under the piazzas of Covent Garden. See the sexton's complaint, and an encomium on Powell, in the Spectator, N^o 14. N.

‡ Dryden's "Spanish Fryar." W.

No scepter'd Kings in royal robes were seen,
Scarce could her guard defend their tinsel'd Queen,
Scarce could the house contain the listening shoal,
Scarce had the mimic thunder room to roll;
But then wives, subjects, friends, 'tis sung, were true,
And beaux (if such in England were) were few:
Rare were their follies: this the moderns found,
And prudently, since knaves and fots abound,
Since crimes enlarge, and fopperies prevail,
Enlarg'd the stage, which ought to be their flail.
Now soars the theatre, a stately pile,
Itself an emblem of the tragic style,
Firm to its base, yet lofty to the sight,
Lofty, yet each way equal to its height,
Plain as the shepherd-nymph in russet weeds,
Yet graceful as the actresses it breeds:
Each meanest object props the main design,
Art, Nature, Use, and Ornament combine.

Here wreath'd Apollo with his heavenly lyre
Inflames the Muses with poetic fire,
Their tuneful strains the jocund Muses sing,
And tributary Bards their incense bring;
The God, with pleasing looks and crowns of bays,
Smiles on their labours, and rewards their lays.

Here have I seen (and oh the pleasing sight!)
Love, Hate, and Fury, in their truest light;
Here, when his crimes in publick glar'd, I've seen
The blushing lecher curse the babbling scene,
Whilst he whom conscious Innocence secures,
Unless when Virtue wrongs or scorn endures,

Smiles unconcern'd, as Socrates is said
 T'have sat at Athens when the Clouds * were play'd.
 Sometimes the Tragic Muse destruction breathes,
 And strews th' embattled scene with bloodless deaths ;
 Sometimes a merrier garb the Drama wears,
 And every vice and every folly sneers.

His judgement great, and great must be his craft,
 That undertakes to make his audience laugh ;
 'Tis not a natural ninny must be shown,
 Expose the coxcomb, not the simpleton.
 The barbarous wretch, that toils to ridicule
 An honest, harmless, unconceited fool,
 As well, with Hamlet in the play, might slave
 To prove a villain is an errant knave.
 When Shadwell gives his idiot clown † a miss,
 Gorg'd with the nauseous ass, true criticks hiss,
 Hiss, and with reason bid the scribbling nisy,
 Go read Quintilian ‡ *de movendo risu*.

Nothing can more provoke a righteous spleen
 (Like that of Collier) than an impious scene.
 In Spain their martyr'd Saints (a sight preposterous)
 Kneel on the stage, and sing their Pater Nosters.

* The "Clouds," a play of Aristophanes, where Socrates is throughout satirised, at which, when represented, he was present, and shewed not the least concern. W.

† Young Hartford, in his "Lancashire Witches." W.

‡ "Stulta reprehendere facillimum est, nam ex se sunt ridicula, sed rem urbanam facit aliqua ex nobis adjectio." Quintilian. W.

This

This error claims the contrary extreme,
Religion is for plays too great a theme,
A theme that asks a more respected coat,
A tongue that does not only move by rote.

Let those who dare attempt the Tragic Muse,
Some standard author for their pattern chuse;
The man who Nature reconciles with Art,
Who knows each pass, each folding of the heart,
Who tyrannises o'er the soul, is he :
Such Shakspeare was, such Addison will be.

Such Shakspeare was indeed ; for who can guard
His inmost soul, when Shakspeare plies it hard ?
Can he that has a child, an only child,
As Hotspur headstrong, and as Falstaff wild,
See Bolingbroke in anguish for his son,
See the king's sorrows, and forget his own ?
And can that child behold Lear's good old age,
All dropping wet, come frantic on the stage,
Or hear that impious pair his daughters play'd,
Yet not his own ingratitude upbraid ?
He must, he must, 'tis Shakspeare reprimands ;
What guilt so bold his pious pen withstands ?

All hail, immortal Bard, thy Muse disarms
Each vice, and even when a flatterer charms.
Thou canst celestial sentiments express,
Or necromantic rites in all their horrors dress.
So the fam'd God of Eloquence (who smil'd
On thy great birth, and chose thee for his child)
In either region's language did excel,
At once th' interpreter of Heaven and Hell.

Immortal

Immortal Bard, all hail! may every Spring
Around thy tomb the Nymphs of Avon bring!
Around, ye grateful Nymphs, around him tread,
Record his beauties, and bemoan him dead.

All hail, immortal Bard! thee witlings damn,
For errors scarce enough to prove thee man:
Errors there are, for who so partial sees
The Prince of Playwrights in his Pericles?
But when the youthful Dane to raptures swells
At the sad tale his poison'd father tells;
When Cæsar triumphs, when his murderers plot,
When Hecate deceives the valiant Scot;
When Fairies round the ring, when Spirits fly,
Compell'd by magick from their native sky,
I know him then, I know the Muse's shrine,
'Tis he, 'tis he himself, 'tis Shakspeare, 'tis divine.

None may attempt the next great Poet's fame,
Whilst Denham's numbers blazon Jonson's name;
'Twas he first methodis'd the Muse's rage,
To him we owe correctness on the stage;
By tracing Jonson's humourists and lays,
Even blundering Shadwell now and then can please.

Apollo thus to bend his bow, 'tis said,
Upon a senseless stone his lyre he laid;
Th' infectious harmony the marble caught,
His instrument a new one strait begot;
The stone when struck on imitating still
In feeble sounds the master godhead's skill.

Shadwell perhaps may coast along the shore,
But fears the dangerous ugly deep t' explore.

Jonson

Jonson alone with wit and judgement braves
The rising storm, and quells the raging waves;
Here distant twinkling beauties rarely meet,
There's a bright galaxy of dazzling wit.

But like the Graces, moving hand in hand,
Fletcher and Beaumont next the crown command:
The first too far presuming on his wit,
His lavish lays luxuriantly writ;
Whilst Beaumont model'd every darling thought,
And interpos'd his beautifying blot,
Taught him to manage the Pierian steed,
Or curb him close, or urge his utmost speed.

Minerva thus, to rout the Thracian God,
In the same chariot with Tydides rode;
She wields the whip, his forward courage chides,
His fiery self and fiery courfers guides,
Now checks their haste, now thunders o'er the plain,
The Hero darts the spear, the Goddess rules the rein.

Fletcher, when fir'd with a poetic heat,
Was ever rambling after rant and wit;
'Twas then his friend, all fortify'd with rules,
Show'd him the scene could tickle none but fools.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, the guilty Poet stood,
And blush'd himself should ever think it good.

So Bacchus, when he drove his conquering car
O'er sun-burnt climes, and urg'd the Indian war,
Soon as the generous grape had reach'd his head,
His troops to many a rash adventure led;
Silenus saw the fault, by his advice
The God allay'd his rage, and cool'd his cup with ice.

Long felt the Drama an inglorious dearth,
Nor wept the Tragic Muse, nor smil'd the Comic Mirth.
At length his lyre harmonious Dryden strung,
Excell'd in both, and both alternate fung.
At first indeed he made his heroes rant,
Or quibbled Folly in his Wild Gallant:
But, as in music, when the artist long
Has try'd each note, and dwelt upon the song,
The strings become familiar to his hand,
Around his lute the Graces take their stand;
He rises in his skill, the crowd controls,
And robs his ravish'd audience of their souls.
Our Author so, when perfect in his art,
Alarm'd the brave, and seiz'd the fair-one's heart.

So Nature's workmanship, in paint display'd,
By mellowing Time more beautiful is made.

So Nature's self, whom he so well could paint,
Acts as at first she suffer'd some restraint:
The tender babe of less than pigmy size,
Wrapt up and jellying in the cradle lies,
By just degrees his little limbs dilate,
By just degrees improves his growing state,
At length he stretches to his utmost span,
And looks, and stalks, that lordly creature, Man.

But what so potent charm, what chain so strong,
Can curb or silence the malicious tongue?
Superior merit on the Laureat drew
A Blackmore, Milbourne, and a Montagu;
Angred at last, he threw his pencil down,
Nor strove again to please a thankless town.

Wrapp'd in the Prophet's robe arose his friend,
 Congreve alone the Hero's bow could bend,
 Congreve, his second-self, his Congreve rose,
 And soars like Dryden, and like Dryden flows.

Thus did Achilles from the dusty plain
 Laden with bays and injuries abstain;
 But when Patroclus to the battle went,
 His golden panoply the Hero lent;
 And him so well the mighty arms became,
 So like Achilles all his graceful frame,
 Both host a-gaze the raging war suspend,
 And none but Phœbus knows him from his friend.

Thy Comic Muse, and trust me, Congreve, I
 With greater truth than Foresight * prophecy,
 Far as thy Ben can sail, or waters flow,
 Receiv'd with praise thy Comic Muse shall go;
 Bless her, ye Lovers, for from her the Fair
 Have learnt to prize the constant in despair,
 No more your sighs, no more your tears are scorn'd,
 But "Love for Love" shall ever be return'd.

Some know the sock and some the buskin's pace,
 But Congreve treads in both with equal grace;
 When dress'd in widow'd weeds his Muse appears,
 Who can refuse the "Mourning Bride" his tears?

So when Adonis dy'd, her grief became,
 Well as her former mirth, the laughter-loving dame.
 Long would the labour be, and vain the toil,
 To sing the master-strokes of Otway's stile,

* An illiterate old fellow, pretending to understand astrology. See "Love for Love." W.

Ev'n the most loyal must his Pierre commend,
Nor can his Orphan ever want a friend.

Read Etherege, you that would appear genteel;
The friend, the father, and the mistress, Steele:
How soft the scene where Cibber paints the beau!
How manly * Wycherley! how moving Rowe!
The lays how strong! how passionate the page!
When Granville's Agamemnon mounts the stage!
How loud the din when his magicians fight!
When good Urganda † battles for her knight,
Spirits of air with Dæmons dire engage,
Loud thunder bursts in volleys, lightnings rage,
Shoots the blue ghastly gleam across the darken'd stage. }

And thou, O Addison, no more detain
The free-born Cato ‡, struggling in his chain;
'Tis Liberty he loves, disclose thy vast design,
And let us see that every Muse is thine.
And now the Isis proudly rears her head,
See o'er her flowery lawns the Goddess tread,
Thee, Heliconian Deity, I know,
Accept the verse thy streams have taught to flow.
But hark! she claims aloud the laurel wreath,
To bind the temples of her darling Smith,
Alas! to bind his temples!—he's no more,
But wanders silent on the Stygian shore;

* An epithet peculiar to Wycherley. See vol. IV. p. 352. N.

† His "British Enchanters." W.

‡ Though Mr. Addison's celebrated tragedy was not completed when this poem was written; four acts of it, which had been planned during his travels, had been read by several of his friends. See Dr. Johnson's Life of Addison. N.

Long

Long since the promis'd Bard in all his pride,
 In blooming beauty, like his Phædra died.
 O were the Youth, the Youth so long deplor'd,
 Like his Hippolitus to life restor'd,
 Myriads of heroes should with him revive,
 And in his labour'd lays triumphant live.
 But hold ! To sing such Poet's praise requires
 A genius great as Addison's or theirs.
 Do thou, my Muse, describe the bright abodes
 Of wits, of cits, of critics, beaux, and bawds,
 Of venal emperors, and earthling gods.
 Low lies the tribe, commanded by the box,
 That damn a play, or sign it orthodox,
 The pit they fill, the pit where punks patrol,
 These look a luring leer, and those a gloomy fowl;
 Footman and 'prentice bawl in upper air,
 Bright in the middle sits enthron'd the fair.
 But neither footman's idiot laugh can please,
 Nor wounds the fiercer critic's envious hiss;
 Deign but, ye circles of the fair, to smile,
 Well is the Poet paid for all his labour'd style.

Now turn, and see, where, loaden with her freight,
 A damsel stands, and orange-wench is hight;
 See ! how her charge hangs dangling by the rim,
 See ! how the balls blush o'er the basket-brim;
 But little those she minds, the cunning belle
 Has other fish to fry, and other fruit to sell:
 See ! how she whispers yonder youthful peer;
 See ! how he smiles, and lends a greedy ear.
 At length 'tis done, the note o'er orange wrapt
 Has reach'd the box, and lies in lady's lap;

Such

Such Atalanta was, such golden fruit
 Gain'd the fair murderers in the hot pursuit.
 Poor pretty prostitute, thou kind relief
 To longing Lady, and to Gallant's grief;
 May that soft hand which both the boxes know,
 Plump as thy orange in their service grow;
 Still vend thy fruit, still give the billet right,
 So may both colours in thy cheeks unite,
 The fruit's vermillion, and the billet's white!

But hark, a fight! by some brisk spark indited,
 It is decreed the ladies must be frightened.
 I hear the soldiers and the clarions roar,
 And see the battle enters at the door,
 Some two distinguish'd chiefs decide the cause,
 Who like true heroes bleed to gain applause.
 Porters in red with brandish'd whinyard vie,
 Fight as good friends, and for their living die;
 Here some the sabre's blunted terrors wield,
 There javelins splinter on the sun-bright shield,
 Their foils clash horrible, their faulchions jar,
 A harmless hubbub, and a pointless war;
 Each chief submits to what his roll decrees,
 Or conquers bravely, or as bravely dies.
 Meanwhile with throats expansive, visage glum,
 Legions of stentors trumpet, shout, and drum,
 Sound an alarm, retreat, rout, rally, overcome.

So have I seen, when custard was the prize,
 Whole troops of trencher-men and trainbands rise,
 Like more than men with formidable pride,
 Charge to the promis'd dinner up Cheapside,

Present

Present their pieces, pop, huzza around,
And shake themselves, and shake the smoking ground.
Say, whence their armour, whence the cask enchas'd
With beamy gems, the cuirass richly lac'd,
The waving plumage, and the burnish'd crest?
Say, whence the coat of mail, the temper'd spear?
Say whence the hero's helm, the king's tiar,
And whence in gory robes assassin'd spectres glare?

High o'er the stage there lies a rambling frame,
Which men a garret, players the tire-room name;
Here all their stores (a merry medley) sleep,
Without distinction huddled in a heap.

Hung on the self-same peg, in union rest
Young Tarquin's trowsers and Lucretia's vest,
Whilst, without pulling coifs, Roxana lays
Close by Statira's petticoat her stays.
Hard-by a quart of bottled lightning lies,
A bowl of double use, and monstrous size;
Now rolls it high, and rumbles in its speed,
Now drowns the weaker crack of mustard-feed.
So the true thunder, all array'd in smoak,
Lanch'd from the skies now rives the knotted oak,
And sometimes, nought the drunkard's prayers avail,
Ah! sometimes condescends to four ale.
Near these sets up a dragon-drawn calash,
There a ghost's doublet gapes a frightful gash.
In crimson wrought the sanguine floods abound,
And seem to gutter from the streaming wound.
Here Iris bends her various-painted arch,
There pasteboard clouds in sullen order march;

Here stands a crown upon a rack, and there
 A witch's broomstick by great Hector's spear;
 Here stands a throne, and there the Cynick's tub,
 Here Bullock's* cudgel, there Alcides' club.
 Beads, plumes, and spangles, in confusion rise,
 Whilst rocks of Cornish diamonds reach the skies.
 Crests, corselets, all the pomp of battle join,
 In one effulgence, one promiscuous shine.

Hence all the Drama's decorations rise,
 Hence Gods descend majestic from the skies,
 Hence Playhouse Chiefs, to grace some antique tale,
 Buckle their coward limbs in warlike mail.
 With what an air, from this their magazine
 Equipp'd, old Betterton adorn'd the scene!
 Old Betterton, on whose seraphic tongue
 Mirth, majesty, and fluent satire hung;
 He, by Religion a Tragedian made,
 Play'd virtuous parts, and liv'd the parts he play'd†.
 He flourish'd long; and long deliberate Fate
 Spar'd him, in pity to the Tragic State.
 At length he fell; decay'd the Stage's pride,
 The Laureat ‡ sicken'd, and the Scribbler died;
 For if the first a piece consummate drew,
 From him each graceful stroke receiv'd its due;
 Nor could the last so bad a scene indite,
 But his judicious action set it right;

* Bullock was a low comedian, celebrated for performing the parts of testy old men. He died June 18, 1733. R.

† To the credit of this excellent performer, every writer who has mentioned him joins in this tribute of justice to his memory. R.

‡ Colley Cibber. N.

Still,

Still, at the worst or best of plays, the town
With pleasure listen'd to their Betterton.

So in the senate, be it to declare
A well-concerted peace, or dreadful war,
The same delight, the same applause, is shown
By Anna's peers, when Anna mounts the throne.

With other looks, yet scarce inferior grace,
Nokes* trod the stage, and shambled in his pace.
Pleasant buffoon! to what an artful screw
His wither'd chops the merry whoreson drew!
What pencil can describe his grotesque mien,
The cuckold's sneaking leer, the noncon grin,
The wire-hung limbs, sunk eyes, and pecked chin!
Thus furnish'd, thus deform'd, thus bent with age,
With feeble steps he limp'd across the stage,

* "Nokes was an actor of a quite different genius from any I have ever read, heard of, or seen, since or before his time; and yet his general excellence may be comprehended in one article, viz. a plain and palpable simplicity of nature. — His person was of the middle size, his voice clear and audible; his natural countenance grave and sober; but the moment he spoke, the settled seriousness of his features was utterly discharged, and a dry, drolling, laughing levity took such full possession of him, that I can only refer the idea of him to your imagination. In some of his low characters that became it, he had a shuffling shamble in his gait, with so contented an ignorance in his aspect, and an awkward absurdity in his gesture, that had you not known him, you would not have believed that naturally he could have had a grain of common sense." See his character more at large in Cibber's Apology, p. 118; whence this short note is extracted. N.

There, drawling nonsense from his haggard jaws,
 Dispell'd the spleen which Betterton had caus'd.
 In Homer thus the slave and hero charms;
 Therfites pleases, but Achilles warms.

Still may you live, immortal Actors, crown'd,
 Still may your praise from pole to pole resound,
 For still you live—in dust the vulgar lie,
 But never must theatric heroes die;
 Secure of fame, the stroke of fate they brave,
 As if, by acting Death, they learn'd to mock the grave.
 Whilst Shakspeare's, Dryden's, Rowe's, and Otway's
 Are sung, and flourish in the book of fame; [name,
 Barry * and Bracegirdle * shall share their praise,
 And live for ever in the Poet's lays.

Here would I settle, here my fancy raise,
 And ransack Waller to complete their praise:
 Powell † forbids; and, with a haughty tone,
 Frowning, demands to have his merits known.
 And great they are, and worthy to be sung;
 But oh! still dwelling on their owner's tongue;
 Big as the voice of war he mouths his roll,
 Each accent twangs majestically full.
 When Alexander dies, he gives the fair
 Tortures as great as those he seems to bear;
 When Oedipus rends forth his eyes, with tears
 Each forrowing beauty almost puts out hers;

* The two principal Actresses. Of these, see several curious particulars in Cibber, p. 132, 141. N.

† Of Powell, who was “vain enough to envy Betterton as his rival,” see Cibber, p. 166. N.

When,

When, by Hermione's disdain undone,
 Distraction seizes Agamemnon's son,
 With artful rattling wheeze, he draws his breath,
 Seems in the very agonies of death;
 He foams, he stares, he storms a madding note,
 And all the Fury thunders in his throat.

A godlike air, quick eye, and accent smooth,
 With all the manly graces, shine in Booth.

Bless'd with an awful port and lordly mien,
 The pleas'd spectator dreads a king in Keene*.

Not so in airy Wilks; with chearful grace,
 The careless rake sits sparkling in his face.

Others there are, whose voice and gesture claim
 In pompous verse a never-dying fame:

Others there are—but how should we describe
 The various beauties of the distant tribe?

We hop'd, alas! we hop'd a nearer view †,
 And farther, farther still our wishes flew;

* Theophilus Keene was a performer of no very great reputation. He was born of Dissenting parents, and educated at the Presbyterian academy in Little Britain, being designed by his relations for a Dissenting teacher. A strong propensity to the Stage inducing him to counteract the intentions of his friends, he abandoned them, and went into a company of strollers, with whom he continued till he was received at Drury Lane. This theatre he afterwards quitted for that at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was joint manager with Christopher Bullock. He was thrown from his horse sometime in the year 1718, and died a few days after at the age of 38 years. The majesty of his performance is spoken of by several of his panegyrists. R. † The Players last summer were expected to play at Oxford, but were ordered away. W.

But oh ! those hopes are o'er ; and, grief to say,
 Superior gravity has gain'd the day *.
 Yet tax not us, Tragedians ; tax not those
 Who never can be real merit's foes ;
 We grudge you neither refuge nor applause,
 Yourself forbid, yourself your absence cause.
 The fatal cause is fatal excellence,
 'Tis your own Santlow † banishes you hence ;
 For should she hither all her beauties bring,
 Nothing but her each youthful tongue would sing ;
 Learning less fair would shine ; and every Muse,
 For brighter beauties scorn'd, her lover lose.

Should Oldfield then, the bright-eyed Oldfield join,
 Her complicated charms, her form divine ;
 Should she, like Hector's widow, as of late,
 Mourn her Astyanax's ‡ double fate ;
 All, all would love her like Achilles' son,
 All would like him be taken, and undone.
 'Tis said young Ammon ||, when return'd from war,
 Was with an eunuch's action ta'en so far,

* Dr. Warton observes, that many of Dryden's Prologues were written on occasion of the Players going to Oxford ; "a custom, says he, for the neglect of which no good reason can be assigned ; and which was introduced by that polite scholar and sensible governor Dr. Ralph Bathurst, Dean of Wells and President of Trinity College, while he was Vice Chancellor of the University." It appears from Cibber's Apology, that the players went to Oxford after the performance of Cato. R.

† Afterwards Mrs. Booth. She lived till Jan. 15, 1773. R.

‡ Her part in the "Distressed Mother." W.

|| Plutarch, in the Life of Alexander. W.

That,

That, spite of royalty, he leap'd for joy,
 Leap'd from his throne, and kiss'd the servile boy.
 Oh could he but have seen upon the stage
 Oldfield in the forsaken Loveit * rage;
 Struck with the sight, the son of Libyan Jove
 From admiration soon had rose to love;
 A warmer kiss had given the nuptial sign,
 And all Statira's conqueror been thine.

And yet, with all their beauties, all their care,
 Nor Santlow, Wilks, nor Oldfield, please the fair.
 Bless'd with their praise, Italian songsters thrive,
 A beaver-race, that geld themselves to live.
 Strange force of whimsy! that the fair should prize
 A warbling vagabond whom all despise!
 Ev'n to himself of old an eunuch seem'd
 Worse than a beast, though now so much esteem'd;
 So frogs by Frenchmen are as dainties stew'd,
 And what was Egypt's plague is France's food.

How odd the fancy, how absurd the sight!
 To see that Hercules †, who in one night
 Full fifty dames in heat of blood contented,
 Now by a sapless gelding represented;
 With greater justice from the Lydian queen,
 Since dwindled from a man, he learn'd to spin.

For loftier lays, and nobler chiefs than these,
 Th' ingenious ‡ builder rais'd his edifice;
 The architect, whose every work proclaims
 The Terence and Vitruvius of his times;

* A character in Etherege's *Man of Mode*. R.

† A new Opera so called. W.

‡ Vanbrugh; of whom, see vol. IV. p. 337. N.

The builder—but a nobler structure's praise,
 A nobler architect, commands my praise,
 A princess, who, by righteous arms abroad,
 At home by fifty temples rais'd to God,
 At once the French and Stygian tyrant braves,
 At once the christian and the subject saves.

Ilus's niggard son *, to raise his Troy,
 The Gods and great Alcides did employ;
 That done, ungrateful grew, nor would defray
 His hero and the hireling powers their pay;
 But our more pious Princess, who no less
 From Heaven and Marlborough has deriv'd success,
 By giving Blenheim and these piles, has given
 Their just rewards to Hercules and Heaven.

TO A LADY IN A FEVER.

FROM RALPH'S COLLECTION.

AROUND your couch while fighting Lovers view,
 Wit, Beauty, Goodness, suffering all in you,
 So mournful is the scene, 'tis hard to tell
 Which face betrays the sick, and which the well:
 They feel not their own pains while yours they share;
 Worse tortur'd now, than lately by despair.
 For bleeding veins a late relief is found,
 When iron red hot, by burning stops the wound.
 Their former anguish now they wish t' endure,
 And would on any terms obtain your cure.
 "Grant Heaven! they cry, this moment our desire
 To see her well, though we the next expire!"

* Laomedon. D.

B O

TO THE HON. MISS YORKE*,

(AFTERWARDS LADY ANSON†,)

ON HER COPYING CLOVIO'S PORTRAIT OF DANTE'.

BY HER BROTHER, THE HON. CHARLES YORKE ‡.

FAIR artist! well thy pencil has essay'd
To lend a poet's fame thy friendly aid;
Great Dantè's image in thy lines we trace;
And, while the Muses' train thy colours grace,

* This and the two following poems (first printed in Gent. Mag. 1770) cannot but be an acceptable present to the publick; though, at the same time, they will contribute to embitter the loss of the excellent author, by convincing the world of what his own modesty concealed from all but his intimate friends, viz. That Mr. Yorke's taste and proficiency in polite literature were only exceeded by his great abilities, diligence, and integrity, in his own profession. D.

† On the death of Lady Anson there is an excellent poem, by Mallet, in the English Poets, vol. LII. p. 329. N.

‡ This noble and eminent person was the second son of the lord chancellor Hardwicke. He had been, for many years, in the first reputation at the bar; and, having passed through the offices of solicitor and attorney general, was, himself, made lord chancellor in January 1770, but died soon after his appointment to that high dignity — *Lucluosum hoc suis; acerbum patriæ; grave benis omnibus.* Cic. — I borrow this note from Bp. Hurd's admirable "Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies concerning the Christian Church." Mr. Yorke, who had been nominated one of the trustees for the Lecture at Lincoln's Inn, was appointed lord chancellor Jan. 17, created lord Morden Jan. 18, and died Jan 20, 1770. N.

The

The Muse propitious on the draught shall smile,
Nor, envious, leave unsung the generous toil.

Picture and Poetry just kindred claim,
Their birth, their genius, and pursuits the same;
Daughters of Phœbus and Minerva, they
From the same sources draw the heavenly ray*.
Whatever earth, or air, or ocean breeds,
Whatever luxury or weakness needs;
All forms of beauty Nature's scenes disclose,
All images inventive arts compose;
What ruder passions tear the troubled breast,
What mild affections sooth the soul to rest,
Each thought to fancy magic numbers raise,
Expressive picture to the sense conveys.
Hence in all times with social zeal conspire
Who blend the tints, and who attune the lyre.
See! in reviving Learning's infant dawn,
Ere yet its precepts from old ruins drawn,
Sham'd the mock ornaments of Gothic taste,
New artists form'd, each Grecian bust replac'd;
Ere Leo's voice awak'd the barbarous age,
Oppress'd by monkish law and Vandal rage:
See! Dantè, Petrarch, through the darkness strive.
And Giotto's † pencil bid their forms survive! When

* In like manner, the late Mr. Hawkins Browne (a poet also and a lawyer), in justification of his own and his friend's propensity to the *beaux arts*, thus expresses himself,

“ They err, who think the Muses not allied
To Themis, both are of celestial birth, &c.”

Ode to the Hon. C. Y. in Doddsley's Poems,
vol. II. p. 289. D.

† Giotto, the scholar of Cimabue, and the first painter

When now maturer growth fair Science knew,
 Titian * her favour'd sons ambitious drew;
 Not half so proud with princes to adorn
 His tablets, as with wits less nobly born,
 Ariosto, Aretine, yet better skill'd
 On Letters and on Virtue Fame to build:
 These in their turn instruct the willing song,
 The painter's fading glories to prolong.
 In later times, hear Waller's polish'd verse
 The various beauties of Vandyck rehearse;
 And Dryden in sublimer strains impart
 To Kneller praise more lasting than his art†.

Friendships like these from time receive no law,
 Contracted oft with those we never saw;
 In every art who court an endless fame
 Through distant ages catch the sacred flame:
 See Zeuxis ‡, warm'd by Homer's rage divine,
 With rapture read, and what he reads, design!

of any genius that appeared in Italy, worked at Florence;
 was the contemporary of Dantè and Petrarch, whose pictures
 he drew, and with whom he lived in friendship. Y.

* Titian drew more portraits of kings and princes than
 any painter that ever lived. Ariosto and Aretine were his
 friends and contemporaries, of whom he made pictures. Y.

† See English Poets, vol. XIV. p. 151. In his portrait
 of Dryden, prefixed to the first volume of this Collection,
 the Painter has in an eminent degree repaid his obligations
 to the Poet. N.

‡ Zeuxis, who studied Homer with particular attention, al-
 ways read such parts of his poems as were best suited to the
 subject he had in hand, before he took up his pencil. Y.

See

See Julio *, bred on the Parnassian soil,
 With Virgil's grandeur dignify his toil !
 Clovio †, perhaps, like aid to Dantè ow'd ;
 Instant his figure on the canvas glow'd :
 To Dantè's fame the grateful colours flow,
 And wreaths of laurel bind his honour'd brow.

Thou too, whom Nature and the Muse inspire,
 Listening the poet's lore hast caught his fire ;
 With so much spirit every feature fraught,
 Clovio might own this imitated draught ;
 And Dantè, were he conscious of the praise,
 Would sing thy labours in immortal lays ;
 His melancholy air to gladness turn'd,
 Nor longer his unthankful Florence mourn'd :
 Fair Beatrice's ‡ charms would lose their force,
 No more her steps o'er Heaven direct his course ;

To

* Julio Romano, the disciple and favourite of Raphael, was said to have a peculiar majesty in his compositions. He was the best scholar of the modern painters, and a diligent reader of Virgil, and the greatest poets. Y.

† Julio Clovio lived 200 years after Dantè. The portrait of Dantè, here mentioned, represents him in a melancholy posture in the fore-ground, looking back on Florence, from whence he was banished during the commotions in that state in which he bore the highest offices. Clovio's great work is a book of drawings, to be seen at this day in the Florentine gallery, the subjects of which are all taken from Dantè's poem on Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven. D.

‡ Beatrice, the mistress of Dantè in his youth, who died many years before him, and of whom he speaks with great affection.

To thee the bard would grant the nobler place,
And ask thy guidance through the paths of peace.

Oh ! could my eloquence, like his, persuade
To leave the bounded walks by others made,
Through Nature's wilds bid thy free genius rove,
Copy the living race, or waving grove;
Or, boldly rising with superior skill,
The work with heroes or with poets fill ;
Then might I claim, deserv'd, the laurel crown,
My verse not quite neglected or unknown ;
Then should the world thy glowing pencil see
Extend the friendship of its art to me.

T O A L A D Y,

WITH A PRESENT OF POPE'S WORKS.

BY THE HON. CHARLES YORKE.

THE lover oft, to please some faithless dame,
With vulgar presents feeds the dying flame,
Then adds a verse, of slighted vows complains,
While she the giver and the gift disdains.
These strains no idle suit to thee commend,
On whom gay Loves with chaste Desires attend ;
Nor fancied excellence, nor amorous care,
Prompts to rash praise, or fills with fond despair ;
Enough, if the fair volume find access ;
Thee the great poet's lay shall best express ;

affection. She is represented in the poem as the guardian angel who leads him through Heaven, as Virgil and Statius do their heroes through Hell and Purgatory. Y.

Thy beauteous image there thou may'st regard,
 Which strikes with modest awe the meaner bard.
 Sure, had he living view'd thy tender youth,
 The blush of honour, and the grace of truth,
 Ne'er with Belinda's charms his song had glow'd,
 But from thy form the lov'd idea flow'd;
 His wanton satire ne'er the sex had scorn'd,
 For thee, by Virtue and the Muse adorn'd.

STANZAS, IN THE MANNER OF WALLER:

OCCASIONED BY A RECEIPT TO MAKE INK,
 GIVEN TO THE AUTHOR BY A LADY.

BY THE HON. CHARLES YORKE.

IN earliest times, ere man had learn'd
 His sense in writing to impart,
 With inward anguish oft he burn'd,
 His friend unconscious of the smart.
 Alone he pin'd in thickest shade,
 Near murmuring waters sooth'd his grief,
 Of senseless rocks companions made,
 And from their echoes sought relief.
 Cadmus, 'tis said, did first reveal
 How letters should the mind express,
 And taught to grave with pointed steel
 On waxen tablets its distress.

Soon was the feeble waxen trace
 Supplied by Ink's unfading spot,
 Which to remotest climes conveys,
 In clearest marks, the secret thought.

Blest be his chemic hand that gave

The world to know so great a good !

Hard ! that his name it should not save,

Who first pour'd forth the fable flood.

'Tis this consigns to endless praise

The hero's valour, statesman's art,

Historic truth and fabling lays,

The maiden's eyes, the lover's heart.

If still oblivious Lethe live

Immortal in poetic lore,

What honours shall the stream receive

Sacred to Memory's better power !

Who now from Helicon's fam'd well

The drops celestial would request,

When by Ink's magick he can spell

The image of his faithful breast ?

This kindly spares the modest tongue

To speak aloud the pleasing pain ;

Aided by this, in tuneful song

Fond vows the virgin-paper stain.

Though stain'd, yet innocent of blame,

No blush th' indignant reader warms,

If well express'd the poet's flame,

Inspir'd by fair Maria's charms.

PETER TRIUMPHANT,
OR, SPLIT-BOTTLE DEFEATED. A TALE.

BY DR. REDMAN*.

“———Magno de flumine malle

“Quam ex hoc fonticulo tantundem haurire.” HOR.

PETER † to Ashridge went to dine,
Peter, a lover of good wine;
The table is with dainties spread,
The guests advance, and grace is said.
In comes the ven'son — Oh! how sweet
Looks Peter on the savoury meat!
See! how he lays about amain,
And eats, and drinks, and eats again.
'Tis done—he's fill'd—and thanks are given,
First to her Grace, and then to Heaven.
Next come the glasses — healths go round:
The bottle soon is empty found.
“My dear,” quoth Peter to his friend,
See here! — all things must have an end —
The bottle's out — You, Master Tough ‡ —
But han't I interest enough

* Jones Redman, M. A. after being fellow of King's, College, Cambridge, settled as a physician at Berkhamsted St. Peter in Hertfordshire, where his agreeable company and medical skill recommended him to general practice and esteem. He died May 6, 1763. D.

† Dr. Peter Waldo, rector of Aston Clinton, Bucks. D.

‡ The chaplain, rector of St. Paul's Covent Garden. D.

To

To bid the butler bring another?"

"Yes sure," replies the holy brother.

"Hark ye! you, Mr. what's your name?
Bring a fresh bottle of the same!"

He goes, returns—but oh! the sight!
Hell could not raise an uglier sight:
He brings (perhaps by lordly hint),
He brings, alas! a single pint.

"What's here?" says Peter in some wrath:
A pint!—the devil!—by my troth,
I'll sconce thee, puppy, for these tricks,
I'll halve the pence, and give but six.
Spite of your garb, I'll pay no more;
No, not a farthing:—I have sworn.
But fetch a quart, and I am willing
To make that six-pence up a shilling."

The quart is brought; and honest Peter,
The bill amended, pays the waiter.

M O R A L.

Ye Gods! avert from men divine
Such eye-fores as a pint of wine!

TRING-PARK* TRAGEDY.

BY DR. REDMAN.

"Par nobile fratrum."

A Brace of bucks, in friendship bound
(Such as with man is rarely found),
Together walk'd, together lay,
And fed together every day:

* In Hertfordshire, the seat of Charles Gore, esq; D.

Whatever pasture one approv'd,
 The other for that reason lov'd :
 Contented with their gay retreat,
 They envy'd neither rich nor great.
 All their ambition, all their strife,
 (Mark this, and blush, O man and wife !)
 Was, which should love his brother most,
 To all, but one another, lost.

One fault they had ; and, what was that ?
 A fatal fault ! they were too fat ;
 For this alone condemn'd to die :
 So wills the keeper, and lets fly.
 One falling cries, " Farewell, dear mate !
 Fly, swiftly fly, and shun my fate."
 Speaking he died. Confus'd, amaz'd,
 On the dead corpse his brother gaz'd ;
 He sigh'd, and sobb'd : adown his cheeks
 Fast flow the tears while thus he speaks :
 " Thy dying words I nought will heed,
 Nor quit thy side, but by thee bleed :
 One half is gone ; 'twill be unkind,
 Should t' other linger here behind ;
 Come, Libitina, quickly come,
 And lead me to my faithful chum !"

While thus he mourn'd, with grief unfeign'd,
 Achilles-like, his murder'd friend,
 Out steps the minister of death,
 Shoots him his wish, and stops his breath.

If life 's the price for fatness paid,
 Tremble for thy devoted head,

O Trig !

O Trig * ! left thou, in sin as deep,
Shouldst not, so plump, in whole skin sleep.
But hold ! for thy dear lady's † sake,
Still keep thy broad expanse of back,
To screen her, when she mounts thy beast,
From the rude blasts of North or East.

Goddeſs of Health ! attend the fair,
Wait on her ſteed, and bleſs the air !
Through the mild air thy balm convey,
Smile on her cheek, and bloom without decay !

Aug. 1, 1750.

TO MR. DEERE, APOTHECARY,
ON HIS BIRTH DAY, MAY 4.

BY DR. REDMAN.

RIDING this morning by the mead
Where horſes can't be ſaid to feed,
Your mare advanc'd, and bow'd her head,
And, dropping this her letter, ſaid,
“ Be pleas'd, good ſir, I humbly beg,
To forward this ; ”—then made her leg.

* The keeper. D.

† Mrs. Gore, being then in a bad ſtate of health, uſed to take the air behind the keeper. D.

The above verſes are founded on a true fact.—The keeper was ordered to ſhoot two bucks in the two parks : But after he had ſhot the firſt he had marked, his comrade came and ſtood by him in the manner here deſcribed ; whereupon the keeper ſhot him alſo—

Quis talia fando
Temperet a lachrymis ?

TO MY HONOURED MASTER.

THIS day, it seems, you give to mirth,
 This day which gave your honour birth;
 While others greet you, let me join
 The general joy, and fling in mine;
 And while your dainties you prepare,
 Oh! think of me, and how I fare.
 Small comfort in this marshy ground,
 Where scarce a blade of grass is found:
 The bite is short; were it but sweet,
 The proverb would be quite complete.
 For Venus' sake, who rules this day,
 Regale me with some corn and hay.
 So may Love's Queen, to merit kind,
 Send wife and patients to your mind!

ON A CONSULTATION OF FOUR PHYSICIANS.

BY DR. REDMAN*.

RIDING one night to see a friend,
 Who lay extremely ill;
 Soon as I reach'd my journey's end,
 Two dons were at my heel.

I made enquiry who they were,

With aspect so demure;

"These, said the servant, doctors are,

My master come to cure." No

* Dr. Redman's epigram on Four Physicians, reminds me of the following on two:

"A single Doctor like a sculler plies,

And all his art and all his physic tries;

But two Physicians, like a pair of oars,

Conduct you soonest to the Stygian shores." D.

No sooner said, than in there came

A third, and then a fourth ;

“ These by profession are the same,

All men of mickle worth*.”

Pitying my friend's unhappy case,

I sigh'd, and shook my head :

I sent next morning to the place,

To know if he was dead.

The answer's brought ; “ He's still alive.”

“ 'Tis strange, says I, but civil ;

Few two physicians can survive,

But four would kill the devil.”

ON THE REBELLION IN MY BOWELS,

AND IN PRAISE OF RHUBARB.

BY DR. REDMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1745, AND SENT IN A LETTER

TO A FRIEND, AN APOTHECARY.

DEAR SIR,

FOR two nights past I've prov'd the fate

And various turns that oft affect a state ;

This moment all is calm, like April morn,

The next with war intestine I am torn ;

* Thus Mr. Garrick, when he was dying, seeing several physicians in his room, said ;

“ Another, and another after that,

“ And the last fool is welcome as the former.”— D.

My belly's pregnant with an armed force,
And groans and labours like the Trojan horse.

I rise, and call my legions to my aid;
They come, but lo! of some I am afraid:
In General Jallap I can put no hope;
He's quick, 'tis true, but 'tis to run like Cope;
Picra is staunch, but then he's old and slow,
May flag, perhaps, like Wade, intrench'd in snow;
Or trim, like Bath's good Earl, and wheel about,
And add more force to what he went to rout.
Senna, though Alexandria gave thee birth,
Though we all own and reverence thy worth,
Unless with thee some kind corrector goes,
Thou'rt apt to wound thy friends as well as foes.

Rhubarb! of all my troops I've chosen you,
Go forth! extirpate this rebellious crew!—
See with what haste he hies him to the field;
When powerful he descends, the rebels yield—
Mark, how they fly! at what amazing rate
They scour before him to the Postern-gate;
Thence rushing headlong, like the herd of swine,
They victims fall at Cloacina's shrine!

Hail, root of Turkey! how my bowels yearn
To vent their grateful thanks from stem to stern!
Victorious Rhubarb! thy exploits in colon
From age to age shall never fail to roll on,
And to reward and do thy prowess right-a,
We'll vote a higher price *durante vitâ*.

EPITAPH ON THE REV. DR. WALDO *.

BY DR. REDMAN.

HERE lies Death's chum, facetious Peter,
Both a good fuzzer †, and a good eater,
He ate and fuzz'd till seventy-four,
Then died content — What could he more ?

SONG. BY SAMUEL COX, ESQ. ‡

WHEN Stella's charms first met my eye,
Whilst yet unknown her name,
A faltering tongue and tell-tale sigh
My passion did proclaim : But

* See above, p. 302. In Mr. Jeffreys's poems is an arch epigram on this same Divine, under the title of "The Two Peters," which I shall transcribe as a curiosity :

TWO Peters, one a Saint, and one a Sinner,
Ador'd his Saviour that, and this his dinner ;
In life an Epicure, in name a Priest,
His Hell no wine, his Heaven a ven'son-feast.
But here the world a woeful proof may view,
How false Religion works beyond the true ;
Ere twice the crowing cock his notes had try'd,
The Saint no less than thrice his Lord deny'd :
The Sinner, faithful to his God of Wine,
Forfakes not so his more frequented shrine,
Though thrice the midnight cock repeats his warning,
And thrice the watchman's voice proclaims the morning. N.

† Drinker, one of Dr. Waldo's cant words. D.

‡ Barrister at law, of Lincoln's Inn, a man of wit and genius, as appeared by many other fugitive productions, particularly that popular song, "When first by fond Damon Flavella was seen, &c." He died Oct. 15, 1776.

But when her splendid birth I knew,

Ye Gods ! how much I strove

The guilty passion to subdue,

And screen my heart from love !

Oh ! had I liv'd in happier times,

When love was free as air,

And any swain without a crime

Accosted any fair !

My artless vows had try'd to move

The pity of her breast ;

And pity, ripening into love,

Perchance had made me blest.

But wretched I each hope disclaim

That feeds my fond desire ;

And every wish my breast can frame,

Shall in that breast expire.

What tyrant Custom can't approve

My reason shall reject,

And that which in its birth was love

Shall only be respect.

But, Stella, should a struggling sigh

From my poor heart get free,

Or should you catch my guilty eye

When fondly fix'd on thee ;

Oh ! let me, let me be forgiven,

And think how hard my task,

Since sinners may admire that Heaven

For which they dare not ask.

THE INDIFFERENT*. FROM METASTASIO.

BY ISAAC PACATUS SHARD, ESQ.†.

THE tender look, the winning smile,
 No more shall my fond hopes beguile;
 Nicé, thy arts are vain;
 The pitying Gods my peace restore,
 Freedom's a golden dream no more,
 At length I've burst my chain.

In

* Though the beauty of this Ode has tempted several other ingenious writers to translate it, no one, it is presumed, has traced the original with more spirit and closeness than Mr. Shard. There are no less than three translations, or imitations, of it, in the second volume of Doddsley's Miscellanies. The first was by the Rev. Mr. Seward, Prebendary of Litchfield; the second by an unknown writer; the third by the late Richard Roderick, esq. D.

† Of Peckham, in Surrey, son of Sir Isaac Shard, knt. and educated at Benet College, Cambridge, under the tuition of Dr. (afterwards Archbp.) Herring. His father being proverbially avaricious, Hogarth thought proper to pillory him in a picture called *The Miser's Feast*. Hearing this, the son, who was then a young man of spirit, just come from his travels, called at the painter's to see this picture, and, among the rest, asking the *Ciceroni* whether that odd figure was intended for any particular person, on his replying that it was generally thought to be very like one Sir Isaac Shard, he immediately drew his sword and flashed the canvass. Hogarth appeared instantly, in great wrath; to whom

In me no wonted ardour glows,
No more my colour ebbs and flows,
When on thy face I gaze;
My heart ne'er flutters at thy name,
No symptoms of a lurking flame
My peaceful breast betrays.

At night, in dreams I seldom see
Thy image; or first think of thee,
When, in the morn, I wake;
I ne'er, when absent from thee, sigh;
No pain perceive when thou art by,
Nor any pleasure take.

If any one thy beauty prize,
I feel no soft emotion rise,
Or at my wrongs repine;
I with my rival talk of thee,
But not one spark of jealousy
Disturbs this breast of mine.

View me with pity or disdain,
Alike thy smiles or scorn are vain,
Nor love nor hate impart;
Those eyes have lost their former sway,
No more can find the well-known way
Once leading to my heart.

whom Mr. Shard calmly justified what he had done, saying that this was a very unwarrantable licence; that he was the injured party's son, and that he was ready to defend any suit at law — which however was never instituted. There are some good translations and imitations by this writer in Mr. Duncombe's Horace. D.

Chearful,

Chearful, or sad, howe'er my days
I pass, to thee I owe no praise,

To thee impute no blame :
The grove, the hill, th' enamell'd green,
Without thee, charm ; each gloomy scene,
With thee, looks still the same.

Frankly I own, thou still art fair ;
But yet, methinks, there others are

Whose charms with thine might vie :
Excuse me — in that lovely face,
I spy a fault, that seem'd a grace
To my once partial eye.

When from my breast I wrench'd the dart,
I blush to think my tortur'd heart

Was cleft almost in twain ;
Who would not some sharp pain endure,
The wounds of slighted love to cure,
And be himself again ?

The lime-taught bird would rather chuse
Some plumes, than liberty, to lose ;

Time soon that loss repairs :
In vain we to retake him strive,
The shy, experienc'd fugitive
Eludes all future snares.

Because thou art my frequent theme,
Perhaps some latent spark may seem

Still in my breast to burn ;
Nicé, when dangers are no more,
As often as we talk them o'er,
Our pains to pleasures turn.

The soldier thus, from cruel wars
 Returning, loves to count his scars,
 Fights o'er his past campaigns ;
 Thus the glad captive, newly free
 From a long painful slavery,
 Delights to shew his chains.

To please myself I talk, nor care
 Whether thou think'st me now sincere,
 Or what thy thoughts may be ;
 I ask not if my numbers please,
 Or if thy bosom be at ease,
 If e'er thou talk'st of me.

Which of us two wants comfort most ?
 Thou hast a constant lover lost ;
 I quit a fickle fair :
 Nicé, a heart so true, so kind
 As mine, is very hard to find ;
 Coquettes swarm every where.

EPIGRAM, FROM THE FRENCH

I Die with sadness, if the blushing fair
 These eyes adore rejects her lover's prayer ;
 I die with transport, if her gentle ear,
 Is pleas'd her lover's soft complaint to hear.
 How shall a wretch his fate contrive to shun,
 Both by her rigour and her smiles undone ?
 Each way I look, I view my ruin sure,
 Fall by the wound, or perish by the cure !

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APPENDIX* TO VOLUME VI.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE
THE MARCHIONESS GREY;
SENT WITH PHOEBE, A PASTORAL OPERA
BY DR. JOHN HOADLY†.

Madam,

FROM polish'd circles of the fair,
From gilded domes and tainted air,
Where Pleasure's toilsome, Silence loud,
Retirement but from crowd to crowd;
Where Love but drives a trade at best
(An alley-broker He profess'd,)
Not giving corresponding hearts,
But chaffering with his golden darts;
Where Innocence the world amazes,
Her face scarce known in public places;

* The Reader who brings with him an inclination to be pleased will not censure me for the awkward arrangement of the few following poems, which came to hand too late to be properly incorporated. And if, after all, they are thought to add more to the bulk than the merit of the volume, let it be recollected that they do not add to the price. N.

† Of Dr. Hoadly an account may be seen in vol. VIII. p. 152. He left a great number of MS. volumes of poetry, of which many were written by himself. N.

But chusing—still at home—to share
One corner of St. James's Square—
Far hence, permit the simple swain
To lead thee to the guiltless plain,
Where Phœbe, innocent and gay,
Dares with the dangerous passion play;
And Celia, uninstructed maid,
Stoops her pure cause herself to plead.

Nor scornfully wilt thou disdain
The shepherd's pastime, pure though plain.
Thou (whose well-cultivated mind,
Nor for enjoyment too refin'd,
Nor others' woes to feel too wise,
Knows all but Nature to despise)
Serene shalt teach the madding train,
False pleasure is but real pain:
Superior to her Siren-song,
Prudent thou glid'st the stream along,
Not careless of the baits of youth,
But steady to the pilot, Truth.
With her upon the helm advanc'd,
In purer joys thou sitt'st intranc'd,
And see'st with pity and amaze
The voluntary herds, that graze
Th' enchanted shores of Circe's isle,
Transform'd so foully by her smile.

Lady, from all their painted pride,
Come, let the Shepherd be thy guide:
He 'll lead thee to the fountain's brink,
Where all the Sylvan Muses drink;

Whose

Whose spotless and tranfluent face
 Heaven reflects with Heaven's own grace,
 And pure at once, and yet refin'd,
 Presents a mirror to the mind.
 He 'll lead thee (go with him along)
 Where Greene's * sweet Mufe attunes her fong,
 And plays her not unufual part,
 Mixing fimplicity with art:
 Thy Genius fhall according move,
 And, felf-approving, her approve.

IN FLUVIUM VULGO DICTUM
 THE NEW RIVER.

BY DR. TEMPLEMAN†.

O Qui perennis flumine limpido
 Errans per agros, prataque mollia,
 Hortosque villarum superbos
 Fundis opes, generofus amnis!
 Non tollis iram concitus imbribus,
 Nec ficcatur undas Sirius æftuans:
 Atqui ufque terrarum potenti
 Divitias meditaris urbi.
 Sic vita decurrat mihi flumine
 Leni, precor, nec tardo nec incito
 Curfu, velut ripas virentes
 Lambis aquâ taciturnus amnis.

* Dr. Greene, Profeflor of Mufic. D.

† Of whom, fee vol. VIII. p. 225. N.

THE VISION OF PATIENCE,
 AN ALLEGORICAL POEM,
 SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
 MR. ALEXANDER CUMING*, A YOUNG GENTLEMAN
 UNFORTUNATELY LOST IN THE NORTHERN
 OCEAN ON HIS RETURN FROM CHINA, 1740.
 BY MR. S. BOYSE†.

“Ne jaceat *nullo*, vel ne *meliore* sepulchro.” LUCAN, lib. viii.

‘T WAS on a summer’s night I lay repos’d,
 In the kind arms of hospitable Rest;
 When Fancy to my waking thought disclos’d
 And deep the visionary scene imprest:

Close

* Mr. A. Cuming was first supercargo of the *Suecia*, a Swedish East India ship, which was wrecked on a rock about two miles E. of the island of North Ronaldsha, the northernmost of the Orkney islands, Nov. 18, 1740. Immediately on the ship’s striking, Mr. Cuming went off in the barge, accompanied by the surgeon and six of the boldest seamen, in order to discover what the island was, but were never more heard of. Thirty-one of the sailors were saved out of 100, the ship’s compliment. C.—He was an elder brother of my worthy friend Dr. Cuming of Dorchester, the *Lycidas* of p. 338, and to whom the Ode in p. 340 was addressed by Mr. Boyse. N.

† For an account of this ingenious writer, the reader is referred to the 11d volume of this collection, p. 163; and to
 vol.

Close by my side in robes of morning-grey
 A form celestial stood—or seem'd to stand;
 Intranc'd in admiration as I lay,

She rais'd with aspect calm my feeble hand:
 And while through all my veins the tumult ran,
 With mild benignity—she placid thus began:

II. “*Patience*

vol. VIII. p. 288, 289. I will now add an extract from an original letter which in July 1741 he sent to a friend, with some citations from his poem called “*Deity*.”—“I have no great reason to brag of the success of the poem, though “*The Champion*” early recommended it. Divine poetry is not the taste of the age, but I hope it shall be the support of mine. It is the only subject I now take pleasure in. I have all last summer been employed by Mr. Cave in French translation, a province highly agreeable to me, and the most profitable business stirring. I have been since last September almost constantly with Dr. Douglas in the slavish work of index-making, alias word-catching: and am only now interrupted by his “*Osteology*,” which takes up his whole attention, and will soon be published; the plates, which are the noblest of the kind I ever saw, being taken from the life. I have the prospect of having a new translation from the French in a few days; but Booksellers are so undistinguishing, and Authors, or rather Scriblers, so plenty, that Learning, unless supported, bids fair to starve between them. I hope the best, as I begin to be a little known, and would endeavour, as far as I could, to support a good character in the literary way.—All I am sorry for, is, that the taste runs strong against every thing that is just and sensible—unless it is consecrated

II.

“ *Patience* my name—of *Lachesis* * the child,
 “ Nor art thou unacquainted with my voice;
 “ By me afflicted *Virtue* suffers mild,
 “ And to th’ eternal will submits its choice.
 “ Behold, commission’d from the heavenly sphere,
 “ I come to strengthen thy corrected sight;
 “ To teach thee yet continued woes to bear,
 “ And eye Misfortune in a friendly light:
 “ Nor thou my present summons disobey,
 “ But chearfully prepare to wait me on my way.”

III. “ Daugh-

by the infallibility of a Pope, whose *ipse dixit* is as much
 revered as that of his Holiness at Rome.”—To the same gen-
 tleman, in June 1747, he affectingly laments the loss of his
 first wife Emilia, and describes his situation as “not whol-
 ly uncomfortable.” He was then at Reading, and employed
 by Mr. Henry in compiling “An Historical Review of the
 Transactions of Europe.”—“My salary,” he says, “is
 wretchedly small (half a guinea a week) both for writing
 the history and correcting the press; but, I bless God, I enjoy
 a greater degree of health than I have known for many years,
 and a serene melancholy, which I prefer to the most poignant
 sensations of pleasure I ever knew.—All I sigh for, is a
 settlement with some degree of independence, for my last
 stage of life, that I may have the comfort of my poor dear
 girl to be near me, and close my eyes. I should be glad to
 know if you have seen my *History*, from which you must not
 expect great things, as I have been overpersuaded to put my

name.

III.

“ Daughter of Heaven (methought I strait replied)

“ Gladly by me thy summons is obey’d;

“ Content I follow thee, celestial guide,

“ Beneath thy sure protection undismay’d:

name to a compofure, for which we ought to have had at least more time and better materials; and from which I have neither profit nor reputation to expect. I am now beginning ‘The History of the Rebellion,’ a very difficult and invidious task. All the accounts I have yet seen are either defective, confused, or heavy. I think myself, from my long residence in Scotland, not unqualified for the attempt, but I apprehend it is premature; and, by waiting a year or two, better materials would offer. Some account, I think, will probably be published abroad, and give us light into many things we are now at a loss to account for. I am about a translation (at my leisure hours) of an invaluable French work, intituled, ‘L’Hstoire Universelle,’ by the late M Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, and preceptor to the Dauphin, eldest son of Lewis XIV. I propose only to give his Dissertations on the Ancient Empires, viz: the Egyptian, Assyrian, Grecian, and Roman, which he has described with surprising conciseness, and with equal judgement and beauty. I design to inscribe it to the Right Honourable Mr. Lyttelton, one of the Lords of the Treasury, one of the most amiable men I have ever known, and to whose uncommon goodness if you knew my obligations, you would esteem him as much as he deserves.”

* *Patience*, the first allegorical figure introduced, is here represented as the daughter of *Necessity*, or *Lachesis*, one of the three Destinies. B.

“ Oft in sharp perils and surrounding woes
 “ Thy salutary presence have I found ;
 “ Then lead wherever thy direction shows,
 “ To distant seas, or earth’s remotest bound :
 “ Ready am I to wait thy purpos’d flight,
 “ Thine be the care to act the sovereign will aright !”

IV.

Sudden, enfolded in a fleecy cloud,
 Through yielding air we cut our rapid way,
 While the pale moon a dubious light bestow’d,
 Lands as we pass’d and intermingled sea :
 Nor ceas’d our voyage, till the blushing dawn
 Dispell’d the glimmering of the starry host ;
 And Night’s dark curtain by degrees withdrawn,
 We found ourselves on *Thulé** : † sky-girt coast :
 Where *Silence* † sits on her untroubled throne,
 As if she left the world to live and reign alone.

V.

Here no invading noise the Goddess finds,
 High as she sits o’er the surrounding deep ;
 But pleas’d she listens to the hollow winds,
 Or the shrill mew, that lulls her evening-sleep ;
 Deep in a cleft-worn rock we found her laid,
 Spangled the roof with many an artless gem :
 Slowly she rose, and met us in the shade,
 As half disturb’d that such intrusion came :

* *Thulé* is here taken for the *Orkney* Isles. B.

† *Silence*, the second allegorical person, and sister of *Patience*. B.

But at her sister's sight with look discreet,
She better welcome gave, and pointed each a seat.]

VI.

Wide from her grotto to the dazzled eye
A boundless prospect! lay the azure waste,
Lost in the sightless limit sea and sky;
By measurable distance faintly trac'd;
Whence now arising from his wat'ry bed,
The sun emerging spread his golden ray;
When sweetly *Patience* rais'd her pensive head,
And thus the Goddess said, or seem'd to say:
"Mark, mortal, with Attention's deepest care,
"The swift approaching scene the hands of Heaven
"prepare."

VII.

With look intent, across the shining void,
(An object to the weak beholder lost!)
Just in the horizon * a sail I spied,
As if she made some long-expected coast:
Kind to her wishes blew the western breeze,
As, swift advancing o'er the placid main
She shap'd her course, increasing by degrees,
Till nearer sense made all her beauties plain;
And shew'd her on the yielding billows ride,
In all the gallant trim of ornamental pride!

* The pronunciation rather of a sailor, than of a scholar. D.

VIII. Thus.

VIII.

Thus flew she onward with expanded sail,
 A sight delightful to the pleasur'd eye!
 Borne on the wings of the propitious gale,
 Heedless, alas! of hidden danger nigh:
 The joyful sailor, long on ocean tost,
 Already thought his tedious sufferings o'er;
 Already hail'd the hospitable coast,
 And trod in thought along the friendly shore:
 When, dreadful to behold!—disastrous shock*!
 Shipwreck'd, at once she struck on a wave-cover'd rock!

IX.

O Heaven!—it was a piteous sight to view
 The wild confusion suddenly took place!
 The different gestures of the frightened crew!
 The fear that mark'd each death-distracted face.
 All one impassion'd scene of woe appear'd,
 Some wildly rav'd, while others scarce could speak.
 No order was observ'd, no reason heard,
 For mortal paleness fate on every cheek!
 I look'd at *Patience*!—as she fate me nigh,
 And wonder'd, as I look'd, to see her tearless eye!

X.

Again I turn'd—when, o'er the vessel's side,
 Distinct I saw a manly youth appear,
 Launch the oar'd pinnace to the swelling tide,
 Nor shew'd his steady brow a guilty fear!

* This fatal accident happened near the island of North Ronaldsha, the northernmost of the Orkney Isles. B.

The sad remainder with a mournful hail
 His just design and bold departure blest;
 With lifted eye he spread the slender sail,
 As if he trusted Heaven to guide the rest:
 Swift o'er the main the bark retreating flew,
 And the tall ship at once was taken from my view.

XI.

Immediate *Patience* from her seat arose,
 And all abrupt the transient visit broke;
 While *Silence*, pleas'd, return'd to her repose,
 With air compos'd, for never word she spoke:
 Again cloud-wafted we pursu'd our way.
 Westward, as gave the alter'd wind to ride,
 When thus, methought, I heard the Goddess say,
 " 'Tis mine to wait yon' boat that braves the tide,
 " For well, alas, too well I now foresee,
 " Much need yon voyagers will quickly have for me."

XII.

Driven on the pinions of the eastern wind
 O'er many a seagirt isle, and rocky coast,
 We left bleak Shetland's * shadowy hills behind,
 To watch the little bark in ocean tost:

* The pinnacle was probably driven into the Great Ocean that lies to the westward of the Isles of Orkney and Shetland, where it perished. B.

For now from sight of land diverted clear,
 They drove uncertain o'er the pathless deep,
 Nor gave the adverse gale due course to steer,
 Nor durst they the design'd direction keep:
 The gathering tempest quickly rag'd so high,
 The wave-encompass'd boat but faintly reach'd my eye.

XIII.

Yet could I mark, amidst the noisy waste,
 The peaceful exit blameless Virtue gave;
 Calm fate the youth in the loud threatening blast,
 And firm prepar'd him for his wat'ry grave!
 One fond regard, his latest debt, he paid,
 Eastward, to Caledonia's native shore;
 And thus (methought) in dying accents said,
 "Farewell my country!"—he could say no more,
 For the wild surge with rage devouring spread,
 And whelm'd the hapless youth in Ocean's liquid bed.

XIV.

Then *Patience* meek, as from my rending heart,
 She heard deep utter'd the expressive sighs,
 "Seest thou (she said) that youth's undaunted part,
 "Who yonder ev'n in death unvanquish'd lies?
 "There view the blest effects from Virtue flow,
 "The cow'rd from Fate to shameful Safety flies;
 "The truly valiant dares to meet the foe,
 "Nor shrinks from danger, but with honour dies:
 "For guilt of all defence disarms the slave,
 "But innocence in death supports the good and brave.

XV. Yet,

XV.

“ Yet, e e yon setting sun his light renew,
 “ Shalt thou behold the decent honours pa’d
 “ To the pale corse now floating in thy view,
 “ And see it in the earth lamented laid;
 “ For though he dies from each expecting friend,
 “ Whose vows were offer’d for his safe return;
 “ The mournful stranger o’er his grave shall bend,
 “ The blushing virgins weep around his urn!
 “ Such privilege his spotless truth shall boast,
 “ Though to your distant world in dark oblivion lost!”

XVI.

The tempest ceas’d—and all the sober night
 Intent our course ærial we pursued;
 Till as Aurora dawn’d with ruddy light,
 An island we perceiv’d that stemm’d the flood;
 No hills, nor trees adorn’d the level soil,
 Where bleating flocks a plenteous herbage found;
 Low lay the prospect of the bleating isle *
 With here and there a spot of tillage-ground:
 By which the humble village stood descried,
 Where never enter’d arts, or luxury, or pride!

XVII.

O’er many a sea-green holm we wafted went
 Where undisturb’d the feather’d nations lay!

* The *Faroe* Isles, subject to Denmark. See Bede’s Description of them. B.

Till lighting on the plain with soft descent,
 We saw a reverend form advance our way;
 And now approaching with an easy pace,
 The venerable sage before us stands,
 White were his hairs, and chearful was his face,
 At once delights his aspect and commands:
 I felt all care suspended at his view,
 Whom better far than I his kindred Goddefs knew.

XVIII.

Of homespun russet was the garb he bore,
 Girt with a velvet seal's divided skin;
 Of woollen yarn the mittens which he wore
 To keep him from the breath of Boreas thin:
 An easy path along the verdant ground
 Soon to his hospitable cottage led,
 Ere yet instructed I my error found,
 Nor knew the cause my first emotion bred,
 Till, as into his clean abode we went*,
 Kind *Patience* whisper'd me our host was call'd *Content*.

XIX.

Sweet was his earthen floor with rushes spread,
 Sweet was each shell-wrought bowl, and wooden
 Sweet was the quilt compos'd his healthy bed, [dish,
 Nor wanted he for fowl, or sun-dried fish;
 And milk of sheep, and turf, a plenteous store,
 Which lay beneath his comfortable roof;
 No storms, no accidents, could make him poor,
 He and his house, I ween, were weather-proof.

* *Content*, the third allegorical figure introduced. B.

A batchelor he wonde, devoid of care,
Which made him now appear so healthy and so fair.

XX.

Long time with *Patience* fair discourse he held,
(Oft had the Goddess been his welcome guest)
Nor she the friendly intercourse repell'd,
But the good fire familiarly address'd :
Thus were we happily conversant set,
When from the neighbouring village rose a cry,
And drew our hasty steps where numbers met,
Like us, appear'd to know the reason—why?
Nor needed answer: on the sea-weed spray,
Too visible reply!—the wave-toss'd body lay.

XXI.

How stood I shock'd—when in the semblant face,
(By death unalter'd, or the cruel flood)
I could of *Lycidas* each feature trace,
Young *Lycidas*, the learned and the good!
“O Heaven (cried I) what sorrows will he feel,
“Debarr'd the promis'd hope of thy return?
“Not all his skill the mental wound can heal,
“Or cure a loss he must so justly mourn!
“How will he weep when in the ocean-grave,
“He hears a brother lost he could have died to save!”

XXII.

Here with observant eye, and look serene,
Thus check'd the good old man my plaintive speech;
“Best in submission piety is seen,
“That lesson let thy kind conductress teach :
“But

“ But lest the youth, thy friend bewails, should wait
 “ The rites departed merit ought to find,
 “ Let these assembled natives kindly grant
 “ The unpolluted grave, by Heaven assign’d :
 “ A corpse that claim’d a due interment more,
 “ Yet never wafted wave to *Faroe’s* guiltless shore !”

XXIII.

He said—obedient to his just commands
 The zealous youth the breathless body bear;
 Some form the sepulchre with careful hands,
 While round the virgins drop the artless tear.
 Such flowers as Nature grants the ruder clime,
 Such flowers around with pious care they shed,
 And sing the funeral dirge in Runic rhyme*,
 Allotted to the sage, or warrior dead :
 While as these fruitless honours are bestow’d,
 Content with sober speech his purpose thus avow’d :

XXIV.

“ What boots thee now, lost youth ! that crosses the
 “ main,
 “ Thou spread the daring sail from pole to pole,
 “ Wealth to acquire, and knowledge to attain ;
 “ Knowledge, the nobler treasure of thy soul !
 “ Beneath the scorching of the medial line,
 “ On Africk’s sand, and India’s golden coast ;
 “ Virtue gave thee with native truth to shine,
 “ Drest in each excellence that youth could boast,

* The inhabitants of all these northern isles observe the custom of singing over the dead. B.

“ And

“ And now she gives thee from the wave to rise,
 “ And reach the safer port prepar’d thee in the skies.

XXV.

“ Yet take these honours, thy deserv’d reward !
 “ Call this untroubled spot of earth thy own ;
 “ Here shall thy ashes find a due regard,
 “ And annual sweets around thy grave be thrown.
 “ Directing Heaven ordain’d thy early end,
 “ From fraud and guilt to save thy blameless youth,
 “ To show that Death no terrors can attend,
 “ Where Piety resides and holy Truth ;
 “ Here take thy rest within this hallow’d ground,
 “ Till the last trump emit the dead-awakening sound !”

XXVI.

He ceas’d—attentive to the words he said,
 In earth the natives place the honour’d clay ;
 With holy rites they cover up his head,
 A spotless * grave, where never mortal lay !
 Charm’d with the simple manners of the isle,
 I wish’d some further knowledge to receive ;
 Here could have dwelt with old *Content* awhile,
 And learn’d of him the happiness to live !
 When *Patience* from my side abruptly broke,
 And starting at the loss, I suddenly awoke !

London, Sept. 14, 1741.

* Virgin. B.

ODE, TO MR. WILLIAM CUMING,
ON HIS GOING TO FRANCE, AUGUST 31, 1735.
B Y M R. B O Y S E.

“ ————Finibus [Gallicis]

“ Reddes incolumem precor,

“ Et serves animæ dimidium meæ !”

O Blow serene ! ye soft Etesian gales,
Curl the gay main, and fill the swelling sails !

The guardian vessel through the deep attend :
Shine every favourable planet bright,
To guide the prosp'rous navigation right,
And bear to Gallia's shore my happy friend !

Thence to Lutetia's walls, a pleasing way,
Through scenes by Nature dress'd profusely gay !
Auspicious Fortune still his passage guide ;
Till safe arriv'd he views the wond'rous town,
Which all agree unprejudic'd to own

At once fair Europe's envy and its pride !

There while his thoughts explore th' amazing plan
Of pow'r divine,—the microcosm of man ;

From every danger shield his spotless youth !
With manly strength his growing virtue arm,
To break the force of every Siren charm,
And keep untainted all his native truth.

When views of pomp or bright processions rise,
When Louvre or Versailles enchants the eyes,
The grand assembly or the royal train !

Oh Liberty ! thy faithful prospect lend,
To Britain's isle his calm reflection bend,

And say, that Slav'ry makes the splendor mean.

When

When artful Beauty lays the secret snare,
Instruct him, friendly Goddess, to beware,
Defend him from each captivating art!
For there fair Venus holds her sov'reign court,
There all her wanton sportive Loves resort,
And in a thousand forms surprise the heart.

Yet, Goddess! let him, as intent he sees
That airy nation's native skill to please,
Shun the reflection of the mimic glass,
Of all the Britons I have ever seen,
Who ap'd the graces of the Gallic mien,
Scarce one but chronicled himself an ass.

Yet that politeness of the truest kind,
Which both adorns and cultivates the mind,
This let his careful study borrow thence!
Manners from hence new ornament receive,
To knowledge this does double lustre give,
And travel finishes the man of sense.

Sometimes from crowds retir'd if chance he strays,
Where Seine along th' Elysian meadows plays,
Let some kind Genius whisper in his ear,
How many vows for his success are paid,
How many for his safe return are made,
How many think his absence tedious here.

But, oh, too harsh, my friend! these precepts flow,
The specious coverings of my secret woe,
While Fortune's partial favour I accuse:
Who, when my sorrows needed most a friend,
Was pleas'd in thee the precious gift to send,
Malicious bounty! but bestow'd to lose.

Oh, no, forgive, the sacred tie I wrong!
 Where Virtue binds, the mutual union strong!
 Distance, Misfortune, Time and Fate defies;
 From Pole to Pole, from Ganges to the Thame,
 Immortal Friendship spreads th' etherial flame
 For ages still the same, and never dies †

Edinæ, Aug. 21, 1735.

Amico opt. W. C. mœstus hoc doloris &
 gratitudinis monumentum P.

HORACE AND LYDIA, B. III. O. IX. IMITATED.

B Y M R. B O Y S E*.

A L E X I S.

WHILE, Phyllis, transported I lay in your arms,
 And, possess'd of your fondness, was blest'd in
 your charms,

On Wealth and Ambition with scorn I look'd down,
 Nor envy'd great Lewis that bauble, his crown.

P H Y L L I S.

While faithful with me you delighted at home,
 As happy was I, as the Pope is at Rome;
 But now new acquaintance your fancy mislead,
 And Peter's folk † never are out of your head.

A L E X I S.

* Written on a slight temporary jarring between Boyse and his wife, whom he thought too much attached to Miss Atcheson, her sister, a woman, to say no worse of her, of an equivocal character. C.

† By *Peter's folk*, is meant the hospitable and agreeable family of a Mr. Stewart, a merchant in Edinburgh; who had two amiable daughters, to whom Mr. Boyse addressed
 some

A L E X I S.

The charge I submit to—I own they 're my friends,
 Their agreeable converse fair Virtue commends.
 With their sense and good humour my woes I relieve,
 And with them for an age I unwearied could live.

P H Y L L I S.

Miranda's fine voice and good humour for me,
 My comrade she is, and my comrade shall be!
 In spite of all scandal, I'll live with her still,
 And let the world censure, or say what it will.

A L E X I S.

But what if, dear Phyllis, this difference should end,
 Suppose, for your sake, I abandon'd my friend,
 And, in spite of my judgement, too bias'd my view,
 Relinquish'd the world to be bury'd with you.

some poems printed in his second volume; and in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1741, p. 380, there is one to Hilaria on the death of her elder sister Clarissa; of which Boyse thus speaks in a letter already quoted: "I am sorry any part of your letter should be cruel or disagreeable to me—Yet such, greatly such, was the news of Clarissa's death. It affected Mrs. Boyse so, that, on reading it, she and the letter dropped together!—Never was greater sweetness inshrined in the tomb. My next will convey you my sentiments on so dear, so affecting a subject; and, as I address them to my admired Hilaria, I hope you will convey them to that once happy, but justly disconsolate, family. They will, I hope, be such as gratitude dictates, and her virtues deserve."—It was in this family that the friendly communicator of these anecdotes became acquainted with Mr. Boyse about the latter end of the year 1732. N.

P H Y L L I S.

Though Miranda's still constantly pleasing and gay,
 Though her notes far exceed all the music of May,
 And though you, like old Ocean, look muddy and sour,
 Our ancient alliance I'll gladly restore,
 And resolve that till death we will differ no more. }

A L E X I S.

No, Phyllis, though kind, that concession won't take,
 I ne'er can consent our joint friends to forsake,
 Who in making of treaties forget their allies,
 Will never be reckon'd or honest, or wise.

P H Y L L I S.

Then be judg'd by the rule you've so gravely laid down,
 Nor hope that Miranda my heart shall disown.
 With her, gentle heaven, grant me freedom to rove,
 While Friendship shall pay me the interest of Love.

A L E X I S.

Beware, charming Phyllis, a fatal mistake,
 Where interest's the motive, there friendship is weak.
 'Tis Virtue alone can establish the tie,
 Through life still unbroken, which holds when we die.
 The taste may be modish, yet ne'er can last long,
 To lose an old lover, to hear a new song.
 If novelty charms you, delighted in change,
 From pleasure to pleasure oh long may you range.
 For me, from henceforth on some quieter shore,
 Where Fortune and Love shall disturb me no more,
 I'll seek in retirement the noblest of joys,
 'Tis time must discover the truth of each choice.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE TO HENRY BROOKE*, ESQ.

B Y M R. B O Y S E.

THOUGH 'midst the cruel storm of passion tost,
 I view the shore, and sigh for safety lost,
 While every distant hope of good is gone,
 And, left by thee! 'tis joy to be undone,
 Oh! read the thought where no design has part,
 The last faint purpose of my wretched heart;
 Long had between us (in a moment torn)
 The holy band of Friendship's faith been worn:
I claim'd

* "In 1738," says the gentleman to whom I am obliged for this poem, "Mr. Boyse did me a real favour by introducing me to the acquaintance of the amiable and ingenious Mr. Brooke, the author of 'Gustavus Vasa.' I visited Mr. Brooke almost every day while he was composing that tragedy; I perused it, scene by scene, as it was written. On that account perhaps, and the esteem which I bear to the author, I may be biased in its favour; but I do not think that a tragedy of equal merit has appeared since that time. I have now by me the four first acts of it in manuscript, given me by the author, before the fifth was finished. During our acquaintance, poor Boyse, by his irregularities, somehow gave offence to Mr. Brooke, who for a time declined his visits. Boyse, sensible of his fault, (for no man's repentance was more poignant for the time, but, alas! it was brief and fleeting) addressed to Mr. Brooke this penitentiary epistle, which, with a solemn promise of amendment, restored him to favour.
—Boyse

I claim'd the bliss, so happy once was I,
 Dear to your breast, and cherish'd in your eye :
 Now lost the privilege, shall one short day
 Snatch all the labour of our lives away?
 But, oh, I err! I am not what I seem,
 Friendship can ne'er subsist without esteem ;
 Death were my choice, if heaven my choice approv'd,
 More easy than to lose the friend I lov'd :
 Happy in this, that to your better care
 I gave a friend, will never lose his share,
 Whose truth will still increase, the longer known,
 Whose faith, whose goodness, are so like your own :
 Forgot, I bless you,—if this wish succeeds,
 Then live Gustavus, though Arvida bleeds!

—Boyse was a man of no party : whatever were his private sentiments, his public political creed was influenced by his necessities. In regard to his person, he was of a middle size, of a thin habit, slovenly in his dress, which was increased by his necessities, very near-sighted, and his hearing imperfect ; these circumstances, added to his natural diffidence, and his not having been accustomed to appear in good company but as necessitous, and a mendicant, gave him an awkward sheepish air, which by no means prejudiced strangers in his favour. His liberal translation of Voltaire's three epistles on Happiness, Freedom of Will, and Envy, are well executed. They were published, without his name, in the year 1738 ; but I am a good witness they were written by him ; for, when finished, as his cloaths were then deposited at the pawnbroker's, I treated with the late Mr. Doddsley for the manuscript, of whom I could only obtain a poor two guineas." The sheets were sent to me from the press for correction." C.

O N

ON THE EXTRAORDINARY EXECUTION

OF CAPT. JOHN PORTEOUS*, SEPT. 7, 1736.

B Y M R. B O Y S E.

“ —————Nec lex est justior ulla,

“ Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.”

“ By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed,

“ The dire artificers of death shall bleed.”

PORTEOUS! thou strong example, timely given,
 How Sovereigns should employ the power of heaven;
 Thy wanton hands a sanguine deluge spread,
 Thy country's equal voice pronounc'd thee dead:
 But tools like thee were thought such useful things,
 That fordid greatness mov'd all secret springs;
 In vain the great applied, the court repriev'd,
 Eternal Justice thought too long you liv'd;
 Mercy grew vain; when such a crime grew slight,
 'Twas time the people should assert their right,
 Yet let the Muse the just encomium draw,
 Self-injur'd, how they kept the sight of law,
 The gentleness, denied their fellows, gave,
 And left thee time to arm thee for the grave:
 Let none behold thy exit with regret,
 You died, the noblest way, a public debt:
 May the auspicious omen rise in you,
 And villains (screen'd however) meet their due!

* See his catastrophe at Edinburgh, and the cause of it,
 in the Gent. Mag. for that year, p. 549. D.

TO THE LADY MARCHIONESS GREY.

BY THE HON. MISS MARGARET YORKE*.

THY shades, Vacuna, and thy verdant meads,
 The feat of Heroes fam'd for valiant deeds,
 Demand the song. O gentle Graia! hear;
 To a young Bard a few short moments spare:
 Be thou my Muse, and with one gracious smile
 Reward and animate the tuneful toil.
 And O! inspire my verse, while it recites
 Vacuna's much-lov'd elegant delights:
 Whether embower'd in shady groves we walk,
 Or in the Temple of chaste Dian talk;
 Or if with laughter clear the dome resounds,
 When Wray the ear with uncouth phrases wounds:
 If now the sprightly Bam our wit employs,
 Now graver studies give more solid joys:
 If lightly on the green we jocund dance,
 Or round the spacious garden choose to prance;
 Whether the setting-sun-beam's golden fire,
 Or Cynthia's paler beauties we admire;
 Still Innocence and Virtue lead the round,
 With Mirth and Pleasure all our days are crown'd.
 And O! if Heaven will hear my ardent prayer,
 And grant a wish, which from my bosom ne'er
 Shall be remov'd—long may these shades obey
 The mild commands of her, whose name adorns this lay!

August, 1747.

* Second daughter of the late Earl of Hardwicke. She married Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. and died in child-bed, 1769. These verses were written at the age of fourteen years and a half.

A D-

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

VOL. V. p. 302. “Dr. Brady attempted in blank verse a translation of the *Eneid*, which, when dragged into the world, did not live long enough to cry. I have never seen it; but that such a version there is, or has been, perhaps some old catalogue informed me.—With not much better success, Trapp, when his Tragedy and his Prelections had given him reputation, attempted another blank version of the *Eneid*; to which, notwithstanding the slight regard with which it was treated, he had afterwards perseverance enough to add the *Eclogues* and *Georgics*. His book may continue its existence as long as it is the clandestine refuge of schoolboys.” **DR. JOHNSON.**

VOL. VI. p. 82. Since the account of Mr. Hardinge was printed, his son has obliged the learned world with a curious little volume of his father's “*Latin Verses*,” amongst which is a corrected copy of the Ode in p. 85 of *this* volume. It was written at Knowle Hill in 1739, and addressed “to
“Stephen Poyntz, Esq. Preceptor to the Duke of Cumber-
“land.” The correction consists of the following enlargement of the sixth and seventh stanzas into four:

Infanientis non populi scelus,
Non Italarum cantibus et choris
 Affueta, virtutisque veræ
 Immemor, & patriæ, juventus.

Jam fessus urbem longaque curiæ
Gestit senator prælia relinquere;
 Oblitus irarum paternos
 Lustrat agros, avibus timendus.

Walpolus arvis & laribus novis

Auctas aviti lustrat opes foli,

Festâque jam dignus quiete

Per vacuas sibi vivit horas.

Lucos Escheræ, dædala qua suum

Natura gestit vincere Kentium,

Molamque labentem, domumque

Pieriam repetit Pelhamus.

Mr. Hardinge, it is said, translated this Ode, and at the same time engaged Dr. Davies to make another translation. Both are preserved, and printed in a volume of English verses which I have not had the pleasure of seeing. The Latin poems are of various dates; some of them school exercises at Eton in 1717, 1718; others at Cambridge 1719—1722; a poem on the death of his eldest son, 1746; an epitaph on his father (George Hardinge, M. A.) 1750; one small poem in 1754; and epistles to several of his friends between 1730 and 1750. I mention these so minutely, as the volume in which they are printed has been circulated only among a few friends.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.









Nichols, John

A Collection of Poems With Notes, Biographical And Historical

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